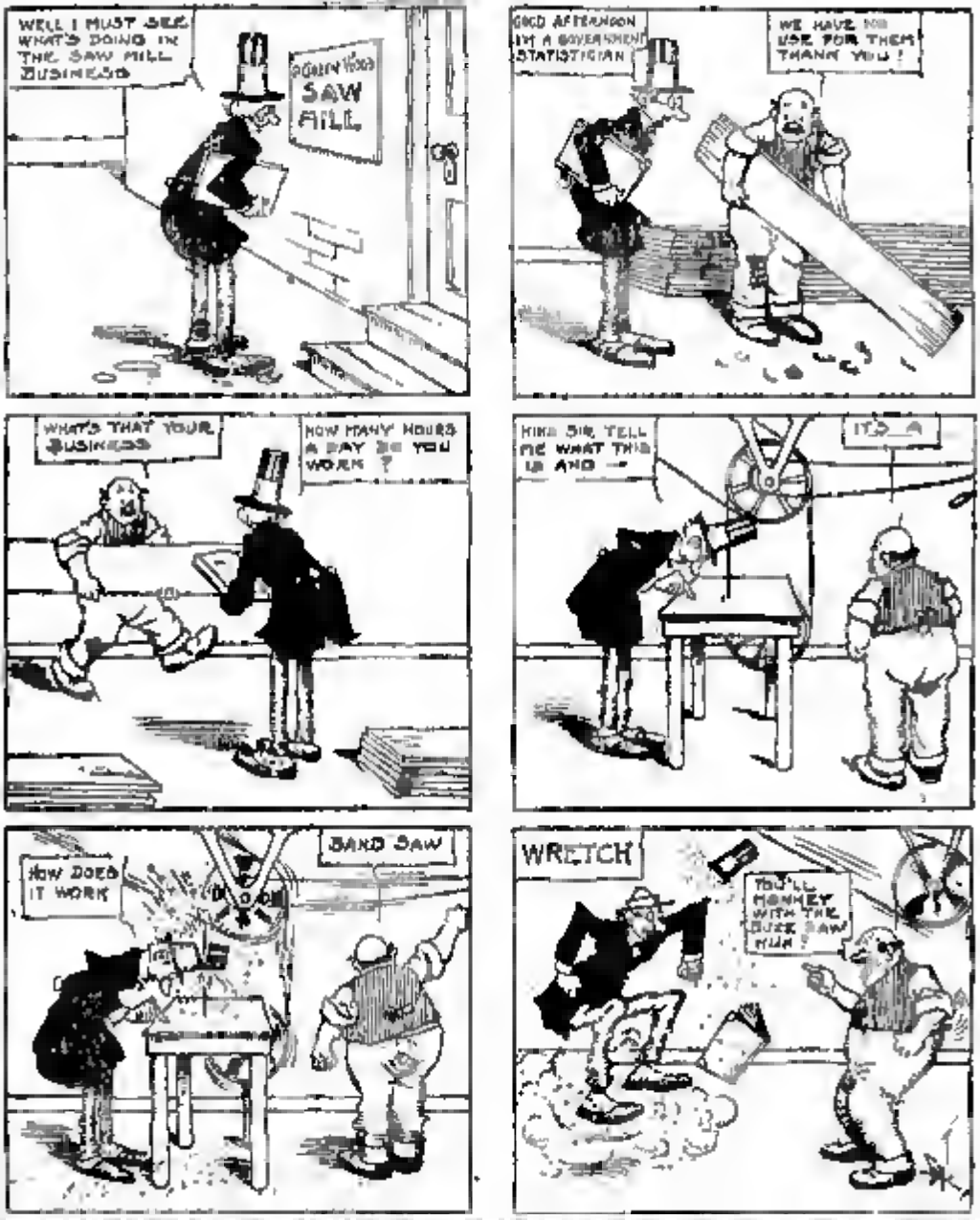
Mr. O. U. Absentmind

WHAT'S THE MATTER DEAR ARENT YOU FEELING WELL?
Dear Sir:-
I inclose my check for just half your bill as per the arrangement we made today. I wish to thank you for being so just on the matter
Very truly yours
Y.O.U.R. Stung


WELL I MUST SEE WHAT'S DOING IN THE SAW MILL BUSINESS
SAW MILL
GOOD AFTERNOON I'M A GOVERNMENT STATISTICIAN
WE HAVE NO USE FOR THEM THANK YOU !
WHAT'S THAT YOUR BUSINESS
HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU WORK ?
MIKE SIR, TELL ME WHAT THIS IS AND —
IT'S A
HOW DOES IT WORK
BAND SAW
WRETCH
TOO'LL MONKEY WITH THE BUZZ SAW HUH ?

Hazel the Heartbreaker

She Is a Dear Sweet Girl, but the Less Said About Her Cooking the Better.

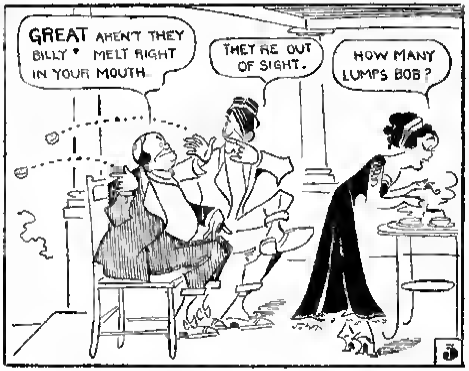
Copyright, 1910 by American Journal and S F and I A Examiner

BISCUITS BY JOVE - AND DID YOU MAKE THEM ALL YOURSELF MISS HAZEL?
AND TO THINK BEING WAITED ON BY THE FAIR MISS HAZEL.
BOYS, I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU YOU MUST TRY MY BISCUITS.
1

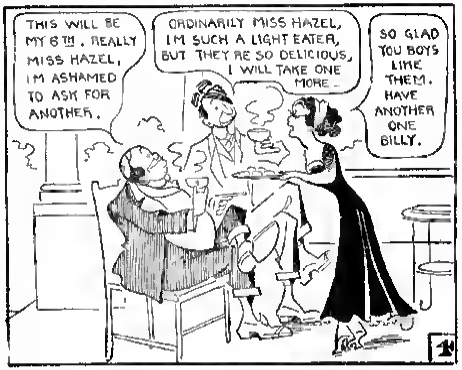
1—What a delightful surprise! Biscuits made by Hazel's own fair hands

MY BUT AREN'T THEY LOVELY - LOVELY AS THE ONE WHO MADE THEM.
COOKING IS SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHMENT - THE LUCKY MAN WHO GETS MISS HAZEL, GETS A TREASURE
YES, I LEARNED IT AT COLLEGE
2

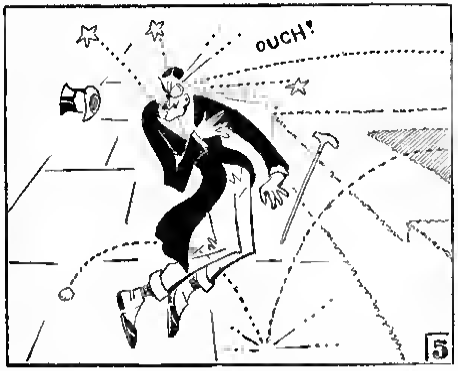
2—Bob and Billy won't do a thing to those biscuits



3—They put them away as fast as they can when Hazel isn't looking


THIS WILL BE MY 6TH. REALLY MISS HAZEL, I'M ASHAMED TO ASK FOR ANOTHER.
ORDINARILY MISS HAZEL, I'M SUCH A LIGHT EATER, BUT THEY'RE SO DELICIOUS, I WILL TAKE ONE MORE.
SO GLAD YOU BOYS LIKE THEM. HAVE ANOTHER ONE BILLY.
4

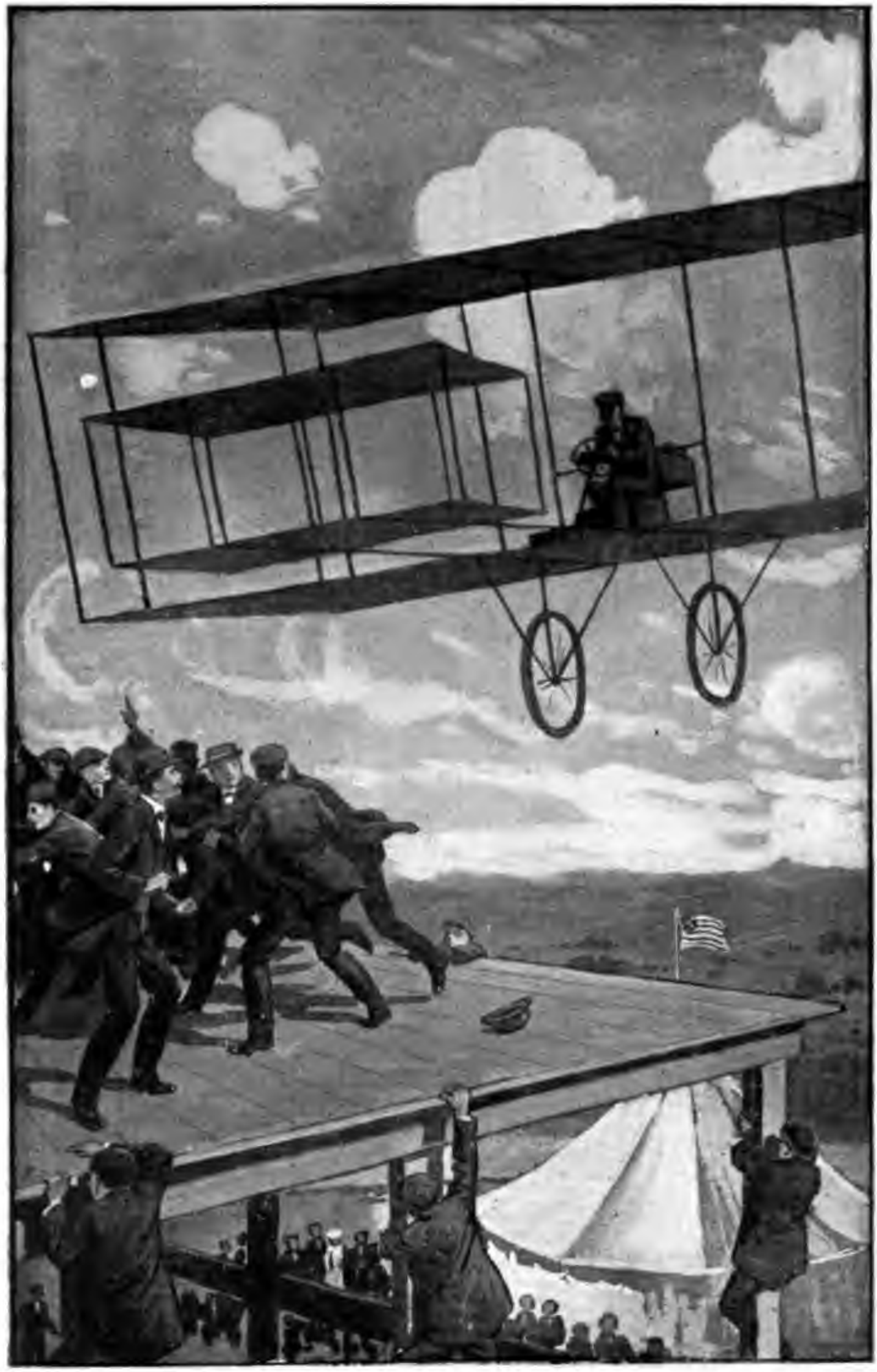
4—And then come back for more



5—Honest, the boys didn't mean it to be offensive. They didn't even know he was there.

WHO THREW THIS ROCK AT ME?
ROCK? HOW DARE YOU? CALLING MY BISCUITS ROCKS - THE VERY IDEA! AND YOU BOYS THROWING THEM AWAY WHILE PRETENDING TO EAT THEM LEAVE THIS HOUSE ETERY ONE OF YOU!
HONEST MISS HAZEL I ATE ALL MINE!
ME TOO!
6

6—[illegible] frankly that they didn't like the biscuits



"THE AEROPLANE WAS NOW WITHIN TEN FEET OF THE PLATFORM."
—*Page* 66.

What Can a Poor Woman Do?

Copyright, 1910, by American Journal and N. Y. and L. A. Examiner.

JONES GOT THIS SWELL PLAID FOR ME WHILE IN SCOTLAND IT'LL MAKE A NOBBY SUIT
ISN'T THAT LOVELY!
1
SEND IT TO MY TAILOR TOMORROW HE HAS MY MEASURE
ALL RIGHT BUT DON'T PUT IT ON THE SIDEBOARD TAKE IT TO YOUR ROOM
2
MRS. SMITH WILL TURN GREEN WHEN SHE SEES YOU IN THIS SHE COULDN'T AFFORD A SUIT OF IT.
SUDDEN THOUGHT
3
LADIES TAILOR
4
IS MY SUIT READY?
WHAT SUIT?
5
DIDN'T YOU SEND THE CLOTH TO — OH! I SEE. !!
I HAD IT MADE UP FOR MYSELF I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND
HARRY LEWIS

PRINCE DOMINO *and* "Muffles"

Copyright, 1910, by Seymour Eaton.
All rights reserved

A new JUVENILE STORY by SEYMOUR EATON. Author of the "TEDDY BEARS"

Illustrations by C. H. TWELVETREES
Each Installment a COMPLETE STORY

III. TWO LITTLE CALLERS

PRINCE DOMINO went back to bed
And by candle light a book he read
With maps and pictures of the U. S. A.
Which kept him awake till break of day;
While Muffles, curled up on the sheet,
Slept snug and warm at the Prince's feet;
But Dinkey stood as soldiers do
The tent to guard the whole night through.
Once when an owl on a near-by tree
Called out "too-hoo! too-hoo! too-hee!"
The Captain's curly hair stood straight
And his heart went thump like an iron weight;
But he didn't run or turn his head,
Or call the Prince to get out of bed;
Just said to himself, with trembling knees,
He guessed the noise was a leopard's sneeze;
He'd show the Prince that Dinkey's grit
Before it budged would be chewed a bit.

SAID Domino, at six next day,
When the breakfast dishes were cleared away:
"Now, Captain Dinkey, you come with me
Down to the brook and we shall see
Why Muffles rang the bell last night
And woke us up with such awful fright.
When Muffles answered I could tell
By the way he meowed that all was well,
But just to test your nerve and grit
I thought I'd let you watch a bit."
So off they went and Muffles, too,
Following some prints of a wooden shoe.
Which led them to a hillside steep,
And there they found two boys asleep
On the softest grass near a clump of trees
And shaded from both sun and breeze,
Resting like farmer's calf and lamb,
The Jap and Dutchy Rotterdam.

MUFFLES had sprung a big surprise
The night before when with his eyes
Of piercing light and brilliant blue
He looked the two lads through and through,
Till without warning both boys found
Themselves asleep upon the ground;
And now he meowed in each boy's ear
Some little message sweet and dear,
And quick as wink the boys awoke,
Both scared and laughing at the joke.

THE PRINCE said "Stand! Now tell me why
You followed us, our camp to spy?"
Poor Jappy trembled foot to head
And in broken English this he said:
"Me no spy Prince; me thank you much
For golden dollars; me and Dutch."
Then Dutchy smiled and said "Zat's true:
Zat's reason why we follow you."
The Prince laughed loud and then said he:
"The charm is working well, I see:
Well, I'll forgive you both if you
Will thrash these woods and rabbits shoo.
And catch two big ones, gray and white,
For Captain Dinkey to cook to-night."

'TWAS then the fun of the day began,
For rabbits from all corners ran;

The Prince arose as they came near, and said, "Be seated, children, dear."

"And now he meowed in each boy's ear some little message sweet and dear."

"But Dinkey stood as soldiers do
The tent to guard the whole night through."

From holes in hills, from hollow trees,
Through cracks in fences, the tightest squeeze,
At least a hundred, Dinkey said,
Though in half a minute all had fled;
But Jappy started and Dutchy, too,
The bouncing bunnies to pursue.
Prince Domino enjoyed the chase,
As rabbits jumped from hiding place,
With Jap and Dutchy, wild with glee,
Hopping and skipping from stone to tree
And tumbling here and tripping there;
But on they went, these merry two,
Till hills and shrubs hid them from view.

THE fame of the Prince had spread about
Of how he scattered fear and doubt,
By telling fortunes quick and sure
For boys and girls, both rich and poor.
And the papers, too, had said 'twas true
That a look from Muffles' eyes of blue
Could put you asleep; tell what you think;
Or carry your message quick as wink,
Either north or south or east or west
To the girl or boy you love the best.
This news had reached a school near by
Where boys and girls said they'd like to try
Their luck that day at the Gypsy camp;
So at midday lunch they took a tramp
Over the hills and meadows green
To the place where the Gypsy tent was seen.
Six boys, six girls, made up the bunch,
And as they walked they ate their lunch
And talked of things they'd like to say;
Questions they'd ask the Prince that day.

DINKEY was first to see the school;
He was washing dishes in a pool.
And as up he looked the children bowed,
Six boys, six girls, a giggling crowd.
Said Captain Dinkey, "You make mistake;
I'm not the Prince; I'm here to bake
His bread and cook his fish
And prepare in style each Gypsy dish.
When this is done my time is spent
In doing the work around the tent."
A boy spoke up and said that he
Would like this famous prince to see.
Muffles was there and Muffles knew
The way to arrange an interview.
He looked at each and his eyes of blue
Decided quick; he selected two;
Two little girls, the brightest pair
In the group of children standing there.
The two girls followed, scared and slow,
For where Muffles went they had to go.
They followed close as Muffles led—
They couldn't help it, both girls said.

THE Prince was seated in a tent,
And here the girls and Muffles went.
There were many rugs of colors bright
And a pretty table with things to write
And lanterns hanging from over head
And Gypsy flags of white and red
And chains of beads with carvings queer
And zodiac signs for all the year
And Gypsy dishes and golden toys
And scores of things for girls and boys.

THE Prince arose as they came near
And said, "Be seated, children dear."

(Continued next Saturday.)

"But Jappy started and Dutchy, too, the bounding bunnies to pursue."

Jos. C. Miller

Fascinating Phyllis

SHE TAKES A STREET CAR RIDE

Written by Willis Leonard Clanahan
Illustrated by Marguerite Martyn

I.

THE Fascinating Phyllis lived upon the boulevard,
And though she was patrician, with the loftiest regard
For every name blue-blooded in the Blue Book she had scanned,
She never scorned a street car when no taxi was on hand.

II.

ONE day when she'd been shopping until 5 o'clock p. m.,
(A custom weary toilers are accustomed to condemn,)
She started homeward, though the ride was wearisome and far,
And got aboard a have-your-change-as-you-get-in-it car.

III.

HER arms were full of parcels she had purchased here and there—
All "unconsidered trifles," each as light as vernal air—
And so she could not make a move to pay her fare at all,
Until a back-platformer smiled and held her parasol.

IV.

BEHIND her twenty women swarmed, and half a score of men,
And there were scowls and murmuring and much ill temper when
The Fascinating Phyllis made her way inside the car,
And took a header toward the front that gave the crowd a jar.

V.

SIX men went plunging down the aisle, and through the door they burst;
The motorman cried "Robbers!" as his lever he reversed;
And Phyllis' dainty parasol became a shining spear
That jabbed a fat man in the belt ere she could interfere.

VI

SHE lurched about in frenzied style, ere she could reach a strap
And like a fairy settled down in one old-timer's lap.
She screamed and rose. He sought to rise, to offer her his seat,
But found somebody twice his size was standing on his feet.

VII

"WHO is this horrid creature?" cried the women all around.
"Some Amazon, with armor on!" said men who darkly frowned;
But when they saw 'twas Phyllis, when at length the car had stopped,
With admiration and surprise and joy they all but dropped.

VIII

WITH one accord they hurried out to greet her where she stood.
(Though slightly rumpled, each his state concealed as best he could.)
With hats in air they shouted there, as loud as they could call,
"Why, look! 'Tis she—fair Phyllis, THE one charmer of them all!"

TO BE CONTINUED ON THIS PAGE NEXT SUNDAY

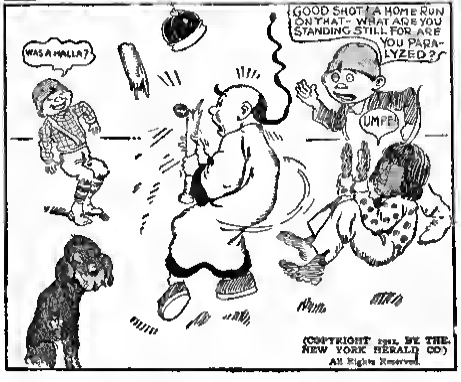
MANROKV

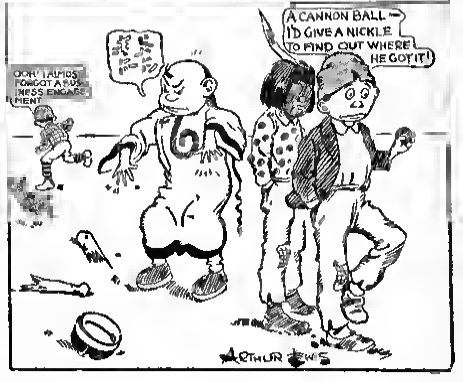
Book VII

THE RAG TAGS AND BOB TAIL

LET'S PLAY BALL! I CHOOSE THE CHINK AND YOU CAN HAVE THE PAPPOOSE
THAT'S US EDDIE!
YOU ALWUS KICK OUT THE BEST TALENT, BUT WE'LL GO YOU AND BEAT YOU AT THAT

HERE YARE CHINK A SLOW DEW DROP- BET YOU TWO BITS WORTH OF CHOP SUEY YOU CAN'T HIT IT!
GO ON CHINK, KNOCK THE COVER OFF IT- DON'T LISTEN TO HIS MONKEY TALK!


WAS A HALLA?
GOOD SHOT! A HOME RUN ON THAT- WHAT ARE YOU STANDING STILL FOR, ARE YOU PARALYZED?
UMPER
(COPYRIGHT 1911, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.



RAY ROHN

"THE YOUNG GIRL GAZED
[illegible] VACANCY"
HELEN'S HEART
LAW
LAW

BILL BELLROPE - - - - - By Williams

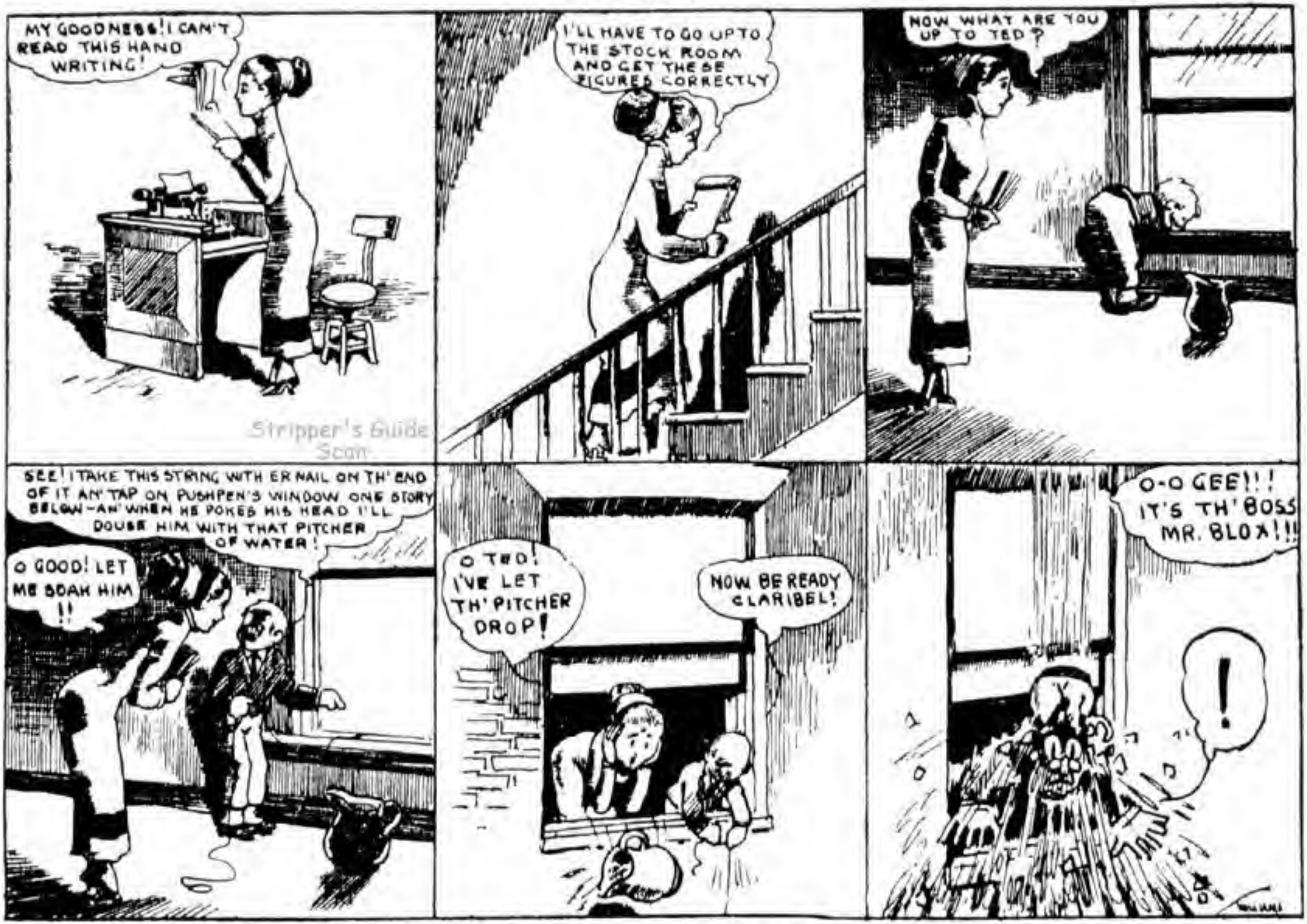
(Copyright, 1911, by R. A. Ocosler.)

HEY BILL! TH' SUPER WANTS TER SEE YER!
HELLO BOSS! SUMPIN DOIN'?
O YES! THE GENERAL MANAGER WANTS A LITTLE DETECTIVE WORK DONE - MEET ME AT HIS OFFICE DOWN TOWN AT 2 P.M TODAY
B'GEE! I'LL JUST BRUSH UP ER BIT ON THIS DETECTIVE GAME! - AH! TH' DISGUISE IS AN IMPORTANT THING!
OLD SLEUTH
THE BOY DETECTIVE
JACK DALTON
MY MAN IS GOING TO MEET ME HERE AT 2 - HE ISN'T MUCH - BUT NOBODY WOULD EVER TAKE HIM FOR A DETECTIVE - HERE HE IS NOW!
RAP ER TAP TAP
COME IN!
PST-T-T
?
KER-SWISH
HUH! IT'S BILL BELLROPE!!

Stripper's Guide Scan

CLARIBEL - - - - - - - By Williams

(Copyright, 1911, by W. A. Crosier.)


MY GOODNESS! I CAN'T READ THIS HAND WRITING!
I'LL HAVE TO GO UP TO THE STOCK ROOM AND GET THESE FIGURES CORRECTLY
NOW WHAT ARE YOU UP TO TED?
SEE! I TAKE THIS STRING WITH ER NAIL ON TH' END OF IT AN' TAP ON PUSHPEN'S WINDOW ONE STORY BELOW—AN' WHEN HE POKES HIS HEAD I'LL DOUSE HIM WITH THAT PITCHER OF WATER!
O GOOD! LET ME SOAK HIM !!
O TED! I'VE LET TH' PITCHER DROP!
NOW BE READY CLARIBEL!
O-O GEE!!! IT'S TH' BOSS MR. BLOX!!!
!

Meddlesome Millie - - - - - - By Cobb

THAT CLOCK IS OUT OF ORDER I'LL HAVE IT FIXED AT ONCE."
"I [illegible] I CAN FIX GRANDPA'S CLOCK."
"WON'T GRANDPA BE PLEASED WHEN HE KNOWS I FIXED IT."
"NOW! IF I CAN GET THIS WHEEL OFF—"
"COO-KOO! COO-KOO"
"GEE! WHAT WILL GRAND PA SAY?"
COPYRIGHT 1911 T W HARDY CO

GUS, IT'S NO USE. SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

I'VE GOT A HEADACHE, GUS, AND IF YOU WANT TO HELP YOU CAN HANG OUT THE CLOTHES
SURE I WILL PHYL
POOR GIRL!
I GOT THOSE OUT IN A HURRY GUESS I'LL GO RIGHT ON HELPING
SHE'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE FINDS THE YARD ALL CLEANED UP. GEE, IT'S WINDY
?
NOW LOOK! AND YOU'RE GOING TO WASH 'EM OVER AGAIN!
I NEVER SAW SUCH A MAN! YOU JUST SEEM TO STAND AROUND THINKIN' UP THINGS TO MAKE ME UNHAPPY
(Copyright 1911 by The Tribune Company, Chicago, Ill.)

PERCY

"BRAINS HE HAS NIX"

PERCY, MY MECHANISM MAN, WE WILL PLAY DOT YOU ARE SANDY CLAUS UND DISTRIBUTION PRESENTS MIT DER REINDEER.

GOAT! CHRISTMAS TREES AIN'T FOR EATING!

YOU JUST WAIT, GOAT!

REMEMBER, HE LAUGHS MOST WHAT DON'T LAUGH DER FIRST TIME. I WILL NOW PUSH DER BUCKER BUTTON - Z-Z-Z- UND - SIC HIM, PERCY!

HO, HO, HO! AIN'T YOU SORRY YOU BUNTED ME? HO, HAW, HAW, HAW!

PERCY, HE AIN'T DER GOAT!

PERCY, QUIT IT!

PER-

CY!

MR. BAKIST, OVERLOOK DIS LITTLE ERROR BY PERCY, IT IS HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS UND EVERYBODY WAS GOATS, HE AINT GOT NO BRAINS!

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.
All Rights Reserved.

H. C. GREENING

Voddyvills

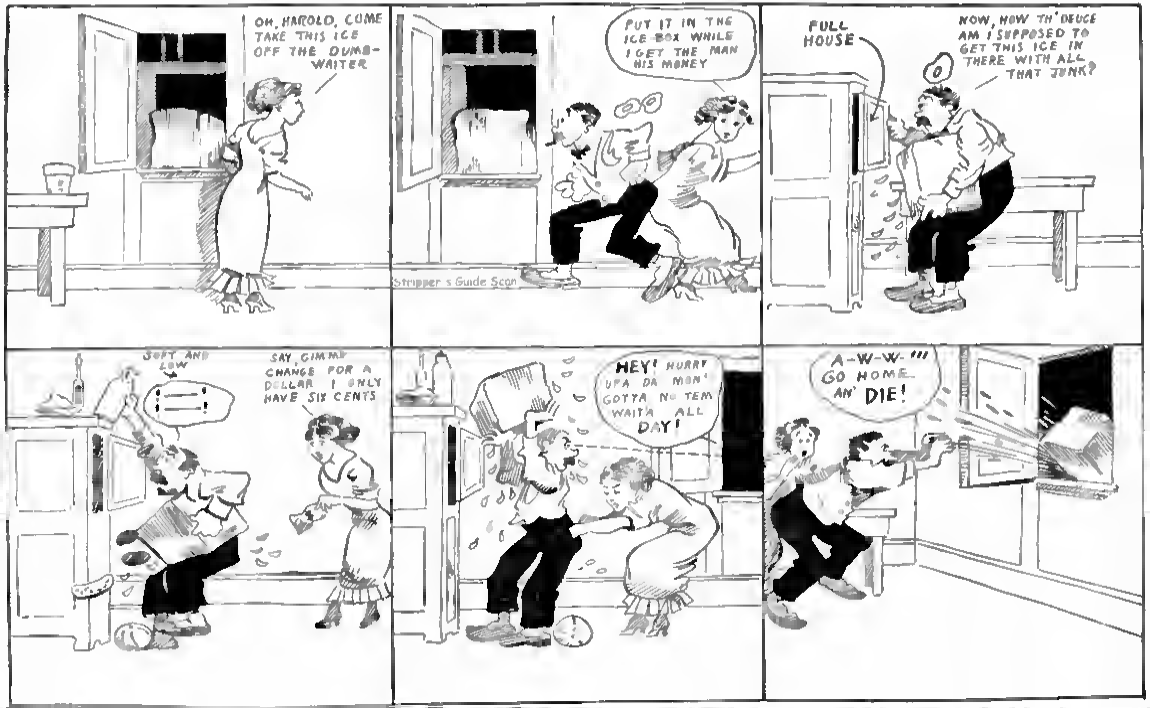
By "Dok" Hager

COPYRIGHT 1931 BY TIMES PRINTING COMPANY OF SEATTLE

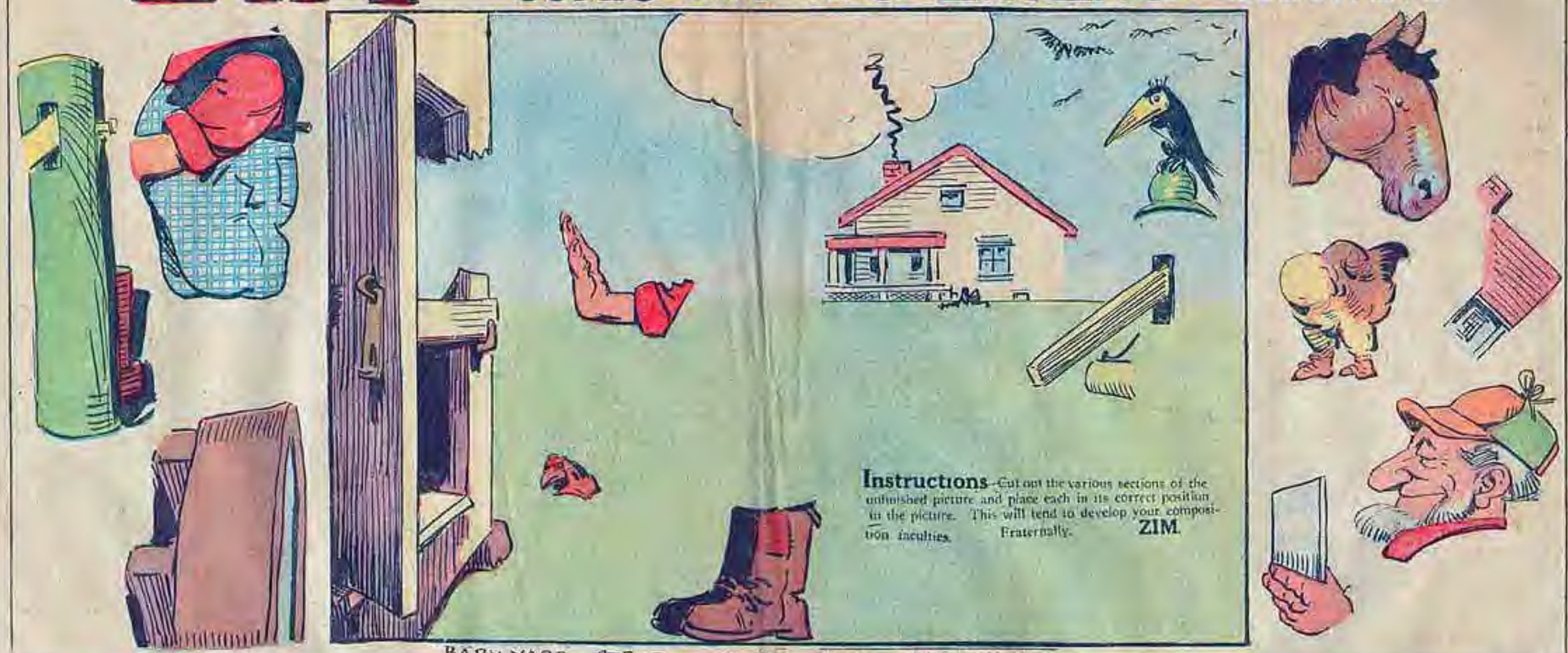
LADIES & GENTLEMEN WE WILL RENDER ONE OF OUR OWN COMPOSITIONS
I
THE WHOOPLA BOYS
OOBLA OOBEE CHU UM CHOO O O'
GOUBAH UMPHA KOONY KOO-O O!
GIBBILUMILUM LUM SKOOCH
MAH LOO LOO YAK YAK
?
KISKILALA HONEY
YUMY YUM MAH BABE
SURE THEY'RE SINGING IN ENGLISH
RAZ RAZ MOON AM BOO
ZIP PAH OO-O-O-O
IT'S THE LATEST COON SONG YOU BOOB!
WE WILL NOW RENDER THE SEXTET FROM LUCIA. THE ACCOMPANIMENT WILL BE PLAYED WITH A PIANO STOOL
DOK

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

COPYRIGHT BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO) ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

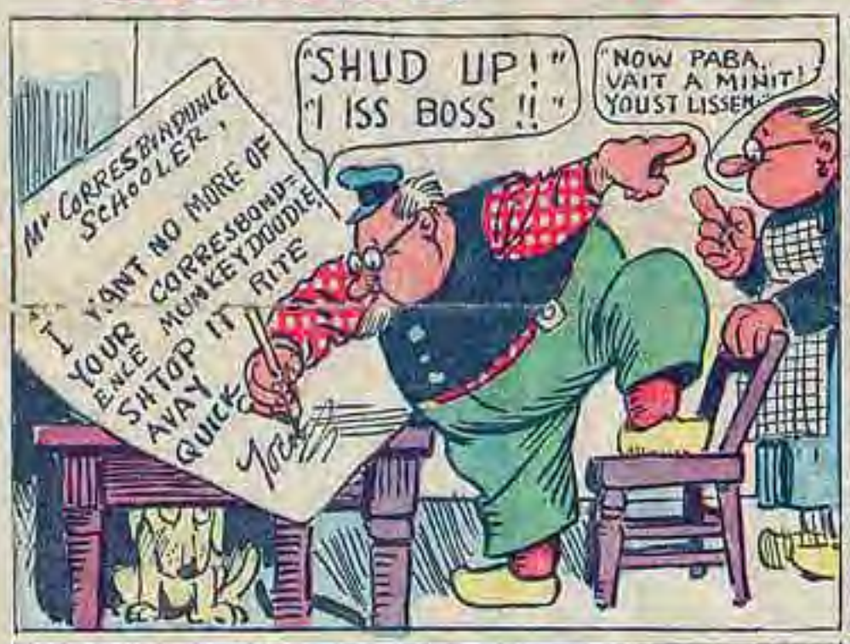

OH, HAROLD, COME TAKE THIS ICE OFF THE DUMB-WAITER
PUT IT IN THE ICE-BOX WHILE I GET THE MAN HIS MONEY
FULL HOUSE
NOW, HOW TH' DEUCE AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THIS ICE IN THERE WITH ALL THAT JUNK?
SOFT AND LOW
SAY, GIMME CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR I ONLY HAVE SIX CENTS
HEY! HURRY UPA DA MON' GOTTA NO TEM WAITA ALL DAY!
A-W-W-'''' GO HOME AN' DIE!

ZIM's PERSONALLY CONDUCTED COURSE OF COMIC ART AND ZIM-PLIFIED DRAWING

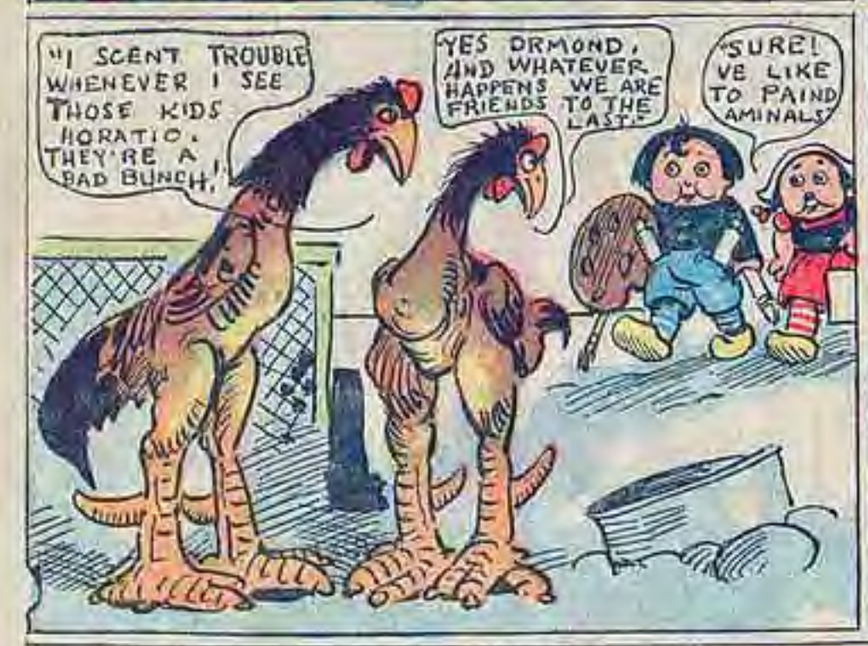

Instructions—Cut out the various sections of the unfinished picture and place each in its correct position in the picture. This will tend to develop your composition faculties.
Fraternally.
ZIM.

BARN YARD SCENE TO BE PUT TOGEATHER o.

LENA UNDT LOUI TOOKS LESSONS MIDT ART


Mr CORRESPAUDUNCE SCHOOLER,
I YANT NO MORE OF YOUR CARRESBONDENCE MUNKEYDOODLE! SHTOP IT AVAY QUICK RITE
"SHUD UP!" "I ISS BOSS!!"
"NOW PABA, VAIT A MINIT! YOUST LISSEN"

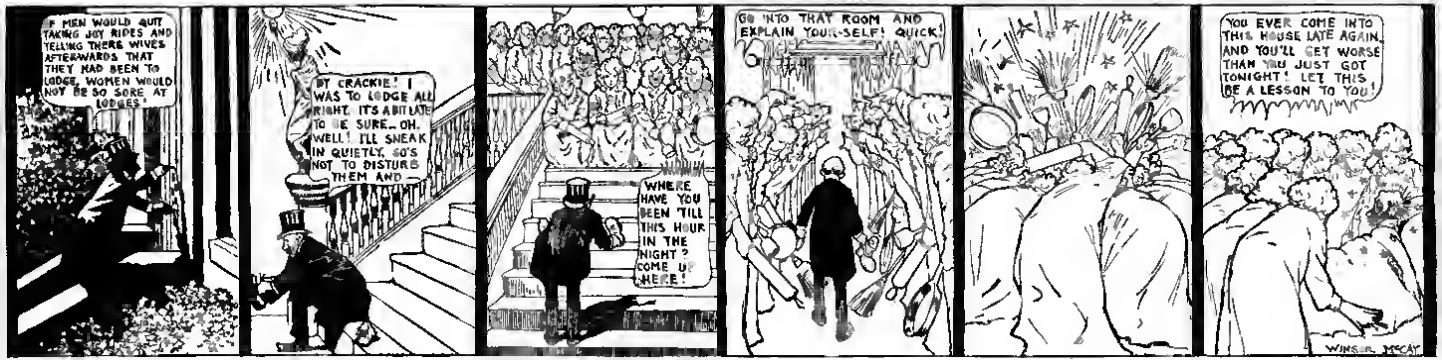
"OCH! VAT ISS MY DISASTERS?"
"NOW, BLEAS' DOND GOT NERFUSS, I'M SURE YOU VILL BE GLAD YET DOT YOU DIT IT!"
Dear Sir, YOUR CHILDREN ARE ENROLLED FOR ONE YEAR, THEY CANNOT WITHDRAW. SUCH METHODS WOULD MEAN DISASTER TO U.S.
P.S. LET THEM PAINT ANIMALS FOR AWHILE. YOURS, ZIM, Art director


"I SCENT TROUBLE WHENEVER I SEE THOSE KIDS HORATIO. THEY'RE A BAD BUNCH."
"YES ORMOND, AND WHATEVER HAPPENS WE ARE FRIENDS TO THE LAST."
"SURE! VE LIKE TO PAIND AMINALS"

"I BET VE DIDNT PAIND DEM DER RIGHT COLOR"
"I'LL KICK YER GREEN HEAD OFF, YOU HIBERNIAN TRAMP"
"I BET PABA VILL KNOW."
"TAKE THAT YOU FENIAN!"
"NOW BLEASE PABA DOND GOT OXCIDIT!"
"OH SURE NOT!"

COPYRIGHTED 1911 BY McCLURES

Aren't You Glad You're Not a Mormon? -:- By Winsor McCay


IF MEN WOULD QUIT TAKING JOY RIDES AND TELLING THERE WIVES AFTERWARDS THAT THEY HAD BEEN TO LODGE, WOMEN WOULD NOT BE SO SORE AT LODGES!
BY CRACKIE! I WAS TO LODGE ALL RIGHT. IT'S A BIT LATE TO BE SURE... OH, WELL! I'LL SNEAK IN QUIETLY, SO'S NOT TO DISTURB THEM AND—
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN 'TILL THIS HOUR IN THE NIGHT? COME UP HERE!
GO INTO THAT ROOM AND EXPLAIN YOURSELF! QUICK!
YOU EVER COME INTO THIS HOUSE LATE AGAIN AND YOU'LL GET WORSE THAN YOU JUST GOT TONIGHT! LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!
WINSOR McCAY

"BRICK" BODKINS' PA

"BRICK" NEARLY PROVED PA'S THEORY.

HUSBAND, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE THEORY OF TRANS-MIGRATION OF SOULS?

DID I? HUH! I STARTED IT. MY IDEA OF THE TRANCE—ER-AH-HMM- EMIGRATION OF SOULS IS THAT THEY GO INTO THE ANIMAL THEY MOST RESEMBLED IN LIFE— DID YOU EVER NOTICE THAT CAT'S A SPEAKING LIKENESS, MINUS THE SPEAK, OF YOUR AUNT CATHRINE, THE ONE THAT SAID I WAS JUST A BIG BAG OF WIND, WHEN I WAS A-COURTIN' YOU?

?

ACCORDING TO YOUR THEORY THEN, IF YOU SHOULD DIE, I WOULD HAVE TO BE KIND AND GENTLE TO EVERY MULE I'D MEET

!

GEE, THAT WUZ A HOT ONE PA! FIRST BLOOD FOR MA

?

?

THUMP! THUMP!!! THUMP!! THUMP! THUMP!

WHY, WHAT UNDER THE SUN-? SHOO!

!

I AM YOUR COUSIN JACK

YES, I HEARD IT, AND I THINK YOU'D BETTER BRING HIM RIGHT INTO THE PARLOR

WIFE! DID YOU HEAR IT? DID YOU HEAR IT?— THERE IT IS AGAIN!!!!!

I AM YOUR COUSIN JACK

I AM YOUR-

ONE SIDE, WIFE!!

DON'T SPANK HIM THIS TIME. HE WAS JUST TRYING TO PROVE YOUR THEORY, AND IT WAS A SPEAKING FAMILY LIKENESS—

COUSIN JACK

I THINK MA HAS THE KERRECT THEORY

(COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.

"BRICK" BODKINS' PA

PA PUT ONE OVER AND SO DID THE BOYS.

FOWL BALL!

WOT'S DE IDEE, "BRICK"?

WELL, THE TEAM'S GOTA HAVE SUITS, AN' THE BARREL 'S TO HELP GET THE COIN WITH—JES' WAIT AN' I'LL SHOW YUH.

GLASS

GEE, A BARREL OF COIN?

NOW IF THE SCHEME WORKS AN' HE HAN'S US THE MONEY T'GET THE SUITS, I GOTA BE CAPTAIN AN' MANAGER AND TREASURY—ALL IN FAVOR SAY "I". MOTION'S CARRIED

"I"

BUT YOUR FATHER DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BASEBALL

PA, US FELLERS ARE GETTIN' UP A BASEBALL TEAM AN' WE WANT CHA TO COME OUT AN' COACH US

DON'T HUH? I INVENTED IT! WHY CERTAINLY I DON'T MIND SHOWING YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATES A FEW OF THE FINER POINTS OF THE GAME

TOSS 'ER OVER

HEY FELLERS THIS IS MY PA. HE'S GONA SHOW US HOW T' PUT 'EM OVER

I'LL GET IT FOR Y' PA

BURN HIM UP, PA!

OLD HOSS? MEANING ME?

COME ON, OLD HOSS! LE'S SEE IF Y' KIN PUT ONE OVER?

THAT'S PUTTIN' 'EM OVER, PA!

THAT'S ME CUE!

GLASS

BEAT IT, FELLEHS! DAH GOES DE GREEN-HOUSE!

CRASH CRASH JINGLE JINGLE

(COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.

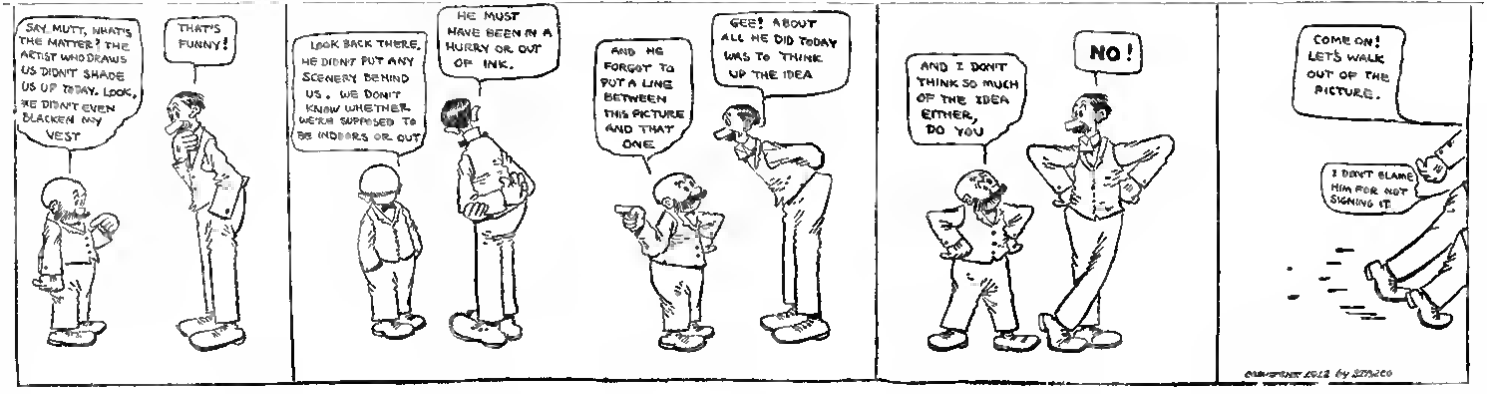
YEP, $11.20 WILL SQUARE IT! AND I WONT HAVE TO CALL A COP. GREEN-HOUSES ARE EX-PENSIVE ARTICLES TO THROW A BALL INTO!

$11.20 WORTH OF UNIFORMS, AN' ONE WITH CAPTAIN ON IT

ATHLETIC GOODS

EARL HURD

Gee! But Jeff Is Particular About His Personal Appearance ∴ ∴ *By "Bud" Fisher*


SAY, MUTT, WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE ARTIST WHO DRAWS US DIDN'T SHADE US UP TODAY. LOOK, HE DIDN'T EVEN BLACKEN MY VEST
THAT'S FUNNY!
LOOK BACK THERE. HE DIDN'T PUT ANY SCENERY BEHIND US. WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE INDOORS OR OUT
HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN A HURRY OR OUT OF INK.
AND HE FORGOT TO PUT A LINE BETWEEN THIS PICTURE AND THAT ONE.
GEE! ABOUT ALL HE DID TODAY WAS TO THINK UP THE IDEA
AND I DON'T THINK SO MUCH OF THE IDEA EITHER, DO YOU
NO!
COME ON! LET'S WALK OUT OF THE PICTURE.
I DON'T BLAME HIM FOR NOT SIGNING IT

NATHAN COLLER
It's up to you

Great-Idea Jerry

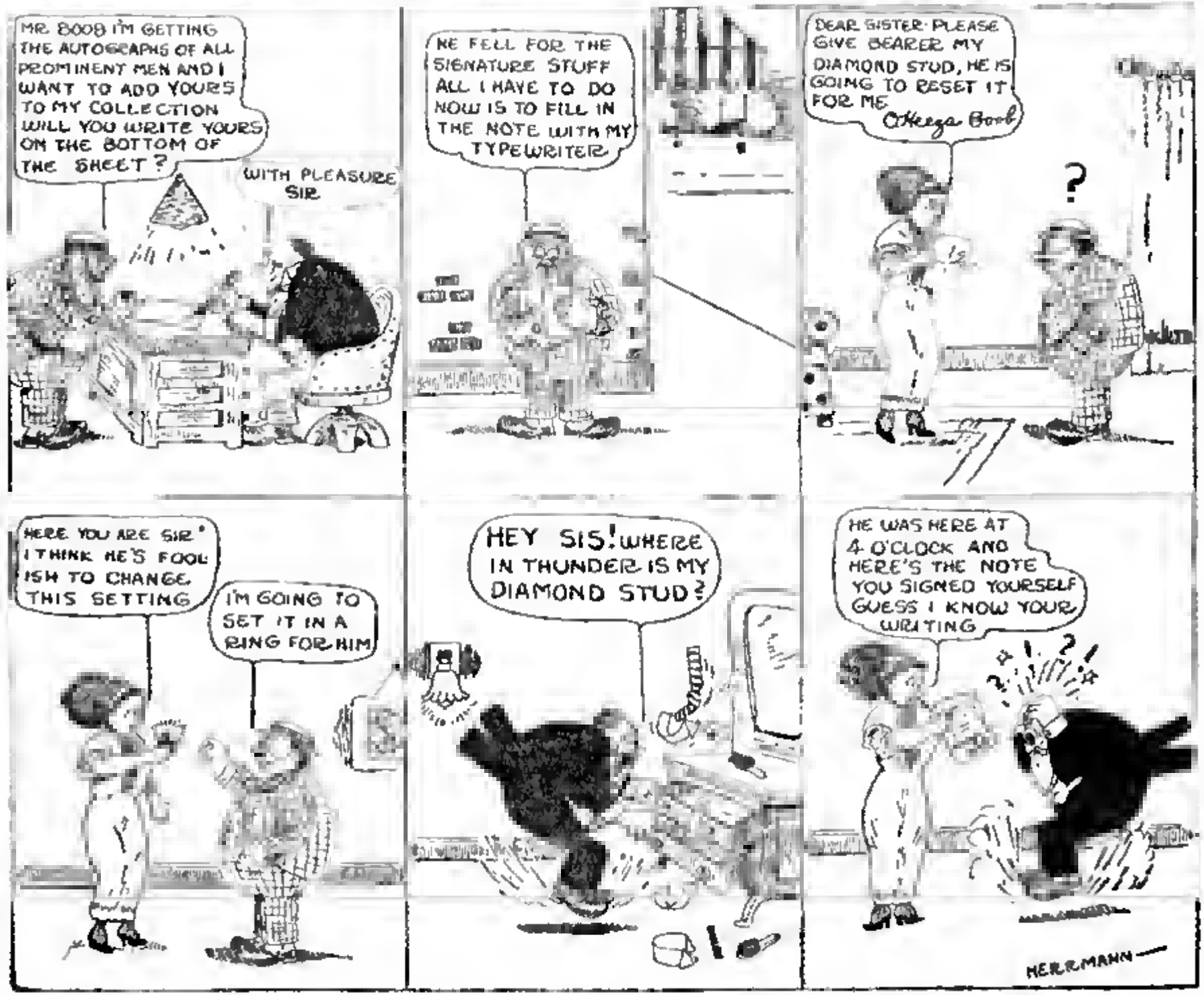
Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

By Sullivan

BANG! THE GRAND OL' M—
THE FARMER SEEMS EXCITED! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER.
WHEW! I SHOULD SAY SO!
YOU SEEM UPSET! IS THERE ANY TROUBLE?
I WANT MEN TO DIG POTATOES— AND NOBODY AROUND HERE WANTS THE JOB—HNU
LISTEN TO ME! I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA!
GET THE MAN WHO PLANTED THE POTATOES— HE KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE!
AND THEY TALK ABOUT GRATITUDE! BAH!
SULLIVAN

O. Heeza Boob!

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)


MR. BOOB I'M GETTING THE AUTOGRAPHS OF ALL PROMINENT MEN AND I WANT TO ADD YOURS TO MY COLLECTION WILL YOU WRITE YOURS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SHEET?
WITH PLEASURE SIR
HE FELL FOR THE SIGNATURE STUFF ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS TO FILL IN THE NOTE WITH MY TYPEWRITER
DEAR SISTER PLEASE GIVE BEARER MY DIAMOND STUD, HE IS GOING TO RESET IT FOR ME O'Heeza Boob
?
HERE YOU ARE SIR I THINK HE'S FOOLISH TO CHANGE THIS SETTING
I'M GOING TO SET IT IN A RING FOR HIM
HEY SIS! WHERE IN THUNDER IS MY DIAMOND STUD?
HE WAS HERE AT 4 O'CLOCK AND HERE'S THE NOTE YOU SIGNED YOURSELF GUESS I KNOW YOUR WRITING
HERRMANN

The Summer Girl

15—BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Copyright, 1912, by the Press Publishing Co.
(The New York World.)

By Eleanor Schorer

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON!

SAY, KING, HERE COME ALL YOUR WIVES! THEY SAY IF YOU DON'T LET THEM VOTE THEY'LL SMASH EVERY WINDOW IN THE PALACE!
SURE, KING, IT'S A CINCH!
LADIES THE KING SAYS YOU MAY ALL HAVE A VOTE EXCEPT THOSE WHO WEAR FALSE HAIR. YOU WILL ALL PLEASE LET YOUR HAIR DOWN!
THE IDEA!
HE CAN KEEP HIS OLD VOTES!
WHY, IT'S PERFECTLY INSULTING!
I WON'T VOTE NOW, JUST TO SPITE HIM!
KING I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU!
F. OPPEL

When Dreams Come True

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

By Dwig

HE IS DREAMING THIS
SAY DANNY, I'VE GOT A SORE FOOT. WILL YOU TAKE MY PLACE IN THE GAME TODAY?
I NEVER KICKED A BALL IN MY LIFE.
NOW, COME ON OUT TO THE FIELD AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.
WELL, I'M WILLING TO TRY, TOMMY.
NOW I PUT THE BALL HERE AND WHEN I SAY "GO" YOU GIVE IT A KICK — SEE?
SURE. I SEE. IT'S EASY.
READY GO!
DWIG

BESSIE'S VACATION—No. 1. All Aboard! —BY ELEANOR SCHORER

(Copyright, 1913, by the Press Pub Co—The New York Evening World.)

"All aboard!"

With a hand on the switch of a self starting sixty-horse power car, Bessie is off to spend her vacation on the border line of Neptune's kingdom.

"All aboard!" And a big, smoky demon, dashing away with another Bessie, carrying her far into the mountains.

"All aboard!" Whistles screech and hoot as still another Bessie waves a farewell to her friends at the pier. She is off on an ocean trip.

But no "Bessie," no matter where she chose to spend her summer, ever forgot the cherub who gives her such a bully time while away. Dan Cupid takes his vacation in the winter time, but in the summer he is kept busy making things hum for Girlies and Bobs. You watch him and see!

—Eleanor Schorer.

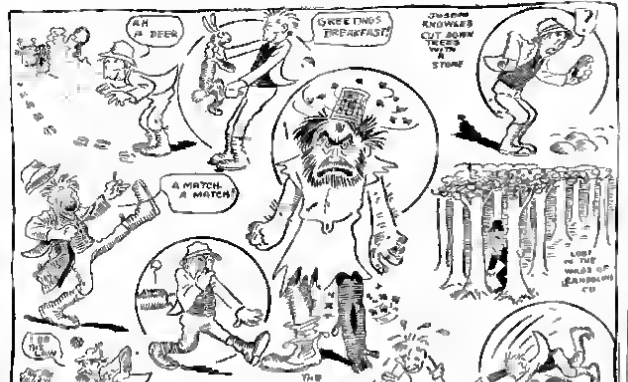
OUR ANTEDILUVIAN ANCESTORS!

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

"What's all the trouble about, there?"

"Why, the Board of Aldermen passed a law that all stray dinosauruses, diplodocuses and giant sloths should be seized and taken to the pound, and those cops are trying to do it! Say, it's a fierce job!"

NO! I WONT PAPER YOUR FLAT THIS SPRING!
VERY WELL
LANDLORD
SORE-HEAD
WIFE! WE'RE GONA MOVE. I'LL SHOW THAT BOOB LANDLORD THAT HE CANT KID ME.
OH! HEMREH!
WRATHY!
HE WON'T GET THIS LAST MONTHS RENT EITHER!
SHALL I CARRY DOWN THE BACK RAMART
IMPETUOUS! STRENUOUS!
CAREFUL HENERY!
STEADY MEN!
L KOUT!
GIT A MOVE ON AND COME OUT O' THAT YER PINCHED FER DISORDERLY CONDUCT!
THAT ANDY COLL IS SOME NICE LARNE MAN!
FER TH' LOVE OF MIKE, ANDY, BE REASONABLE
BRINK


AH A DEER
GREETINGS FREAKFAST
JOSEPH KNOWES CUT DOWN TREES WITH A STONE
A MATCH A MATCH
LOST IN THE WILDS OF RANDOLPH CO
THE POSSUM WAS NOT PLAYING DEAD, IT ONLY TOK DEAD
THE WILD MAN AS SEEN BY JOHN LYNCH AND TWO BANKS
I WAS TAKEN FOR THE WILD MAN
A PIPE NOT TO MAKE A FIRE WITH
I FELL OVER ALL THE WAYS TO THE COUNTY

"Doc" Bird Finch in the Wilds of Randolph County

(By courtesy of the Kansas City Post)

MARCUS, The Boarding House Goat

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing

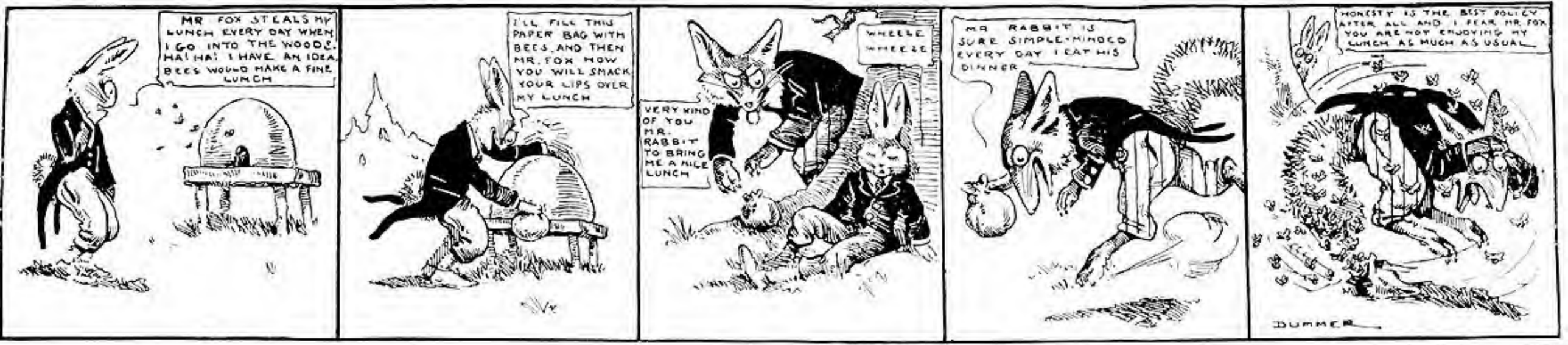
HIST! KIND SIR! WHERE CAN I FIND A QUIET BOARDING HOUSE? I AM WILLING TO PAY - SAY - $50. A DAY!
YOU SEE. I'M FROM MEXICO!
50 BUCKS! WOW! YOU CAN STOP WITH ME AND BE MY ROOM-MATE!!
NOW SEN OR, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!
YES! I HAD T'LEAVE MEXICO VER' VERY SUDDENLY!
AN' WHEN I LEFT, MY ENEMIES SAID TO ME - "NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO, WE'LL GET YOU!"
BANG!
BANG
WAZZAT? WAZZAT!
WA-WA-WA-WUZ-ZAT?
OH! JUST SOME O' TH' BOYS TRYING TO "GET ME"
FAREWELL FATHER!

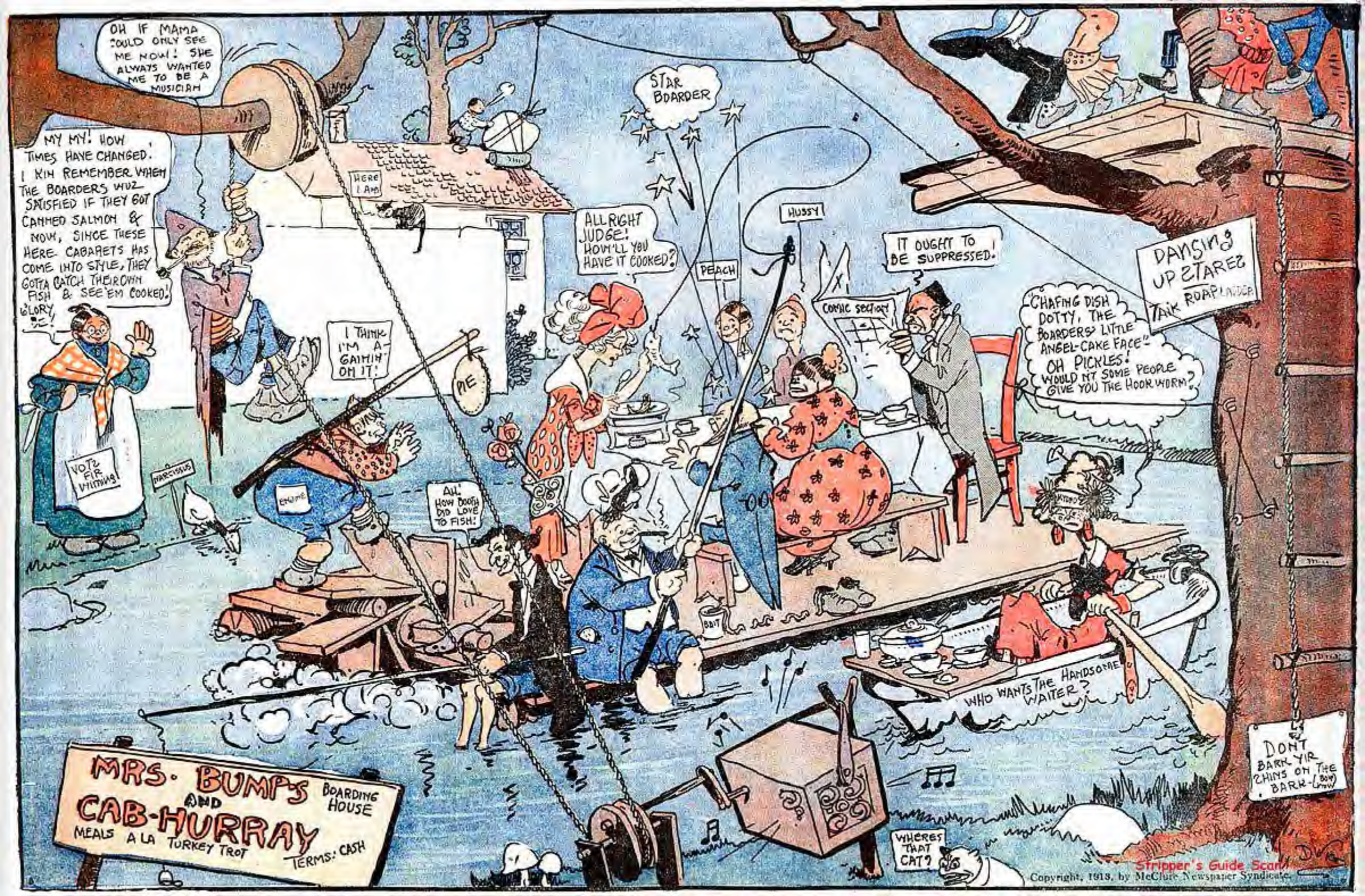
Stripper's Guide Scan

MR. BUNNY'S ADVENTURES

Copyright, 1913, by Star Publishing Co.

By H. B. Dummer

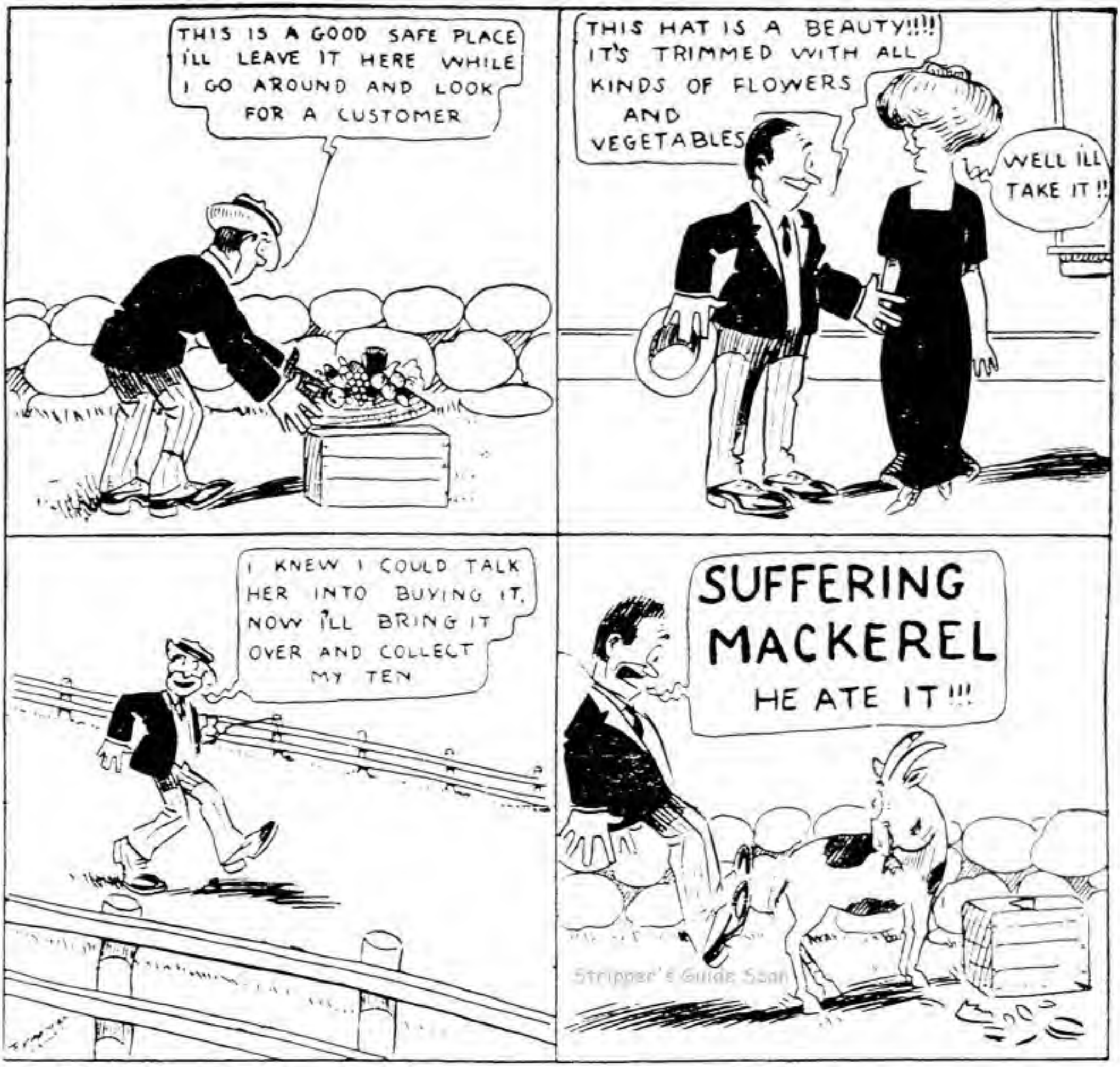

MR FOX STEALS MY LUNCH EVERY DAY WHEN I GO INTO THE WOODS. HA! HA! I HAVE AN IDEA. BEES WOULD MAKE A FINE LUNCH
I'LL FILL THIS PAPER BAG WITH BEES, AND THEN MR. FOX NOW YOU WILL SMACK YOUR LIPS OVER MY LUNCH
WHEEEE WHEEEE
VERY KIND OF YOU MR. RABBIT TO BRING ME A NICE LUNCH
MR RABBIT IS SURE SIMPLE-MINDED EVERY DAY I EAT HIS DINNER
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY AFTER ALL AND I FEAR MR. FOX YOU ARE NOT ENJOYING MY LUNCH AS MUCH AS USUAL
DUMMER


OH IF MAMA COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW! SHE ALWAYS WANTED ME TO BE A MUSICIAN
MY MY! HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED. I KIN REMEMBER WHEN THE BOARDERS WUZ SATISFIED IF THEY GOT CANNED SALMON & NOW, SINCE THESE HERE CABARETS HAS COME INTO STYLE, THEY GOTTA CATCH THEIR OWN FISH & SEE 'EM COOKED!
GLORY!
VOTE FIR WUMMIN!
HERE I AM!
I THINK I'M A-GAMIN' ON IT!
PIE
NARCISSUS
ENGINE
AH! HOW BOOTH DID LOVE TO FISH!
STAR BOARDER
ALL RIGHT JUDGE! HOW'LL YOU HAVE IT COOKED?
HUSSY
PEACH
BAIT
COMIC SECTION
IT OUGHT TO BE SUPPRESSED!
"CHAFING DISH DOTTY, THE BOARDERS' LITTLE ANGEL-CAKE FACE"
OH PICKLES! WOULD NT SOME PEOPLE GIVE YOU THE HOOK WORM?
DANSING UP STAIRS
TAIK ROAP LADDER
WHO WANTS THE HANDSOME WAITER?
WHERES THAT CAT?
DONT BARK YIR CHINS ON THE BARK-(BOW) WOW
MRS. BUMP'S BOARDING HOUSE AND CAB-HURRAY
MEALS A LA TURKEY TROT
TERMS: CASH
Stripper's Guide Scan
Copyright, 1913, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Perky, Salesman

HE CAN NEARLY SELL ANYTHING

(Copyrighted, 1913, by Post Publishing Co.)


THIS IS A GOOD SAFE PLACE ILL LEAVE IT HERE WHILE I GO AROUND AND LOOK FOR A CUSTOMER
THIS HAT IS A BEAUTY!!!! IT'S TRIMMED WITH ALL KINDS OF FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES
WELL ILL TAKE IT !!
I KNEW I COULD TALK HER INTO BUYING IT, NOW I'LL BRING IT OVER AND COLLECT MY TEN
SUFFERING MACKEREL HE ATE IT !!!

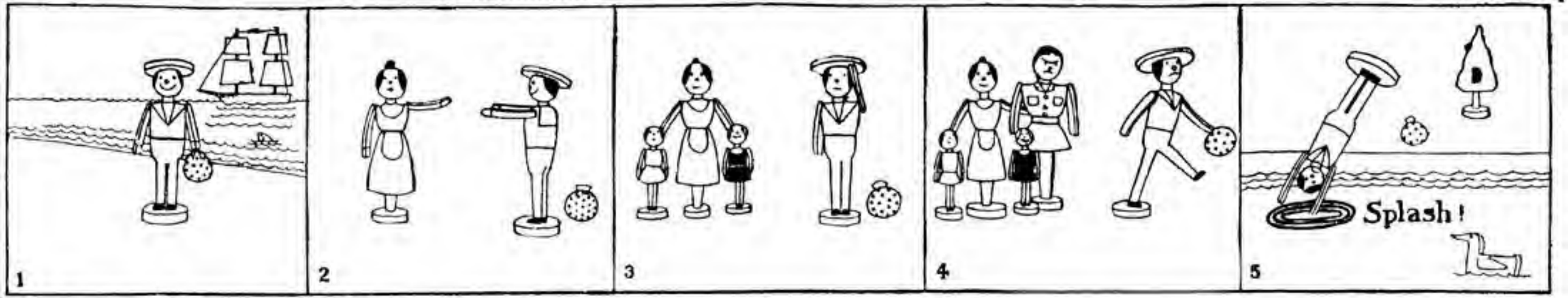
Toyland

The Sailor's Return

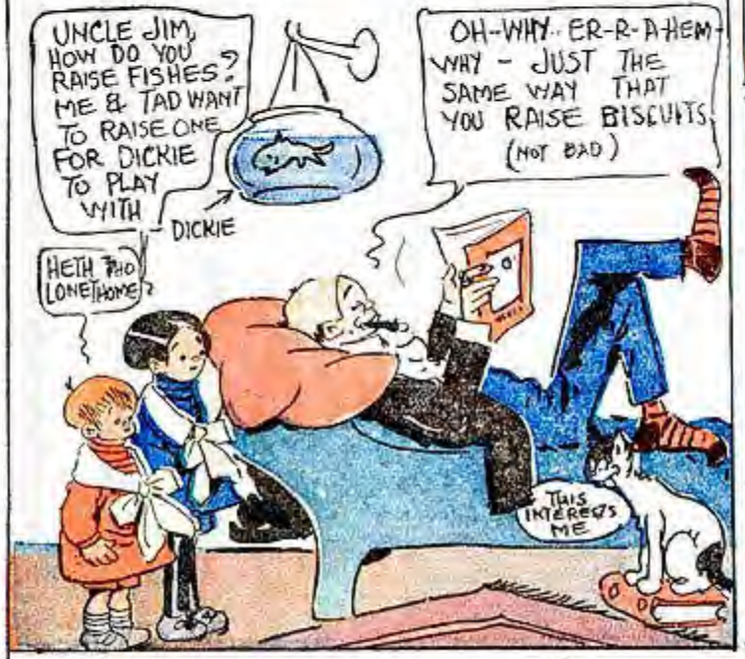
Watch for the "Toyland" Series

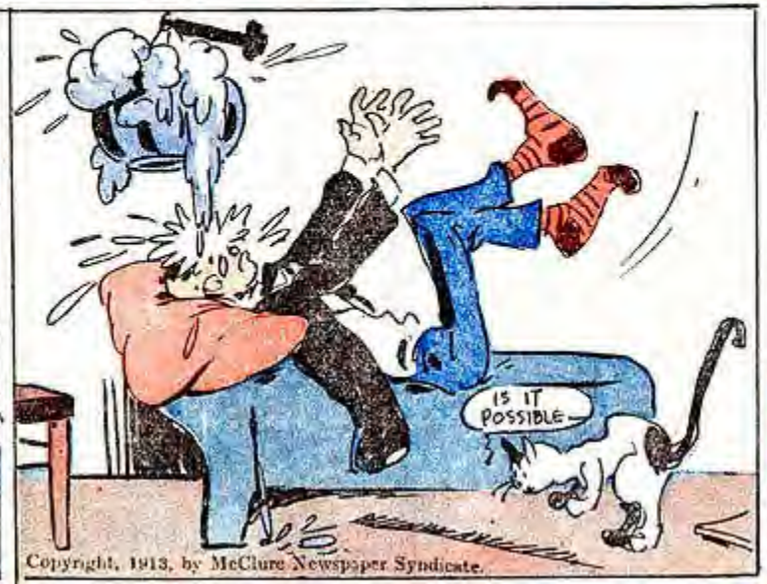
Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co.

By M. Held



UNCLE JIM AND TAD & TIM


UNCLE JIM, HOW DO YOU RAISE FISHES? ME & TAD WANT TO RAISE ONE FOR DICKIE TO PLAY WITH
DICKIE
OH-WHY ER-R-AHEM WHY - JUST THE SAME WAY THAT YOU RAISE BISCUITS (NOT BAD)
HETH THO LONETHOME?
THIS INTERESTS ME

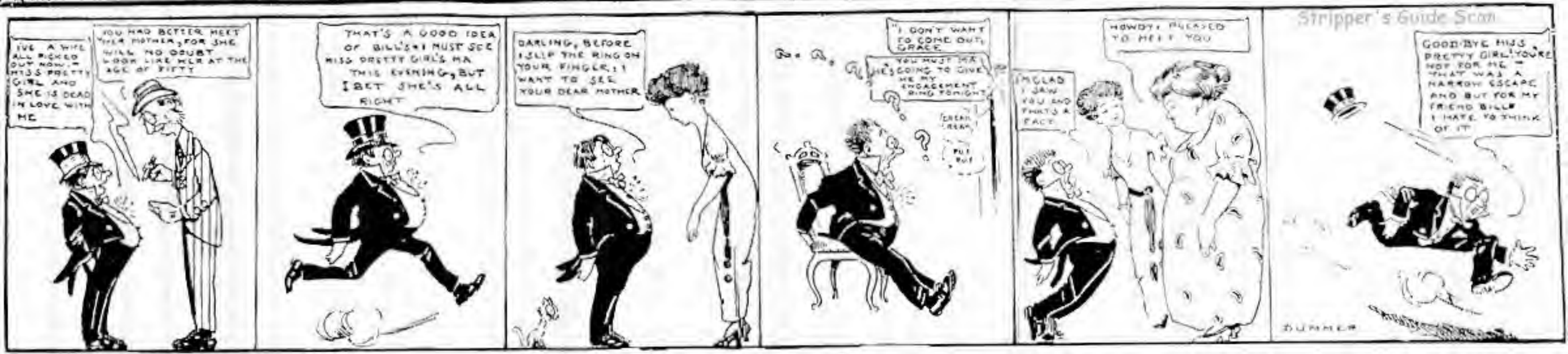


Copyright, 1913, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

WANTED — A WIFE

Copyrighted, 1915, by Star Publishing Co.

Wearied of Old Bachelorhood, Mr. Romeo Rich Begins His Search for a Congenial Mate


I'VE A WIFE ALL PICKED OUT NOW — MISS PRETTY GIRL AND SHE IS DEAD IN LOVE WITH ME
YOU HAD BETTER MEET HER MOTHER, FOR SHE WILL NO DOUBT LOOK LIKE HER AT THE AGE OF FIFTY
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA OF BILL'S! I MUST SEE MISS PRETTY GIRL'S MA THIS EVENING, BUT I BET SHE'S ALL RIGHT
DARLING, BEFORE I SLIP THE RING ON YOUR FINGER, I WANT TO SEE YOUR DEAR MOTHER
"I DON'T WANT TO COME OUT, GRACE
YOU MUST MA HE'S GOING TO GIVE ME MY ENGAGEMENT RING TONIGHT
GREAT SCOTT!
BUT BUT
I'M GLAD I SAW YOU AND THAT'S A FACT
HOWDY! PLEASED TO MEET YOU
GOOD-BYE MISS PRETTY GIRL! YOU'RE NOT FOR ME — THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE AND BUT FOR MY FRIEND BILL I HATE TO THINK OF IT
BUNNER

Stripper's Guide Scan

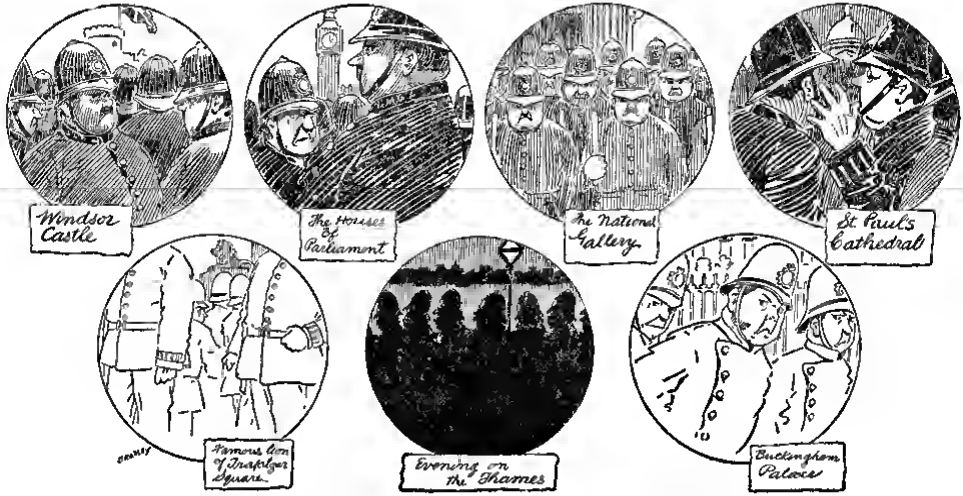
WANTED—A WIFE

Copyrighted, 1918, by Post Publishing Co.

Romeo Rich, on matrimony intent, calls on Miss Girl-in-the-Suburbs.

I JUST COULDN'T WAIT FOR THAT AFTERNOON TRAIN, SO I'LL WALK OUT AND SURPRISE HER
A CITY FELLER!
BROOK ROAD
CAN THIS BE THE PLACE SHE DESCRIBED TO ME—?
GR-R-R
I-ER-ER-YOU SEE—
THEM DORGS DO BE A MITE PLAYFUL WITH STRANGERS— BE YOU THE FELLER THAT'S A SELLIN' PLOWS?
AND THEY SAY HE IS AWFULLY WEALTHY
IT'S HER!
THAT'S THE WHISTLE
I'LL DODGE HER AND EXPLAIN BY WIRE
OOH! I JUST KNOW HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE BEFORE HE GOES BACK
CURSES! SHE SEES ME—
IT'S ROMEO!
Scott

HISTORIC ENGLAND—AS THE TOURIST SNAPSHOOTER MAY GET IT.



CINDERELLA PEGGY

She Stays at Home to Do the Dishes

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

IT TAKES ME, MISS PEGGY.

SOME SHINE TO THAT NICKEL, MISS PEGGY— WHAT?

WON'T SISTERS BE PLEASED WHEN THEY GET HOME.

IT'S ALMOST 3 O'CLOCK AND THE DANCING CONTEST STARTS AT 2.30. WE WON'T WAIT ANY LONGER FOR THEM.

THEY PROMISED TO 'PHONE AT 2 WHETHER THEY WOULD GO OR NOT.

Stripper's Guide Scan

PEGGY, YOU'LL HAVE TO WASH UP THE DISHES AND TIDY UP A BIT. IF MR. STOAT OR MR. BUNN 'PHONES TELL THEM WE'RE OVER AT THE DANSANT CONTEST.

AND SO THIS IS LITTLE SISTER PEGGY, IS IT! WE 'PHONED, BUT CENTRAL SAID YOUR WIRE WAS OUT OF ORDER.

A MOST FORTUNATE MISHAP FOR US. MAYN'T WE COME IN, MISS PEGGY, WHILE YOU FIND A VASE TO PUT THESE VIOLETS IN?

YES, OUR MAID IS SICK AND I'M TIDYING UP A BIT.

WE'LL HELP, MISS PEGGY.

OH NO, MR. STOAT, THAT ISN'T THE WAY TO SWEEP. DON'T LIFT THE BROOM SO HIGH, AND THE DUSTING SHOULDN'T BE DONE 'TILL THE DUST SETTLES, MR. BUNN.

NOW, MISS PEGGY, WHAT NEXT?

THERE'S THE DISHES TO BE WASHED, BUT — —

WHAT HO — THE MERRY KITCHEN SQUAD ARE WE.

BUT BOYS, I — — —

NO BUTS, MISS PEGGY— LEAD US TO IT.

NO, MISS PEGGY, YOU'LL RUIN YOUR LITTLE PEARLY HANDS IN THIS DISH-WATER.

I'LL DRY 'EM.

BUT WHAT CAN I DO, BOYS?

YOU CAN JUST SIT THERE AND LOOK PRETTY, MISS PEGGY.

MERCY ME! I LEFT THE TICKETS HOME!

SO!

W. K. McGill

COUSIN WILLIE

He Becomes Acquainted with an Ostrich—And Her Name Is Myrtle.

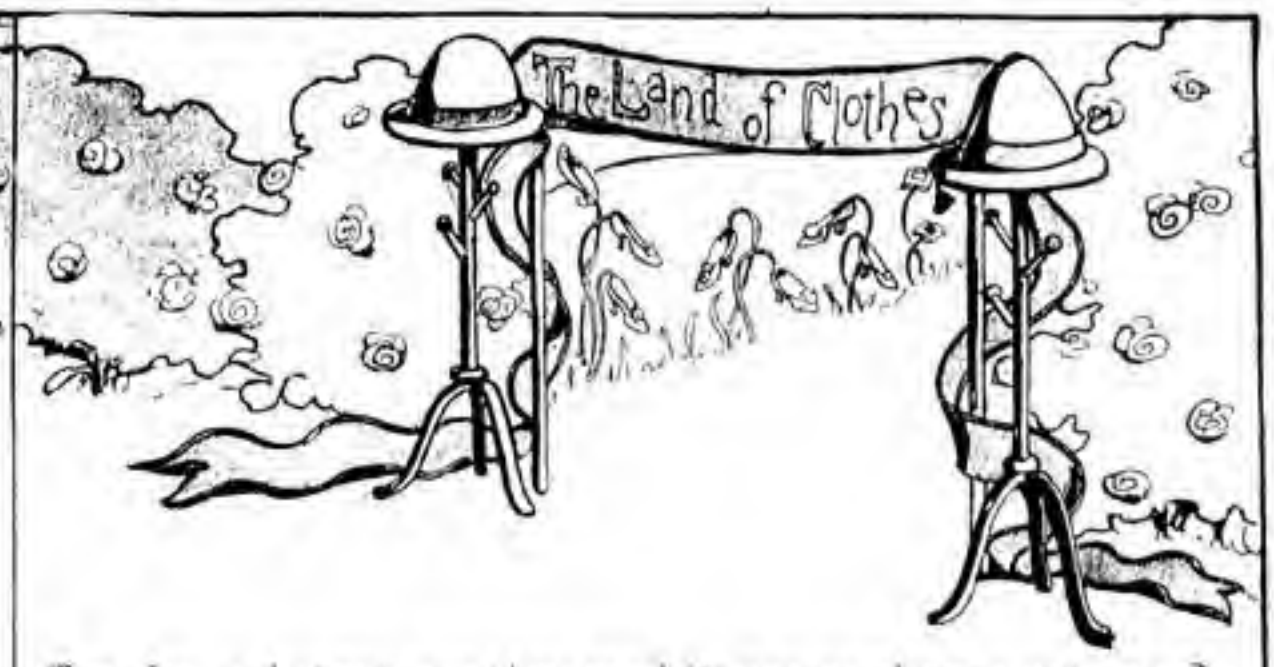
WHAT'S IN A NAME?
MY, SHE'S BIG!
PLEASE TAKE THIS LETTER — DEAR COUSIN HOWSON LETT: I AM DICTATING THIS TO ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS I HAVE EVER SEEN.
AH, CUT IT OUT!
KING IT'S RIDICULOUS FOR YOU TO DRIVE AROUND BEHIND THAT OX - YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING WITH MORE SPEED! I'LL TRAIN ONE OF THOSE OSTRICHES SO YOU CAN DRIVE IT.
GO AHEAD I'M WILLING
1
IT LOOKS GOOD!
THERE, KING, HOW'S THAT? JUMP IN AND TAKE THE REINS AND SEE HOW YOU LIKE OUR NEW GROUND-HER NAME IS MYRTLE
2
FINE!
SOME SPEED, EH, KING?
"OH!"
"OH!"
3
GIDDAP! WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR!
LOOK OUT KING! SHE'S GOT AN AWFUL TEMPER!
4
CAREFUL KING, DON'T GET HER MAD!
5
HEY, STOP THAT, MYRTLE!
6
NOW, MYRTLE, BE A GOOD GIRL!
7
GO IT, MYRTLE!
8
"SOME SPEED!" BAH!
9
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING SPEEDY!
10
GIDDAP!
11
AH, KING, HAVE A HEART!
HE GOVES YOU A PAIN
12
F. Opper

DON AND DOT IN OPERA GLASS LAND

It will be noted that these pictures form a continuous panel. Thus by pasting the left end of the second, third and fourth rows, successively, to the right end of the row above, a picture a couple of yards long is formed. This may be used as a nursery frieze or folded into a booklet for small folks.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. P. LENCH.

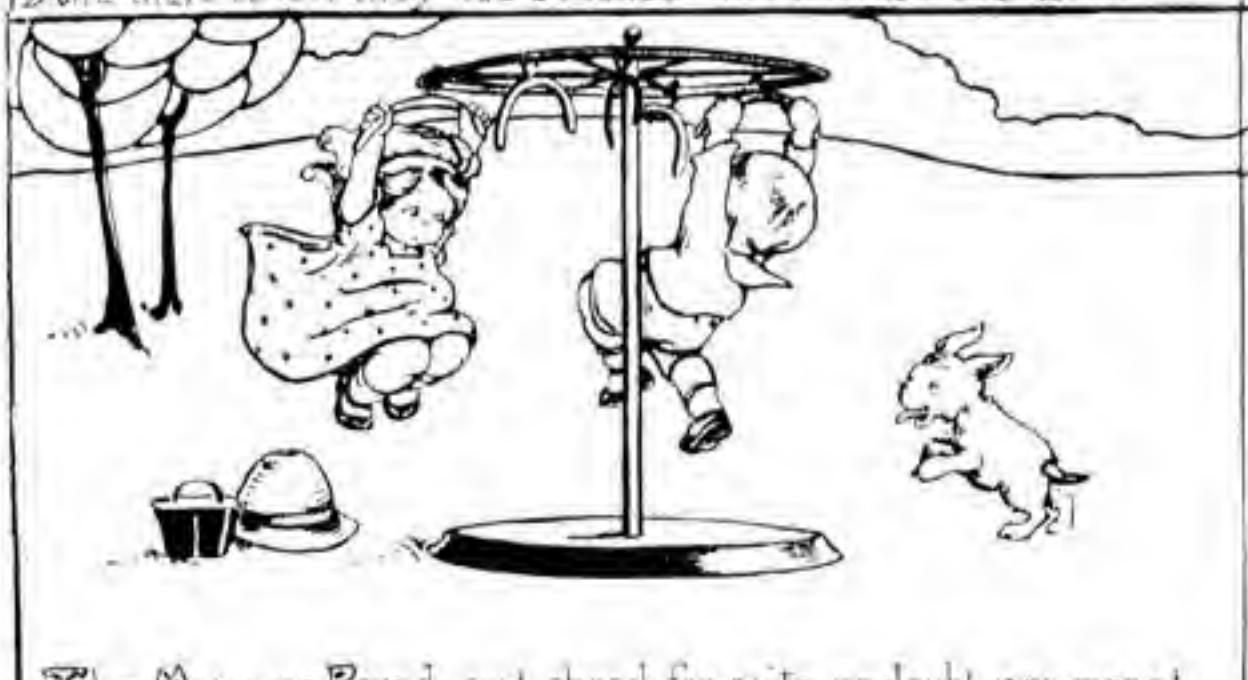
When Don and Dot, adventuring, go forth new scenes to seek,
An Opera-Glass they love to take along,—and through it peek.



One day a distant sign they read (it was up above a gate way),
"The Land of Clothes—what fun!"—they said, and scampered toward [it straightaway]

The shoe-trees and the rubber-plants grew by Lake Looking-glass,
And there to rest they had a chance—this little lad and lass.

The bachelor's buttons, growing high, were by a gardener tended
The hose he then hung up to dry, when all his work was ended.



The Merry-go-Round, just ahead, for suits no doubt was meant,
But Don and Dot hung on instead, and rode 'till quite content.

The "Lost and Found" Department there was managed by some kittens,
(It's true the very same they were who lost and found their mittens.)

Decked out a coat of paint so new Dame Fashion's house was glowing,
And gay in gowns of every hue, the next year's styles were growing.

The milliner bird, (with bill so large) cried—"Come, it's time to go".
And for the ride he made no charge, they took the tip you know.

Lew Hunter

"I'm Falling in Love With Some One!"

Copyright, 1914, by The Chas. Dwight Co.

By Vic

HERE I AM, MISS JUJUBEE- NOW WHERE'S THAT LEAK YOU WANT FIXED UP?

OH, SO YOU ARE THE CUTE LITTLE PLUMBER I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT! HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY YOU ARE TO COME TO SEE ME!

ISN'T THIS THE QUEEREST OLD WORLD? JUST THINK OF A LEAKY PIPE BRINGING OUR LIVES TOGETHER! WHO'D A THUNK IT?

?

DO YOU KNOW – I ALWAYS FEEL SO KITTENISH WHEN A MAN CALLS ON ME I'M SO AFRAID HE'S GOING TO PROPOSE!

MY HELPER CAN FIX THAT LEAK BETTER THAN I CAN!

Vic.

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.

GOOD MORNING MISS JUJUBEE. I'M THE MAN WHAT TAKES CARE OF FURNACES IF YOU NEEDS A MAN!

INDEED I DO! COME RIGHT IN AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF THE FURNACE EVERY DAY!

HOW OFTEN I HAVE THOUGHT HOW A FURNACE IS LIKE A WOMAN'S HEART!

YEAH— I S'POSE SO!

I JUST KNEW YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND! IT TAKES A MAN TO FEED THE FIRE OF A WOMAN'S HEART— THE SAME AS THE FIRE OF A FURNACE!

OH - DON'T YOU THINK SO?

Stripper's Guide Scan

TOM CATT
AS A WAITER

Pictures By Louis Wain
Verse By Miss Cam

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

How His Carelessness Landed Him in Jail.

TOM CATT, having nothing to wear or to eat,
Set out one bright day on the densely thronged street
To find an employer who needed a clerk,
Or any one fitted for any hard work.
A restaurant sign overhead caught his eye.
"I guess I'll go in," muttered Tom, "and apply."
He entered the place, and looked calmly around
Until the proprietor's office he found.
Then he knocked at the door and was met by the stare
Of a surly and portly old cat in a chair.

SAID Tom: "Sir, my business I briefly will state;
I've come to your place, sir, to learn how to wait.
Just give me an apron, a cap and a tray
And I will begin on the job right away."
The cat, too astonished to even protest,
Sent Tom to the cook, and the cook did the rest.
Equipped with his apron, Tom walked boldly out
Where the customers sat, stood a moment in doubt,
Then stopped at a table, where languidly sat
A hearty old sport and a young lady cat.
"Your order?" said Tom. "Lots of milk and some meat,"
The large cat responded; "We're crazy to eat!"

TOM went to the kitchen and filled up his tray
With milk and beef fritters and bore them away
To where the two customers stolidly sat,
The hearty old sport and the young lady cat.
Tom flourished his tray with a beautiful air,
Then clumsily tripped both his feet on a chair,
And down came the steaming beef fritters and milk
Right over the lady cat's best Sunday silk.

* * *

HER escort leaped up and descended on Tom,
Who suddenly lost his untroubled aplomb,
And taking the tray in his muscular claws,
Brought it down, right across his assailant's square jaws.
The restaurant man came swift out on the scene
Crying "Help!" and "Police!" and "Say, what does this mean?"
A chorus of voices replied, "Take this man
And send him to prison as quick as you can!"
So Tom was led off, with a crestfallen tail,
And spent the next fortnight mewed up in a jail.

Stripper's Guide Soon

AMERICAN LIFE IN DECORATION.

Panels by Charles Jay Taylor in the Pennsylvania Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.
See text on the opposite page.

DIMPLES

Next Time Tommy'll be more Careful.

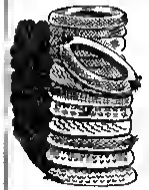
BY GRACE G. DRAYTON

OH MY! I'M AFRAID TOMMY GOT HIS NEW WHITE SUIT DIRTY AND I'LL BE BLAMED!
WAIT TILL I GET ON TOMMY DON'T BE SUCH A MEANY!
ALL RIGHT ONLY I'M GOIN' 'CAUSE I'M GOIN' TO BE AWFUL FAST I'M SPEEDIN'
OOOH! THAT WAS A AWFUL BIG BUMP!
LET ME STOP!! OO! YOU HAVE RUNNED OVER MY DOLLIE!
DON'T YOU CRY, DIMPLES, I KNOW HOW TO MEND YOUR DOLLIE JUST LIKE NEW
OOH I'VE GOT A POT OF GLUE AND A BRUSH NOW WATCH ME!
NOW YOU HOLD HER STILL AND I WILL STICK HER HEAD RIGHT ON FOR YOU
OH-OH-OH- IT DIDN'T FIX HER HEAD AT ALL - NOW JUST WATCH ME WHAT I'M GOIN TO DO TO YOU!
I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO RUN OVER MY DOLLIE

Old Tires Are As Hard to Get Rid Of As Insurance Agents.

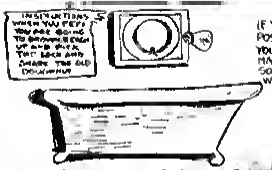
By G. O. MacConachie.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS..... How to Use Up the Old Tires..



TO MAKE ROOM FOR CAR IN THE GARAGE. YOU WILL HAVE TO ENLARGE IT OR GET RID OF THE AGED TIRES. YOU CAN WORK A FEW FEEBLE INNER TUBES OFF ON YOUR BUTLER FOR SAUSAGE. KIDDING, BUT IT WILL BE HARD TO WISH THE REST OF THE JUNK ON ANYBODY WHO IS SOBER

TRIM DEFIANCE TIRE WITH HERRING EYE AND SWING CARELESSLY OVER THE SHOULDER



A LIFE-PRESERVER WILL RID YOU OF ONE OF THE RELICS

IF YOU HAVE A POSTER TYPE IN YOUR FAMILY MAKE HER SOME SCENERY WITH THEM

SWIPE A COUPLE OF POOL CUES AND SOME CHICKEN WIRE AND MAKE A 5 O'CLOCK TEA BAR

USE INNER TUBE FOR FACING AND BUILD DRUM

MAKE A SERVE-SELF FOR LITTLE JULIUS WITH A PIECE OF GARDEN HOSE, ONE OF THE ANCIENT AUTO SLIPPERS AND A MILKMAN WHO CAN REMEMBER YOUR ADDRESS

HANG INNER TUBE IN BATH ROOM WITH METER ATTACHED AND SEE HOW LONG BEFORE YOU LOOK UP TRAIN SCHEDULES FOR DENVER.

A LAME TIRE MAKES A FINE PLACE FOR YOUR PET PYTHON TO DO LIGHT HOUSE KEEPING

FORD AND BALOON TIRES CAN BE MADE INTO RINGS AND BRACELETS.

HALL OF FAME

THE MAN WHO SAID HE GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH FROM HIS TIRES.

SENIORS 1916
C.E. HAMMOND.

ALUMNI

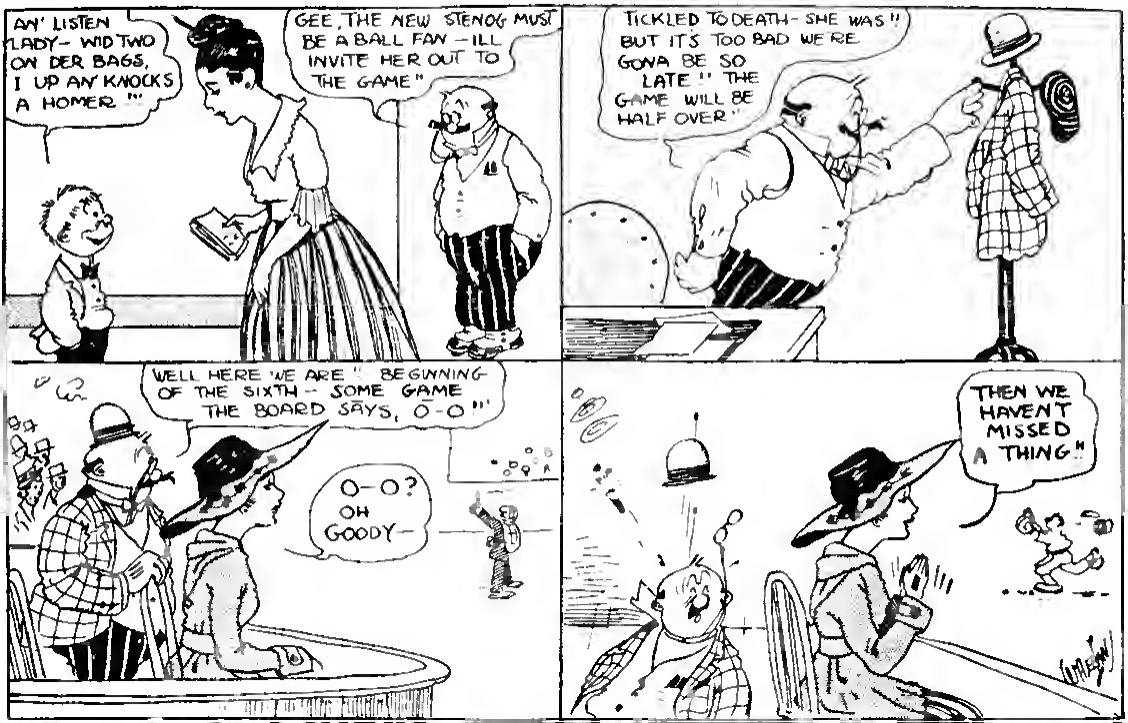
Officers

EMIL NEWBERG, President

MISS MAE ANDREW, Vice President

MISS VELMA PARMELEE, Sec'y-Treas.

OLD BOY BINKS -:- Copyright 1916 International News Service -:- By Wheelan

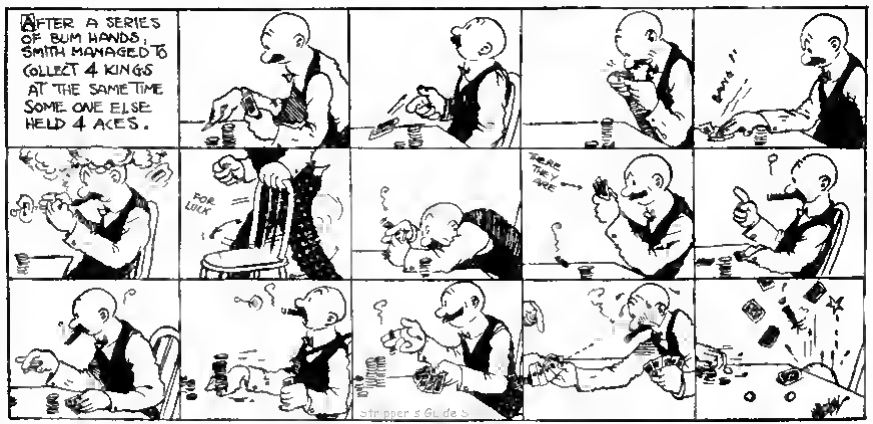

AN' LISTEN LADY- WID TWO ON DER BAGS, I UP AN' KNOCKS A HOMER "
GEE, THE NEW STENOG MUST BE A BALL FAN — ILL INVITE HER OUT TO THE GAME"
TICKLED TO DEATH- SHE WAS" BUT IT'S TOO BAD WE'RE GONA BE SO LATE" THE GAME WILL BE HALF OVER"
WELL HERE WE ARE" BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH — SOME GAME THE BOARD SAYS, 0-0"
0-0? OH GOODY-
THEN WE HAVENT MISSED A THING"

The Anvil Chorus -:- -:- -:- By Wheelan

Copyright 1916 International News Service

ON THE ANVIL
THE HEAVY WINNER WHO SAID HE HAD ONLY PLAYED PINOCHLE ONCE OR TWICE AND WHO JUST SAT IN TO BE SOCIABLE
GEE, THEY'RE PLAYIN' POKER DOWN THERE.
AH JEST SEEN MISTO SMIFF AGOIN OUT—IS YOU GEMMEN FREW?
CERTAINLY! I KNOCKED HIM—I THOUGHT HE WAS GRAPE FRUIT—DIDN'T HE ASK ME OUT THERE IF PINOCHLE WAS THE JACK OF SPADES AN' THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS—THAT'S WHY I URGED THE FATHEAD TO PLAY!—SURE!!!
MAN-OH-MAN!!! DIDJA SEE "OLE BEGINNER" CLEAN UP THEM '400' HANDS'N WHEW W'
I BET HE'S REALLY A VERY GOOD PLAYER, EH BOY'S?
LIKE A STONE WALL
YAH, IF LIARS WAS GOOD FELLERS DAT GUY WOULD BE A PRINCE!!!

OUR 'FEATURE' FILMS


AFTER A SERIES OF BUM HANDS, SMITH MANAGED TO COLLECT 4 KINGS AT THE SAME TIME SOME ONE ELSE HELD 4 ACES.
FOR LUCK
HERE, TAKE THIS!

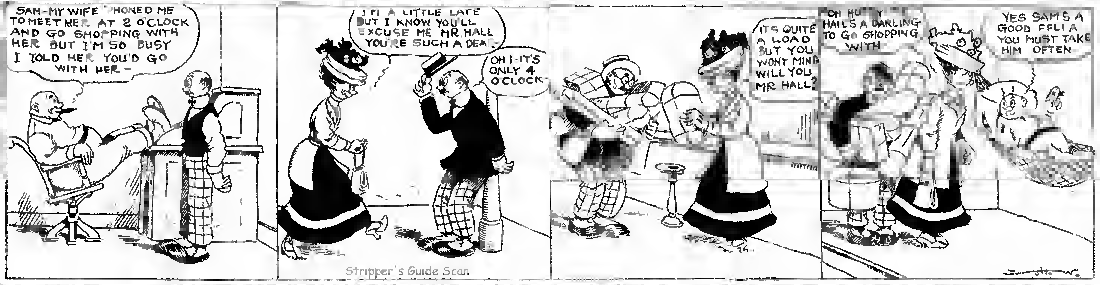
COUSIN WILLIE

He Divided With the Sheriff, Fifty-Fifty.

By F. Opper

THERE GOES THE WIDOW JONES INTO HER SUMMER HOUSE WITH A BOOK. I SPOSE ITS A NOVEL SHE'S GOING TO READ. I'LL POP MY HEAD IN AT THE WINDOW AND ASK HER TO MARRY ME. MAYBE SHE'LL ACCEPT ME THIS TIME.
EXERCISE NO. 1—HOLD THE CLUBS FIRMLY AND GIVE THEM A RAPID WHIRLING MOTION
OH, MR. WILLIE I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU. I'M PRACTICING WITH MY NEW INDIAN CLUBS. THEY'RE SPLENDID FOR REDUCING. THE BOOK TELLS ALL THE DIFFERENT MOTIONS
HELLO, SHERIFF, THE WIDOW WANTS TO SEE YOU. SHE'S IN THE SUMMER HOUSE READING A BOOK
EXERCISE NO. 2. SWING THE CLUBS UP AND DOWN AS HARD AS POSSIBLE
OH, SHERIFF I'M SO SORRY!
F. Opper

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

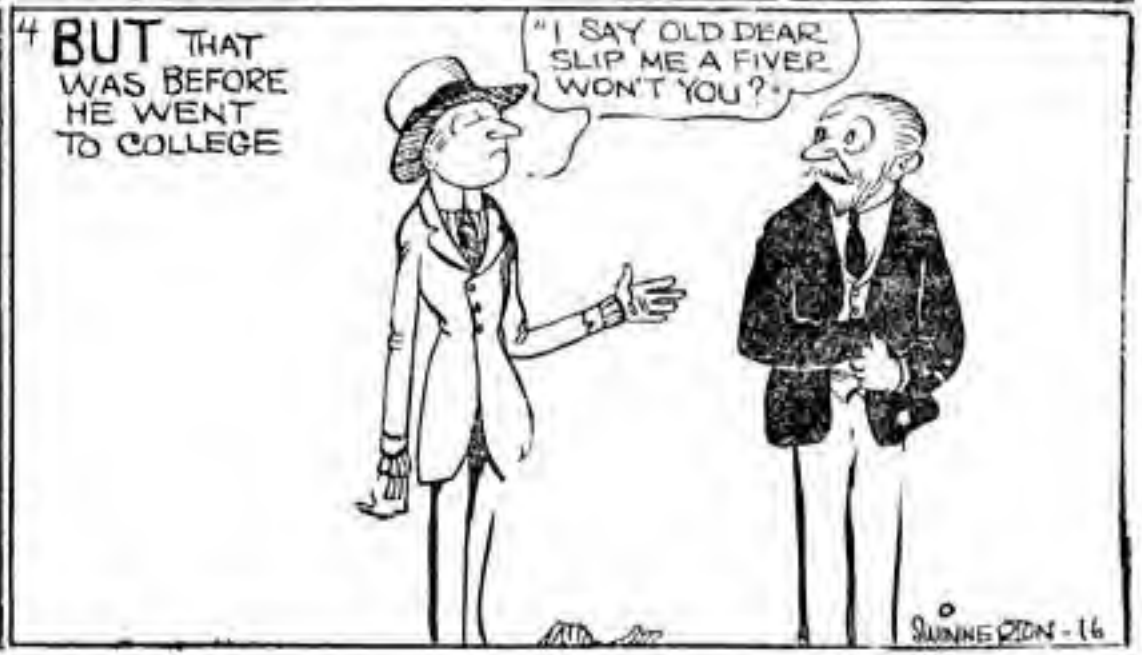

SAM-MY WIFE PHONED ME TO MEET HER AT 2 O'CLOCK AND GO SHOPPING WITH HER BUT I'M SO BUSY I TOLD HER YOU'D GO WITH HER-
I'M A LITTLE LATE BUT I KNOW YOU'LL EXCUSE ME MR HALL YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR
OH! IT'S ONLY 4 O'CLOCK
IT'S QUITE A LOAD BUT YOU WON'T MIND WILL YOU MR HALL?
OH NO! HALL'S A DARLING TO GO SHOPPING WITH
YES SAM'S A GOOD FELLA YOU MUST TAKE HIM OFTEN

Stripper's Guide Scan

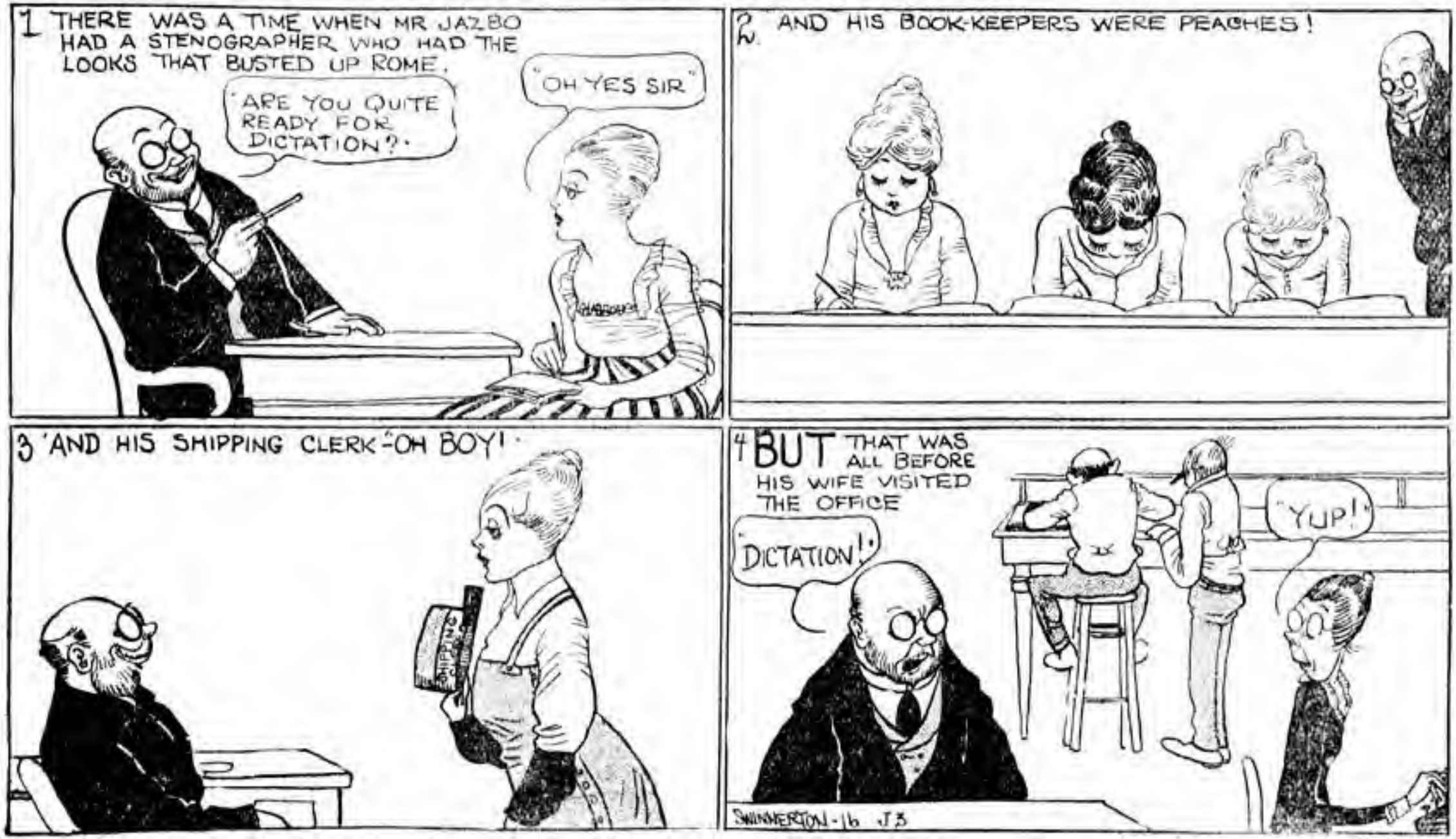
THERE WAS A TIME--- -:- -:- -:- By Swinnerton

1 THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THOMAS THOUGHT HIS SON SHOWED A REMARKABLE BUSINESS SENSE
"BY JOVE! THAT KID KNOWS HOW TO BARGAIN!"
"YOU'LL GIVE ME THE TEN MARBLES ALL RIGHT AN' THEN YOU'LL GIVE ME A KNIFE AN' A PIECE J' CHEWIN' GUM!"
"I'LL GIVE YUH TEN MARBLES FER YER OLD BASE-BALL GLOVE!"

2 AND HIS JUDGMENT IN TRADE WAS QUITE NOTICEABLE
"I'LL GIVE YOU JUST FIVE PENNIES! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!"
"WILL YUH GIMMY A QUARTER FER D' PUP?"
"THEY CAN'T GET THE BEST OF THAT KID!"



THERE WAS A TIME


1 THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MR JAZBO HAD A STENOGRAPHER WHO HAD THE LOOKS THAT BUSTED UP ROME.
"ARE YOU QUITE READY FOR DICTATION?"
"OH YES SIR"
2 AND HIS BOOK-KEEPERS WERE PEACHES!
3 "AND HIS SHIPPING CLERK-OH BOY!"
SHIPPING
4 BUT THAT WAS ALL BEFORE HIS WIFE VISITED THE OFFICE
"DICTATION!"
"YUP!"
SWINNERTON-16 J3

"HERE I AM IN THE BOTTOM OF THE GOLF BAG. I'VE BEEN HERE AN AWFUL AWFUL LONG TIME"
THE BAG FELL OVER! - GIMINY THE LIGHT MAKES ME SQUINTY
"THERE'S A BABY AFTER ME"
HA HA HA - HE'S TRYING TO STUFF ME IN HIS MOUTH
"HE'S GIVING ME A ROLL ON THE FLOOR"
WOW! THIS MUST BE A TIGER! OUCH!!"
"GOSH! I'M GLAD I GOT AWAY FROM THAT!"
"I EXPECTED IT BUT LOG HAD WORSE KNOCKS THAN THIS"
"MY OWNER!
"HE'S AWFUL PEEVED TO SEE ME"
"HE'S SWEARING"
"HE'S ASKING HIS WIFE WHY SHE LET'S THE KID PLAY WITH ME!!"
"TEE HEE HEE! HE OWNS GOLF BALLS COST A LOT OF MONEY. HE FOUND ME"
"HE'S TAKING ME AWAY"
"I SHUSH BACK IN THE BAG"

LITTLE TRAGEDIES OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

HE'S TALKING TO A STRANGER

BY DE BECK

DIDJA SEE EM WORK THE SQUEEZE PLAY ?? YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS- THERE S TWO OUTS AND A MAN ON FIRST- THE COACH GIVES THE FINGER TO THE GUY AT THE PAN TO LAY DOWN A BUNT AND
WHO S BURNING MATCHES ON MY NECK-? I CAN FEEL THE HOT AIR
DONT HIT HIM- I M GONNA SAVE HIM FOR AFTER THE GAME AND SEE HOW MUCH PUNISHMENT HE CAN STAND
IF I HAD HIS BRAINS I D BURY MY HEAD IN THE END OF PENCIL
LET HIM GO HE S TALKIN TO A STRANGER
DE BECK ©1917 W J KENNEDY

Raising the Family
The Sentiments of Pa's post card
Were the same as Ma's - only different
By Thornton Fisher
GOOD-BYE!
GOODBYE, EVERYBODY!
GOODBYE!
BOARD FOR SEASIDE BEACH AND ALL POINTS EAST
BYE, POP!
HEY, MAKE YASELF USEFUL, NOW IKE! HOW MUCH WATER D'YA PUT IN THE COFFEE POT TO STEW IT?
HOW DO I KNOW! IM TRYING TO FIND THE BREAD!
WE MUST DROP YOUR PA A CARD, MARY
YES I'LL SEND HIM A PICTURE POST CARD OF OUR HOTEL. HE'LL ENJOY THAT!
A FEW POST CARDS FOR YOU, MR. HAWKINS!
FROM THE FOLKS I RECKON, IKE!
YES, I RECKON! SO!
Dear Pa Am having a lovely time Wish you were here! mary
-AND HERE'S ONE FROM SOPHIE. SHE SAYS " WE'RE ALL HAVING A GRAND TIME - WISH YOU WERE HERE".
ZAT SO!
I AINT GONNA LIVE IN THIS MESS MUCH LONGER, HAWKINS!
WELL, I'M DOIN' MY DANGDEST TO GIT IT STRAIGHTENED UP. I AM
THERE GOES THE DOOR BELL AGAIN!
POSTMAN AGAIN WITH A CARD FROM FANNY FOR YOU!
WHAT HAS SHE GOTTA SAY?
Dear Pa Am having a lovely time Wish you were here
ANY MAIL FOR ME TODAY?
YESM, MRS. HAWKINS!
HOTEL DESK
?
Dear Ma am having a terrible time. Wish you were here! Sam
THORNTON FISHER

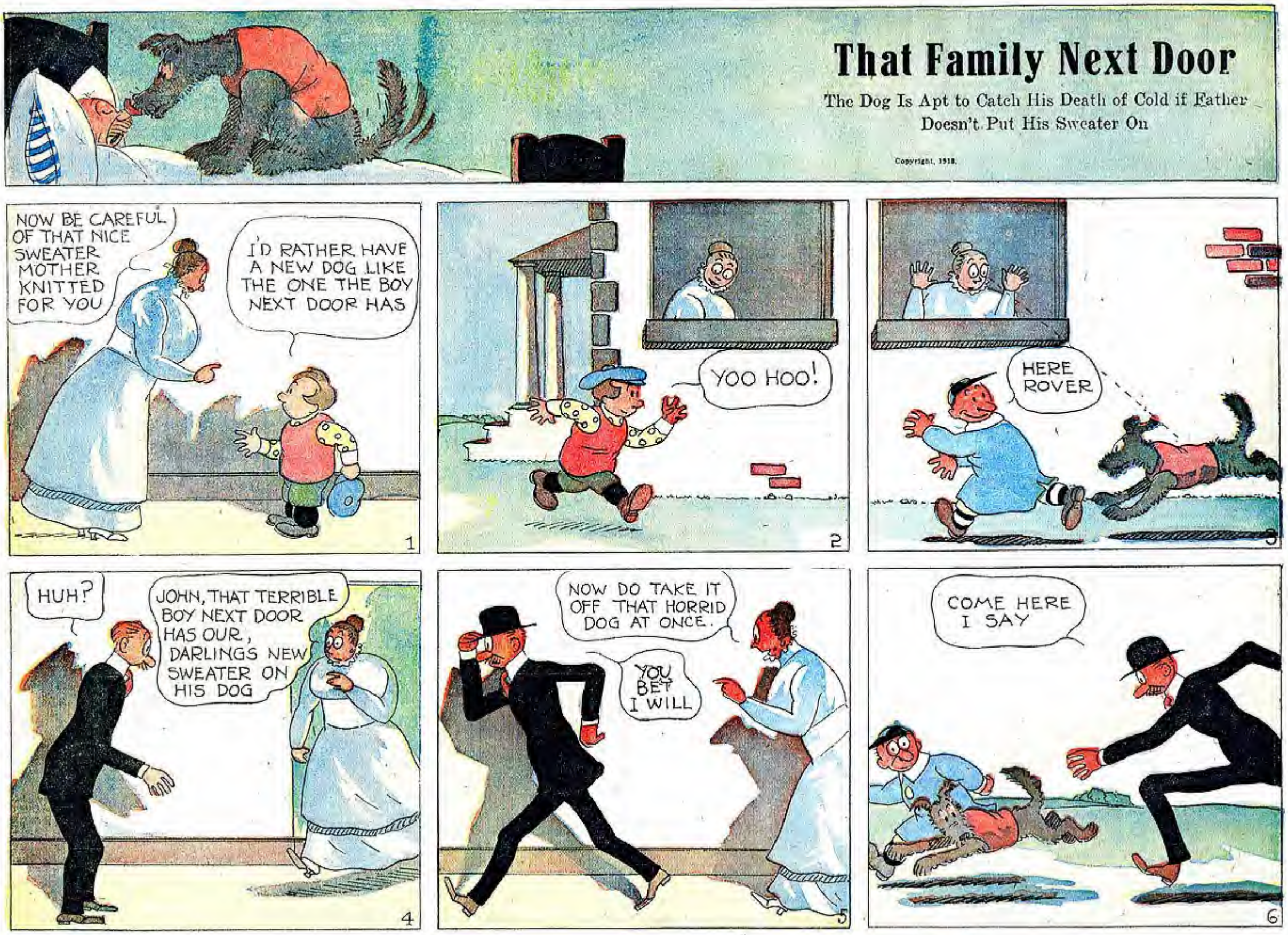
LITTLE TRAGEDIES OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

HE'S BEEN SENDING THAT SAME DRAWING AWAY TWICE A WEEK FOR THREE MONTHS!
TOUGH LUCK AL!
HA! HA! THE POOR GEEK! ONLY YESTERDAY HE TOLD ME THAT THE MAGAZINES TOOK ANYTHING HE SENT 'EM.
EUROPE
HERE'S A DRAWIN' BACK FROM "LIFE" MR SMIF; THE BUSINESS OFFICE OPENED THE PACKAGE BY MISTAKE, THEY DID!
DERRA

That Family Next Door

The Dog Is Apt to Catch His Death of Cold if Father Doesn't Put His Sweater On

Copyright, 1918.



MAKING MARINES AT PARIS ISLAND.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE APPLICANTS. HARD EGGS, SOFT EGGS, PLUMBERS, MUSICIANS, ACTORS, PIANO TUNERS, BANKERS AND ALSO MEN WHO USED TO WORK ARRIVING AT QUARANTINE CAMP.

NO! THIS ISN'T VENUS ON BROADWAY, JUST A BUNCH NONCHALANTLY STROLLING ABOUT THE AVENUES IN ISSUE PAJAMAS.

FUTURE TY COBB'S LOOSENING UP THE OLD SOUP BONES IN RECREATION PERIODS. REGULAR BALL PLAYERS TOO, SPIKES AND EVERYTHING.

CHOW!

A WELCOME CALL BY FAT AND TALL, BABY— HOW THEY DO TEAR FOR THAT MESS HALL.

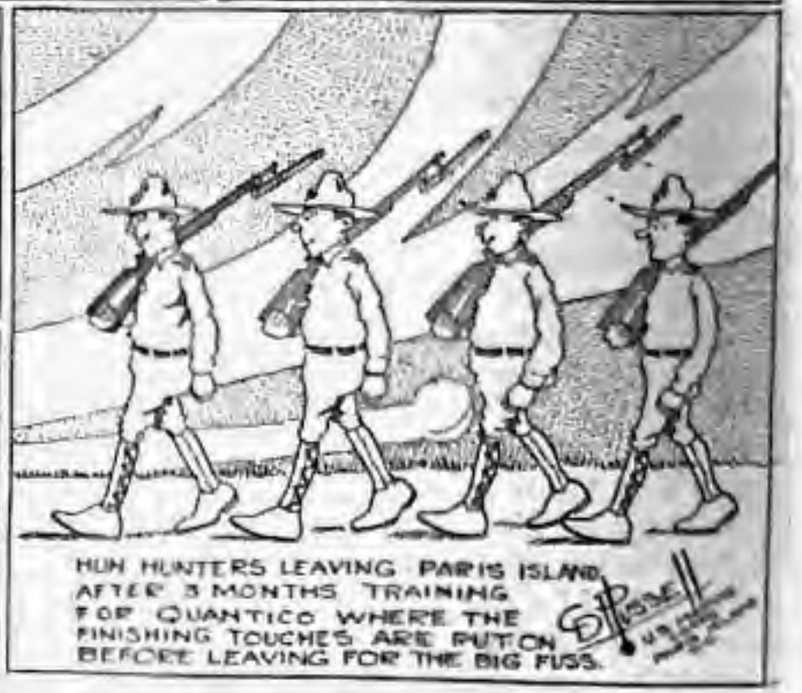
OH BOY! AN TALK ABOUT YOUR JESSE WILLARDS— WE GOT 'EM!

LEATHER LUNGED CORPORALS ARE GIVING ORDERS ALL DAY LONG BUT NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO MAKE OUT JUST WHAT THEY'RE YELLING ABOUT.

SOUTHERN SEA CRAB. THERE IS A FAMOUS ISLAND HERE NAMED AFTER THESE LITTLE TOTS.

EVENINGS— A REGULAR JAZZ BAND MOVIE SHOWS TOO.

RIFLE RANGE PRACTICE! EVERY HIT A BULL'S EYE. LOOKS BAD FOR 'LIL WILLY HOHENZOLLERN.



HUN HUNTERS LEAVING PARIS ISLAND AFTER 3 MONTHS TRAINING FOR QUANTICO WHERE THE FINISHING TOUCHES ARE PUT ON BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE BIG FUSS.

THE CARTOONIST OF THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT, MARINE CORPS, GLORIFIES ITS COLONEL
By C. D. Russell, in the *Leatherneck* (Quantico, Va.)

ADVANCE DOPE ON THE WAR EXPOSITION

GRANT PARK SEPT. 2 TO 15

BUY YOUR TICKET NOW FER TWO BITS — IT'S GONNA COST YOU FOUR BITS AT THE GATE

STORY OF A BOOB

I WILL NOT

WAR EXPOSITION BUY TICKETS NOW AND SAVE 25¢

BUY TICKETS NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH

NO

I'LL GET IN ABOUT TUESDAY 1976

AND THEN HE'LL BEEF ABOUT IT.

IF YOU BOUGHT OUR TICKETS IN ADVANCE YOU WOULD'NT HAVE NUFF LEFT TO BUY SODY POP AND SALTY PEANUTS

BOOB !

ANOTHER BOOB

HOLY SMOKES

THE TANK BRITANNIA WILL CLIMB UP A TREE IF YOU THINK I AM KIDDING GO OVER AND SEE.

TANK

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SEE REAL TRENCHES WITHOUT GETTING NAILED BY A SNIPER.

BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW FOR THE GRENTEST EXPOSITION EVIER PULLED OFF !!!!!

L. C. [illegible]

CLAY!
BARRY The BOOB
and his bum statue
OH, BRUTE, C'MERE AND GIVE MY STATUE THE ONCE OVER
PAINT
HA, HA WHY YOU BOOB IT DON'T LOOK NO MORE LIKE YOU THAN I DO. YOURE A BUM MODELER
WHY IT DOESN'T LOOK A BIT LIKE YOU. AND DON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE I'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR SUBMARINES
WHAM
AT MODELING I'M A FAILURE. GUESS I'M ONLY A LITTLE BOOB AFTER ALL
KA SPLASH
POOR BARRY IS TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE BECAUSE I MADE FUN OF HIS STATUE. I MUST SAVE HIM
I HOPE IT AIN'T TOO LATE
C'MON BARRY TAKE A SWIG OF THIS. THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL
BARRY I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY I'VE TREATED YOU. YOURE THE BEST LITTLE PAL IN THE WORLD AND THAT STATUE YOU MADE LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU—— WHY HE ISN'T BREATHING!! HE MUST BE——
WAW!— BOO— BARRY— IF YOU'RE DEAD SPEAK TO ME SPEAK TO YOUR LIL' PAL
HOSPITAL
I SAW BRUTE GO INTO THE HOSPITAL I'LL GO TELL 'IM THAT I CHUCKED MY STATUE OVER THE CLIFF. WE MAY AS WELL BE ON GOOD TERMS
?
CLANK!

Penny Ante

Two Pikers Trying to Out-Stall Each Other.

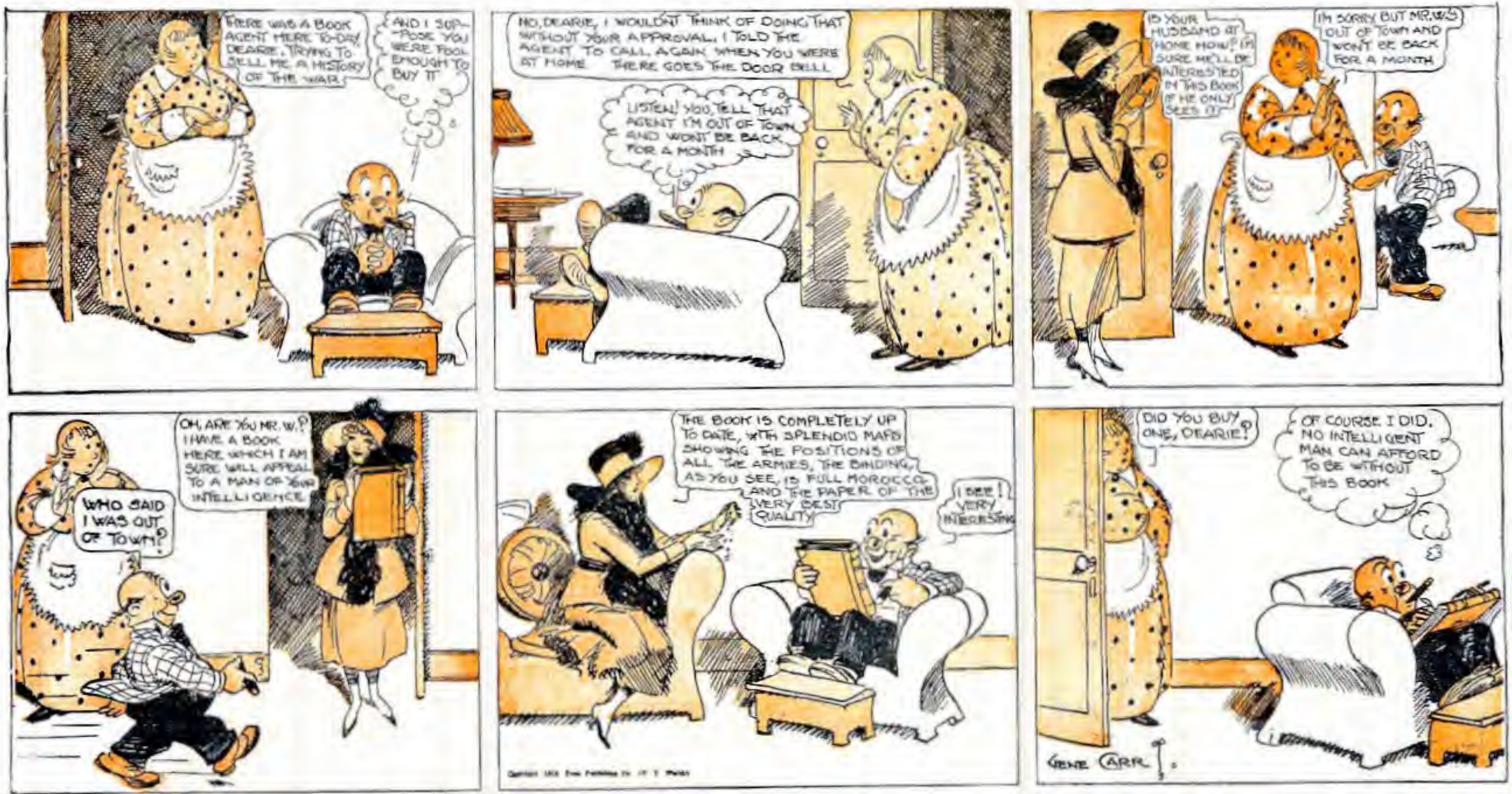
Copyright, 1910, International News Service.

By Jean Knott

PRETENDING HE THINKS IT'S THE OTHER FELLOWS "SAY"
GOWAN, SAY SUMP'M, YOUR LIFE DONUT DEPEND ON IT
DOESN'T WANT TO APPEAR TOO EAGER
I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP, WAKE ME UP WHEN THEY FINISH THAT HAND
HEY EDDIE, LET'S PLAY CHECKERS OR SUMP'M TO KILL TIME
WHAT KIND OF ICE DO Y'WANT IN YOURS?
WHO PUT THAT THERE?

It Can't Be Done

Poor Mr. W.—No Question About His Intelligence


THERE WAS A BOOK AGENT HERE TO-DAY, DEARIE, TRYING TO SELL ME A HISTORY OF THE WAR
AND I SUPPOSE YOU WERE FOOL ENOUGH TO BUY IT
NO, DEARIE, I WOULDN'T THINK OF DOING THAT WITHOUT YOUR APPROVAL. I TOLD THE AGENT TO CALL AGAIN WHEN YOU WERE AT HOME. THERE GOES THE DOOR BELL
LISTEN! YOU, TELL THAT AGENT I'M OUT OF TOWN AND WON'T BE BACK FOR A MONTH
IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME NOW? I'M SURE HE'LL BE INTERESTED IN THIS BOOK IF HE ONLY SEES IT!
I'M SORRY, BUT MR. W. IS OUT OF TOWN AND WON'T BE BACK FOR A MONTH
OH, ARE YOU MR. W.? I HAVE A BOOK HERE WHICH I AM SURE WILL APPEAL TO A MAN OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE
WHO SAID I WAS OUT OF TOWN?
THE BOOK IS COMPLETELY UP TO DATE, WITH SPLENDID MAPS SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF ALL THE ARMIES, THE BINDING, AS YOU SEE, IS FULL MOROCCO AND THE PAPER OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY
I SEE! VERY INTERESTING
DID YOU BUY ONE, DEARIE?
OF COURSE I DID. NO INTELLIGENT MAN CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS BOOK
GENE CARR

PRIVATE DOBB'S DIARY

By Norman Anthony

We had bomh throwin practice today and I never thot I'd live to write this Diary tonight, helieve me! They were real live ones too an the captain sed that after we lit the fuse we should oount ten cuz it didn't explode for twelve seconds!

I wuz all right hut Sunshine got scared stiff an after he'd lit the fuse he started countin w-w-w-one, t-t-t-two, th-th-three and then if he didn't drop it! I guess I wuz two miles away when the darn thing exploded an Sunshine was ahead of me still runnin! If they keep him in the homh squad he'll blow up the whole army!

Good-night.

Copyright, 1918, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

THAT HANDY TIN BONNET

By Lieut. Herbert M. Stoops, Serving With the U. S. Artillery in France.

THE MORNING TOILET WHERE BATH ROOMS AND BASINS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN
THE TIN HAT AS A TROUGH
THE ARTILLERYMAN'S HORSE CAN DRINK FROM A SPOUT—
"MULLIGAN" WHEN THE MESS KIT IS LOST
AS A
ON THE RICE SOMEWHERE—
IT'S HAIL, RAIN OR SHRAPNEL—TIGHT!
THE TIN BONNET BECOMES A TIN SEAT

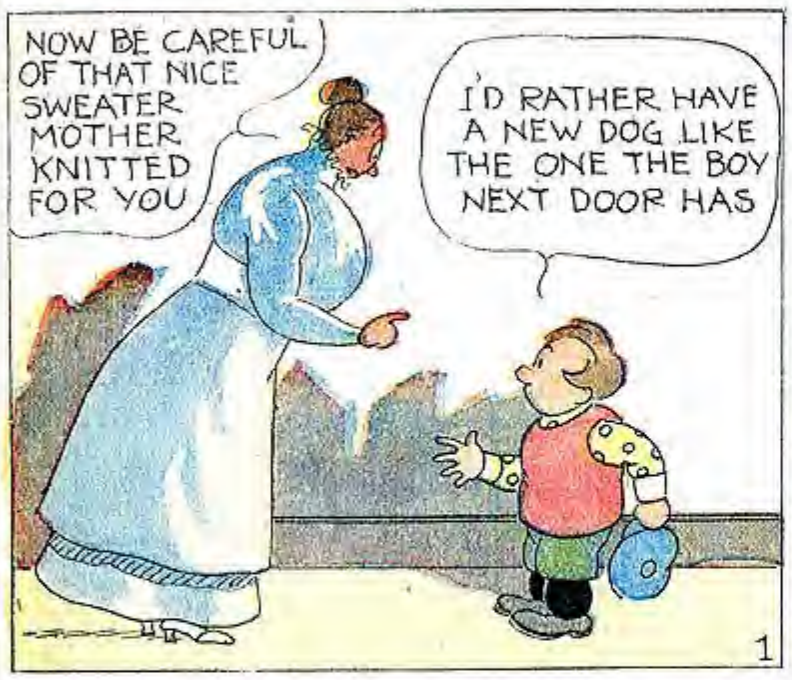
This Is the First of a Series of Cartoons by Lieutenant Stoops, Drawn on the Western Front.

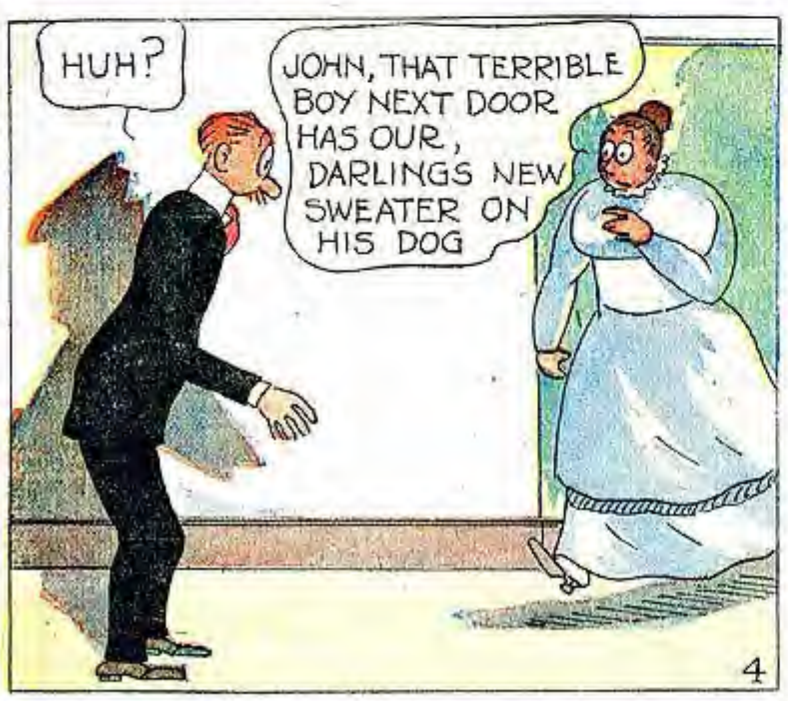
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

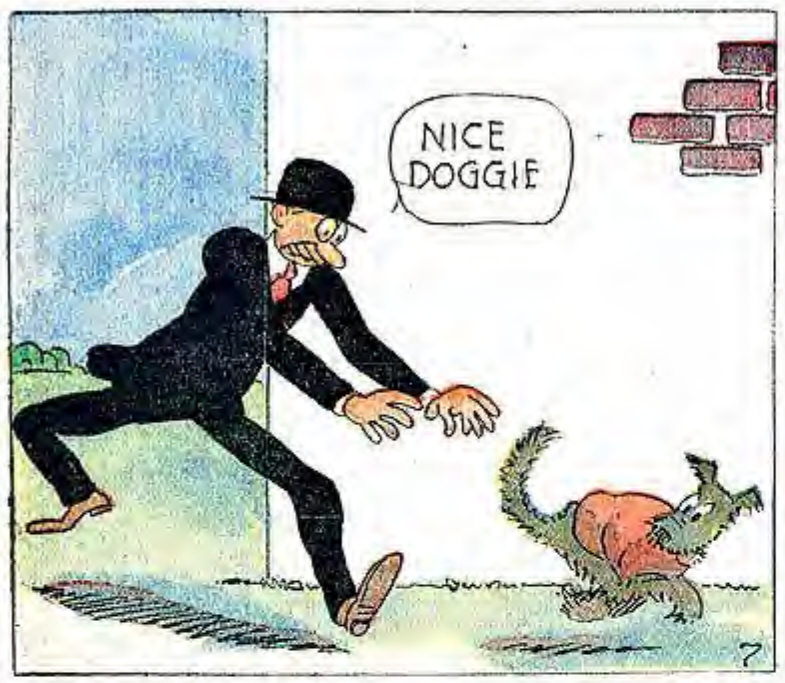
That Family Next Door

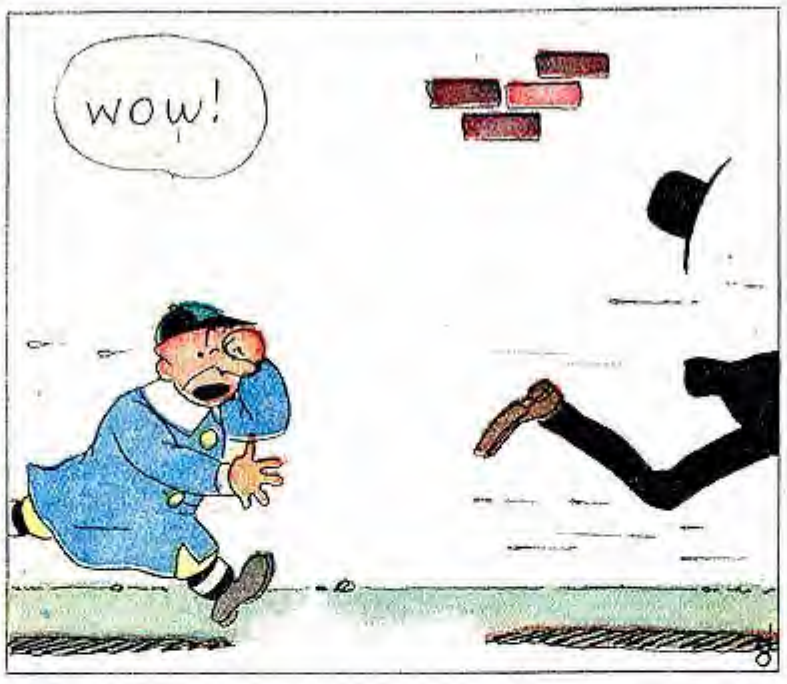
The Dog Is Apt to Catch His Death of Cold if Father Doesn't Put His Sweater On

Copyright, 1918.





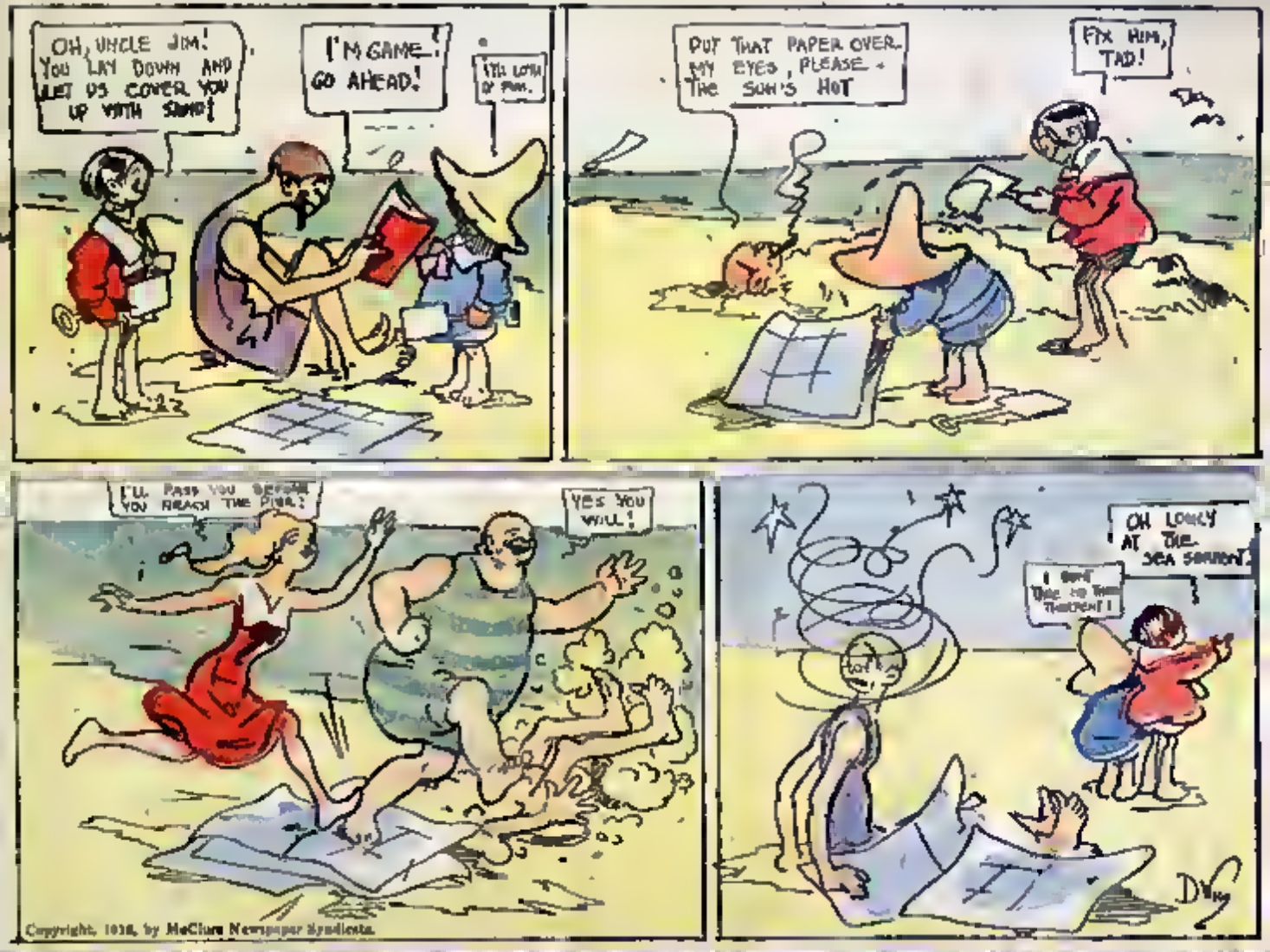




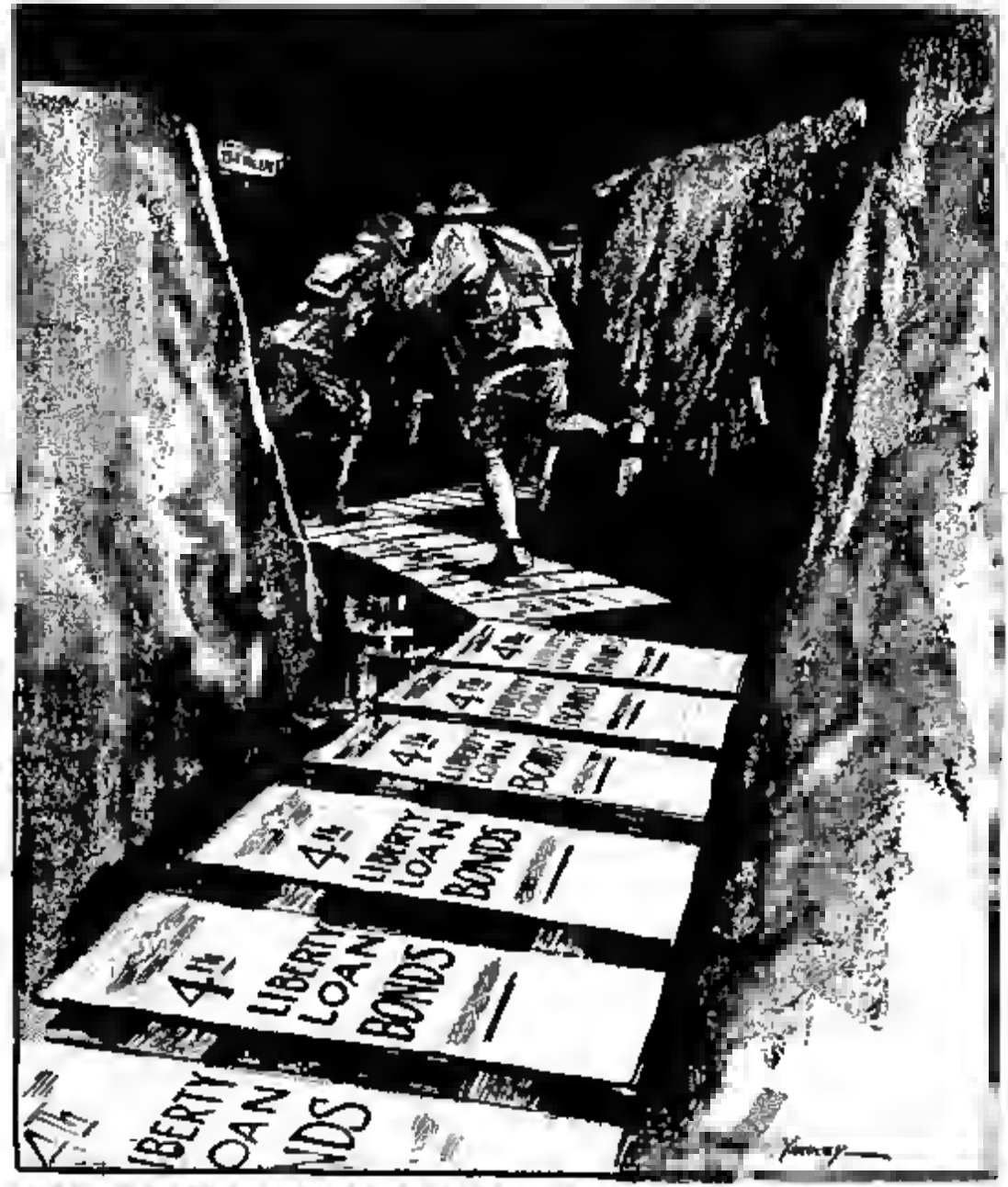
THAT SQUARES IT

Copyright, 1918 International Feature Service, Inc.

YOU'RE THE MOST ABSENT MINDED THING IN THE WORLD- IF YOU WOULDN'T STAND AROUND AND TALK SO MUCH YOU MIGHT REMEMBER TO MAIL MY LETTERS
THAT'S THE SAME REASON WHY I GET BURNT DINNERS
BARNET NB


OH, UNCLE JIM! YOU LAY DOWN AND LET US COVER YOU UP WITH SAND!
I'M GAME! GO AHEAD!
YES, LOTS OF SAND.
PUT THAT PAPER OVER MY EYES, PLEASE. THE SUN'S HOT
FIX HIM, TAD!
I'LL PASS YOU BEFORE YOU REACH THE PIER!
YES YOU WILL!
OH LOOK AT THE SEA SERPENT!
I DON'T LIKE TO TAKE THEM!
Copyright, 1928, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

YOU CAN MAKE THE GOING EASIER


4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS
4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS
4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS
4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS
4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS
4th LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

—This cartoon was drawn by Lodge G. Hardley for the National Liberty Loan Committee.

BIG BEN
©1916 W. WALLACE KELLY PUBLISHING CO.
1916

YE OLDE HAT SHOPPE
LUKE McGLOOK
THE BUSH LEAGUE BEARCAT
©1915
1915

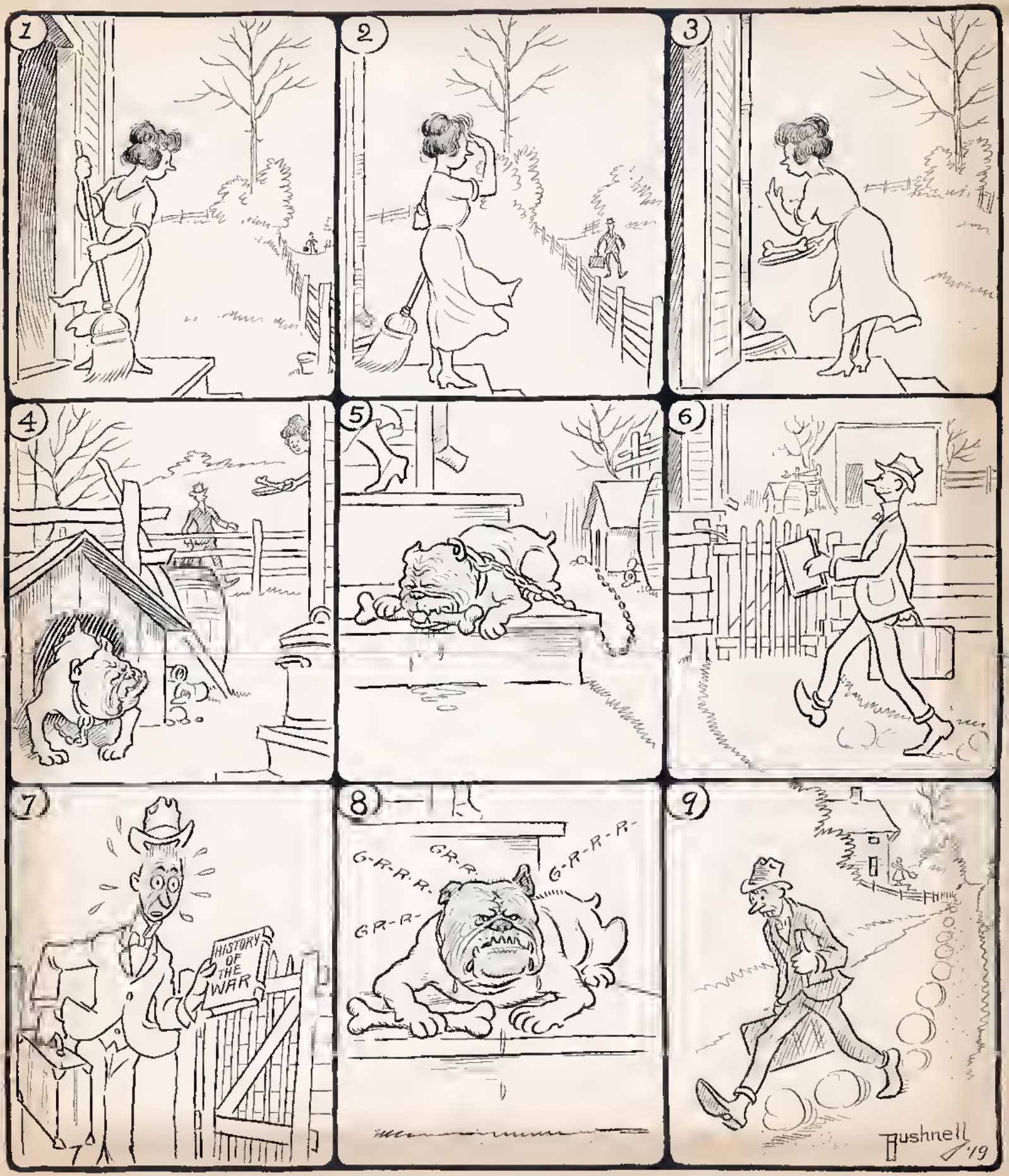
R.S. GRABLE
MY FIRST "BOSS"

RATS! I'VE SMOKED BIGGER 'AN' BLACKER CIGARS N' THAT -
THE TENER ALLEY GANG
©1918 BY THE CHICAGO EVENING AMERICAN
GARLED

OHHH!! SHEIKIE!
YES, SHEBA?
©1919 BY THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE
GARLED

– FOILING THE PESKY BOOK AGENT –

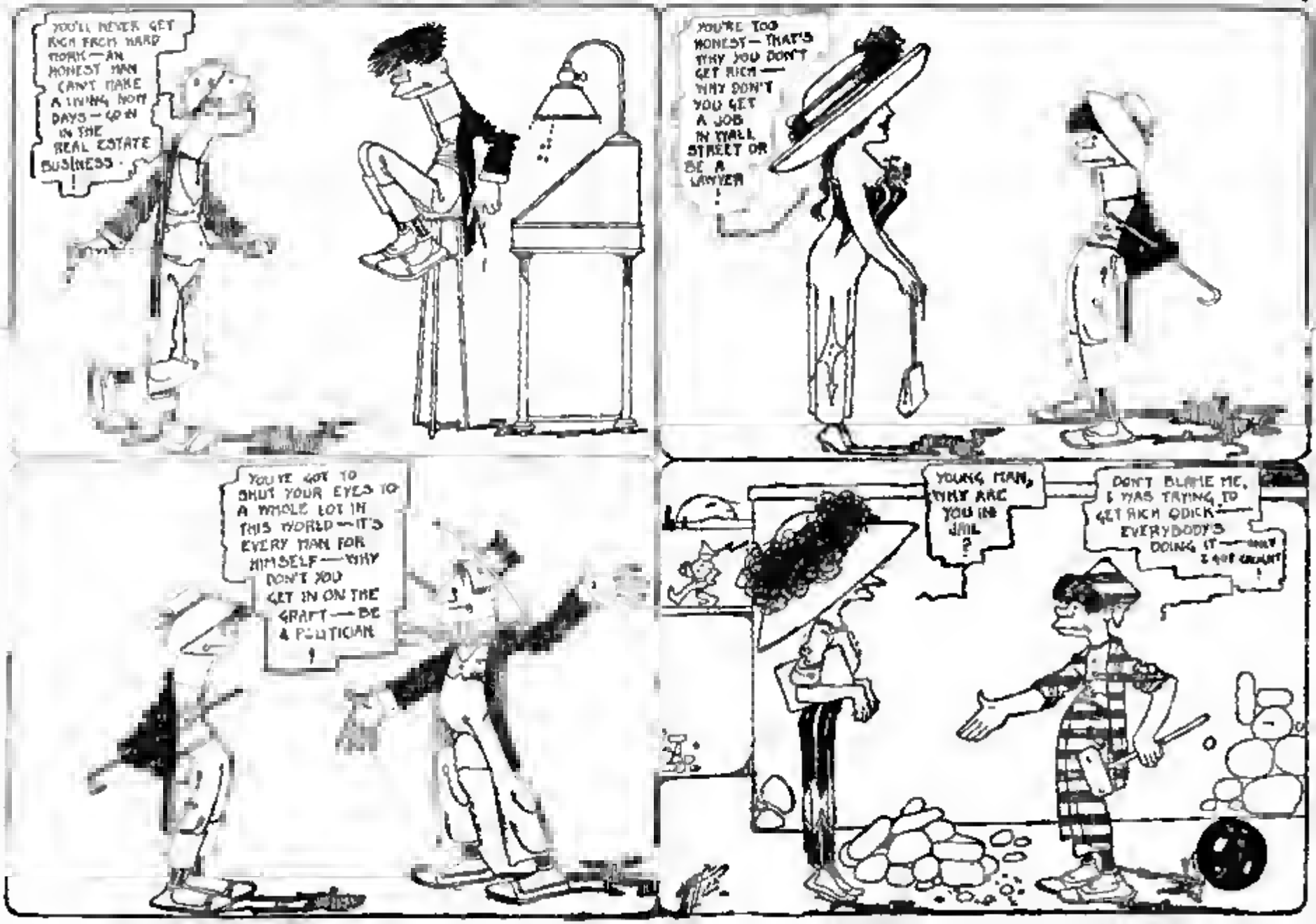
A NEW SPRING MOVING PICTURE IN NINE REELS



"Everybody's Doing It!"

(Copyrighted, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By Carmichael


YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH FROM HARD WORK—AN HONEST MAN CAN'T MAKE A LIVING NOW DAYS—GO IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS!
YOU'RE TOO HONEST—THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T GET RICH—WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB IN WALL STREET OR BE A LAWYER!
YOU'VE GOT TO SHUT YOUR EYES TO A WHOLE LOT IN THIS WORLD—IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF—WHY DON'T YOU GET IN ON THE GRAFT—BE A POLITICIAN!
YOUNG MAN, WHY ARE YOU IN JAIL?
DON'T BLAME ME, I WAS TRYING TO GET RICH QUICK—EVERYBODY'S DOING IT—

REFINED EDUCATIONAL REEL.
ALL THE WORLD'S A COMIC SUPPLEMENT

BRINGING UP FATHER,- HER WAY

THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS BEHAVING AS USUAL

BOOB McNUTT GUARDING HIS UNCLE SAMS WEALTH

HAPPY HOOLIGAN, MAUD AND SI IN THEIR GREAT TEMPERANCE ACT.

F. OPPER

LOUIE THE LAWYER—IT'S LUCKY LOUIE ISN'T ACCUSED!—By M. M. Branner

YOUR HONOR I'M AFRAID I CAN'T SERVE ON THE JURY !!
WHY WHAT'S THE TROUBLE ?
WELL I'M NOT EXACTLY PREJUDICED BUT——
ONE LOOK AT THAT FELLOW CONVINCES ME HE'S GUILTY !!
????
SH H H—THAT'S NOT HIM—THAT'S HIS LAWYER !!
M. M. BRANNER

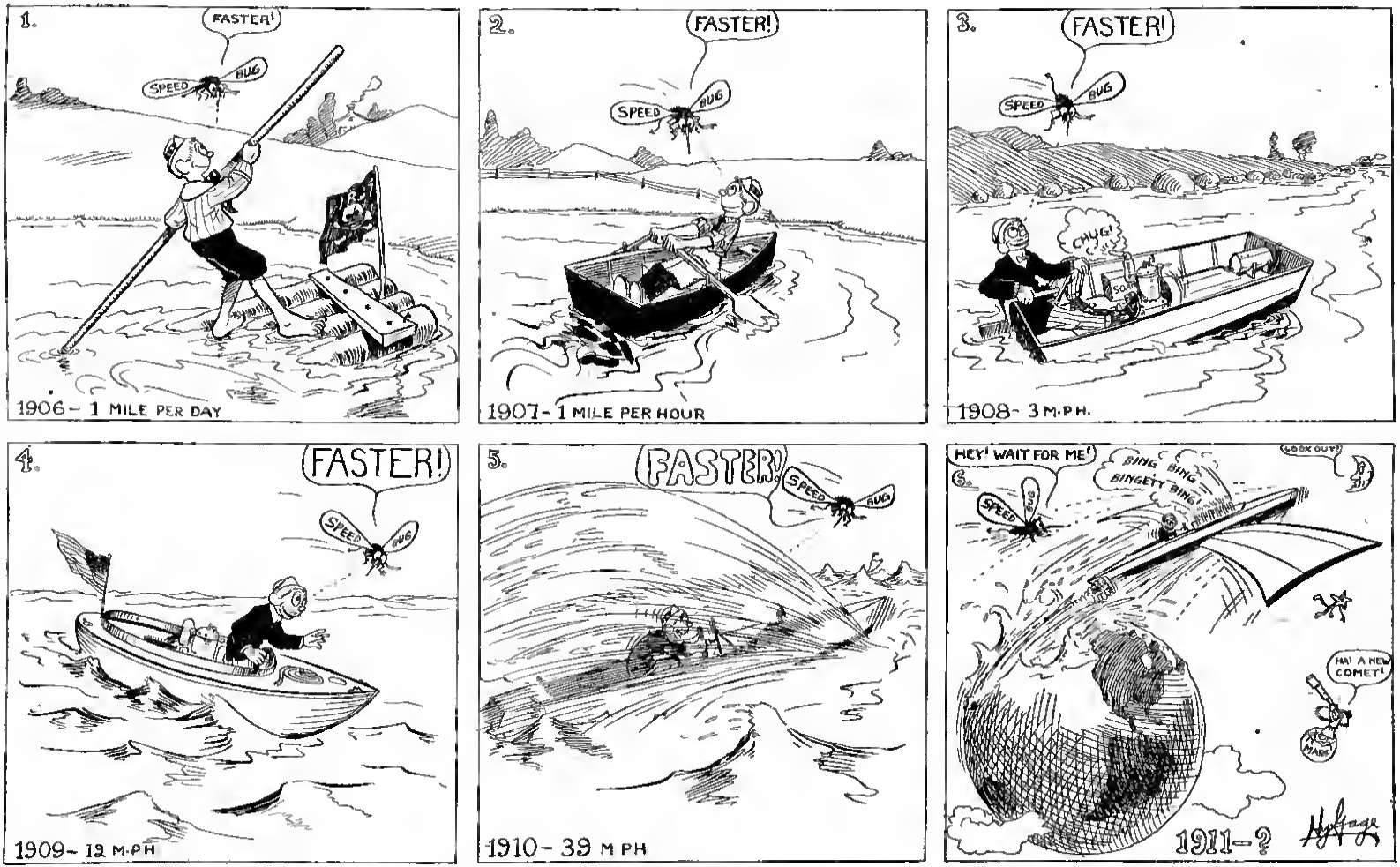
LOUIE THE LAWYER—MAYBE IT WAS A BRICK— By M. M. Brenner

YOU WERE A WITNESS TO THE FRACAS, WERE YOU NOT ?
NO BUT I SEEN TH' FIGHT !
IS IT NOT A FACT THAT MY CLIENT ACTED STRANGELY THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR ?
I DUNNO WOTCHA MEAN BUT I KNOW HE NEARLY KILLED THE LITTLE GUY !
I MEAN DID HE HAVE HIS FACULTIES ABOUT HIM ?
I I THINK SO—
HE HAD SOMETHIN' TIED UP IN A RED HANDKERCHIEF !
M. M. BRENNER

The Motorboat Speed Bug Bites Bill Brown

Look Out! You May Be the Next Victim!

BY HY GAGE



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

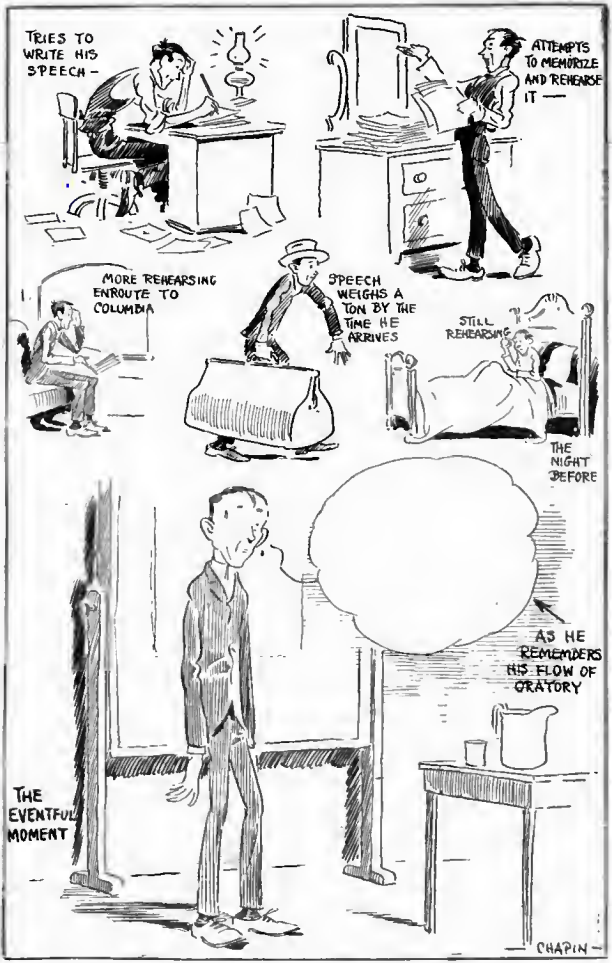
A CLUB SANDWICH

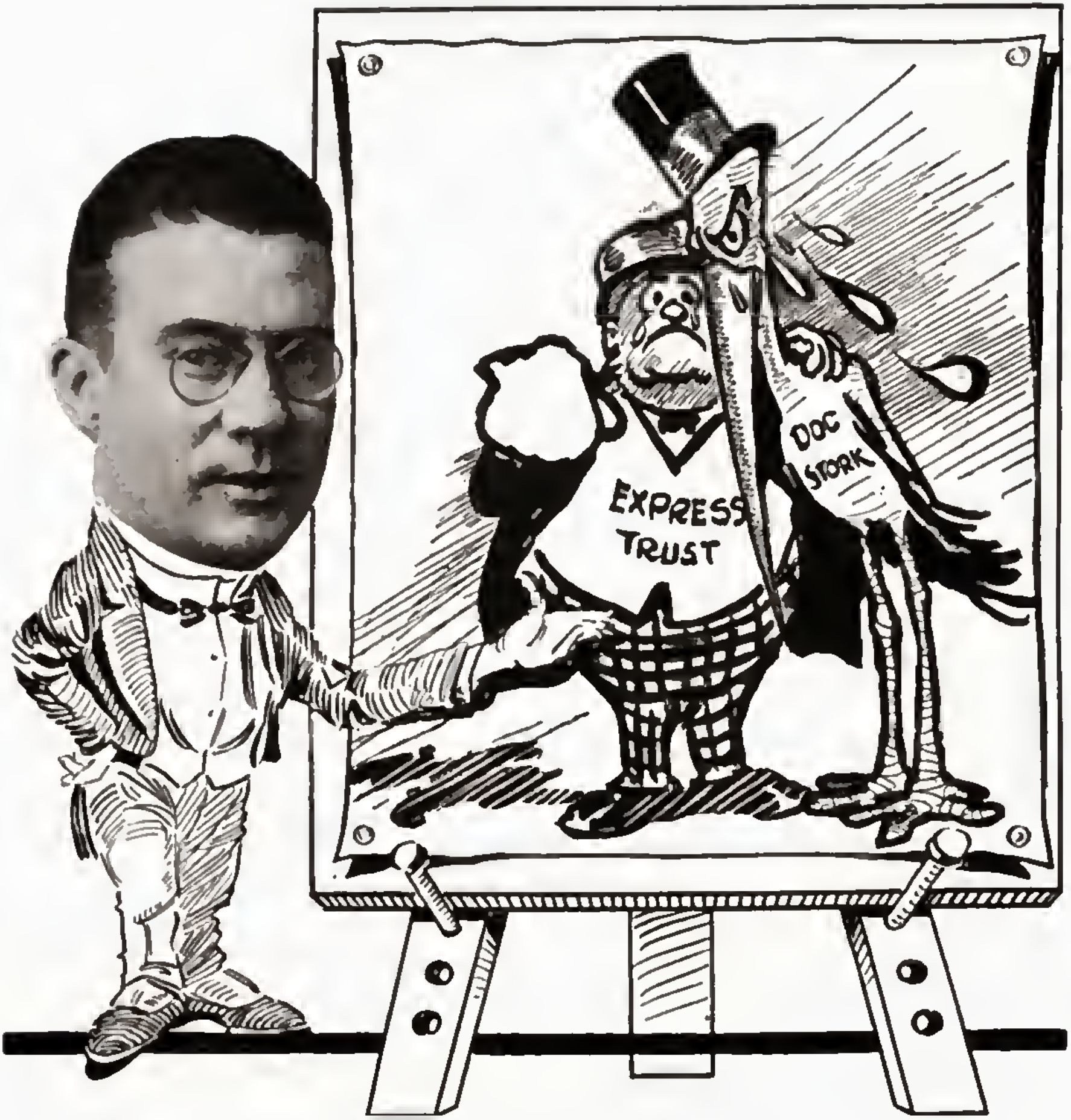
Drawn by Charles Nuttall

FISHERMAN'S LUCK, WITH A VENGEANCE

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN: Just you wait till I get you in the frying-pan.

A. B. Chapin, Drawn by Himself.


TRIES TO WRITE HIS SPEECH —
ATTEMPTS TO MEMORIZE AND REHEARSE IT —
MORE REHEARSING ENROUTE TO COLUMBIA
SPEECH WEIGHS A TON BY THE TIME HE ARRIVES
STILL REHEARSING
THE NIGHT BEFORE
AS HE REMEMBERS HIS FLOW OF ORATORY
THE EVENTFUL MOMENT
— CHAPIN —



KESSLER AND ONE OF HIS TIMES CARTOONS

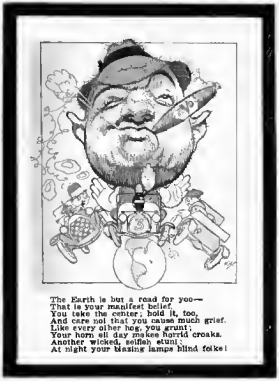
©
1913

Copyright 1913, Armour and Company.

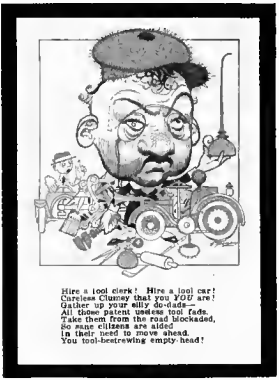
Digitized by Google

Valentines That Bite and Kick

DRAWINGS BY GUSTAV MICHELSON OTHER ATROCITIES BY GERALD BUSSELL



The Earth is but a road for you—
That is your manifest belief.
You take the center; hold it, too,
And care not that you cause much grief.
Like every other hog, you grunt;
Your horn all day makes horrid creaks.
Another wicked, selfish stunt:
At night your blazing lamps blind folks!



Hire a fool clerk! Hire a fool car!
Careless Clumsy that you *YOU* are!
Gather up your silly doodads—
All those patent useless tool fads.
Take them from the road blockaded,
So sane citizens are aided
in their need to move ahead.
You tool-bestrewing empty head!

Wrangle! Jangle! Arguer!
Shut your mouth and please expire.
While you jam the garage door,
Cars are kept out by the score.
You have such a petty soul:
Always claiming someone stole
Your gas, your oil, your piston rings—
Why who would have your dinky things?

Won't you be my Valentine?
Barbarian, with tongue like twine
That unrolls with a stinging crack
On an ill-favored brother's back!
You sneer and leer and blear and jeer
Whene'er a mishap doth appear.
Another's puncture is inspiration
To you for cruel jubilation.

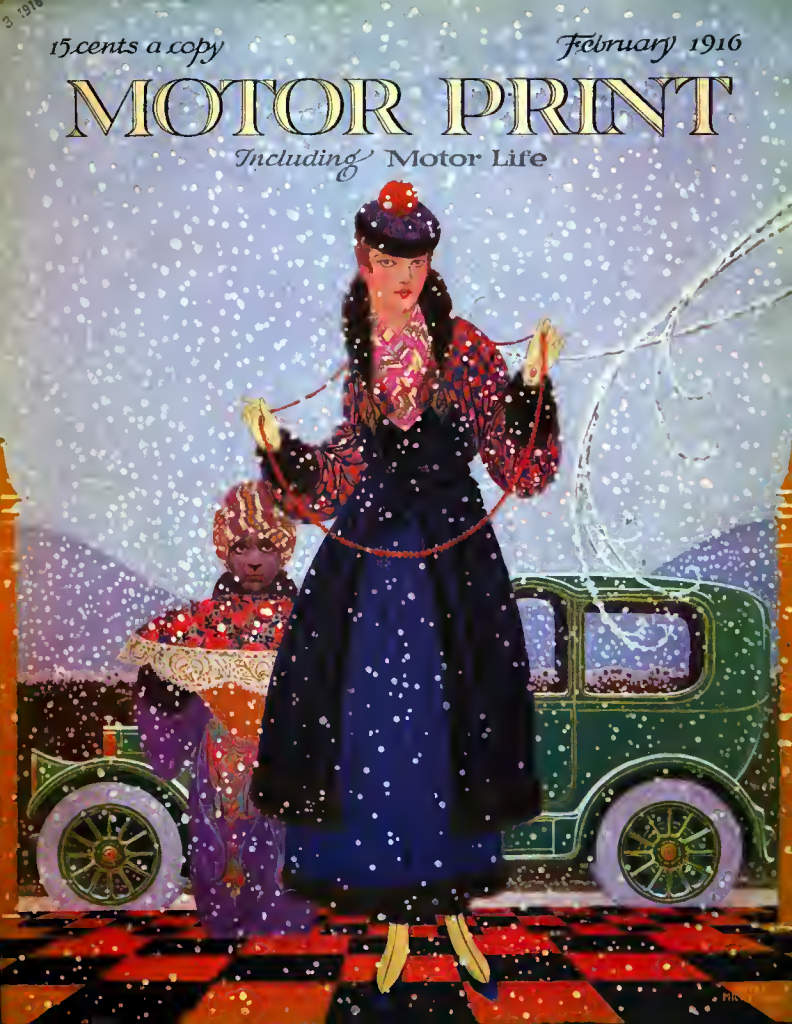
Digitized by Google

15 cents a copy

February 1916

MOTOR PRINT

Including Motor Life



E. W. Gale, Who has Left the Los Angeles Times to Draw a Comic Strip Entitled "Mr. Wad and His Family" for the Wheeler Syndicate of New York

Cartoon by Dudley Logan, Los Angeles.

Harry Hershfield, of the Hearst Syndicate, creator of the comics, "Abie the Agent" and "Desperate Desmond."

At right: A caricature of Harry Hershfield by Hoban.

Photograph by Notman Studio, Boston

Robert Carter, cartoonist for *The New York Evening Sun*, as he is and as he sees himself.

MR. BUGG PROVES A PROVERB

A THRILLING MOVIE BY WALTER WELLMAN

MR. BUGG IS A BELIEVER IN PROVERBS

MR. BUGG CONSULTS FRIEND HUMBUGG

MR. BUGG FINDS A BIRD.

J. CAMPBELL CORY

The "Top-Notcher" *in* Cartoondom

Has a message to impart to every young man who has talent in drawing and wants to develop it by the shortest and surest method.

¶ A two cent stamp will put you in direct communication with the most widely experienced Cartoonist in America!

In 1896 J. Campbell Cory began drawing cartoons for the biggest daily papers in New York and his success in this field was meteoric, creating for him a name that stands today at the very head of the cartoon world.

During his twenty-one years' experience as a "head-liner" in America's leading publications Mr. Cory has learned about all there is to know concerning the art of cartooning and how best to apply it.

His Message to You May Mean the Beginning of Your Fortune!

Are you spending money on a method of cartoon education that does not seem to get results? Why not save it and have a chat with a man whose known experience and actual fame places him in a position to give you something worth while?

In writing to J. Campbell Cory address in care of

THE PUBLISHERS FEATURE BUREAU

417 South Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The True Story of Thomas Duff, Esq., Proving that Comic Characters Are Made, Not Born

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DUFFS

Cafe
WE DON'T SEE THEM AROUND HERE
WE CAME IN HERE TO EAT, DIDN'T WE?
THEY LOOKED ALRIGHT TO ME
CHECK PLEASE
CHECK PLEASE
COME ON DEAR, WE'LL GO TO A MOVING PICTURE

WHEN YOU PEOPLE HAVE A FEW DAYS LEISURE AND HAVE A GOOD TIME, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK ON THE JOB. I WANT TO GET THAT NEXT THING
JUST ON TIME WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE CITY I WISH YOU'D STOP IN SOME STORES AND SEND ME A DRESS SO CHEAP. SO IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN

The top picture shows Allman's first strip, the forerunner of the present series, at the left are Tom and Helen in a later period, and directly above they are shown as they now appear

THERE has always been bad blood between Walter Allman and Tom Duff over the question. Did Allman make Duff famous or did Duff put Allman on the map? We're willing to let it go fifty fifty but either way the development of Tom one of the most famous comic characters in America, is a story worth relating

The Duffs Tom and Helen and the rest of them were not merely the result of a lucky inspiration

They were developed by years of steady work, countless experiments and a great deal of hard study

The first Duff character was not named Duff at all, but he was the real predecessor of Tom as he features show He was merely the husband in a husband and wife series called Guess if They Are Married

Gradually the man and woman in this series took on more striking personalities until it was advisable to name them This was how the Duffs got their name But they were far from the same figures that make millions laugh today As the months went by Tom gradually grew shorter and chubbier and funnier and funnier but Helen her wife, was never caricatured

The artist realized that just as the "comic relief" of the low comedian strengthened the old melodrama there ought to be something to relieve the amusing homeliness of Tom So he made Helen just as pretty as he could. He gave her the finest clothes he could copy out of the fashion magazines, and almost instantly women began to read The Duffs. No one will ever know how many of this spring's gowns will be made according to the mode of Helen Duff

Pep!

ALLMAN

MAY
1917

Google

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman

OH MR CRUST, YOU FLATTER ME -!
WAZZAT HUM'NAZIAN FOOL YOUTH-
BOY, YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, I'M A BANKER, A BANKER OF MONEY, BUT FOR YOUR YOUTH TO MOLLOP YOU, YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

Robert E. Brook, of the Baltimore American, Officer Crust, et Al.

Serve America First!

A Letter from
Captain Tick-Mouse

To all Boys and Girls,
Everywhere:

Dear little friends, I have joined hands with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia to *Serve America First*, and we want

How the Boys Liked Their Christmas Boxes

Extracts from Letters

"The big Harvester box arrived in camp today. It's great. Everything a soldier is liable to need is in it, and it's very well thought out. The old I H C is always at the Front"—Corporal Ray McGill (see his picture, lower right), cartoonist and machine gunnist, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

HASH - FROM THE MESS HALL
MESS HALL
OVER THE TOP BOYS
GO GET IT!
A LITTLE SERVICE A LITTLE SERVICE
HE THINKS THIS IS EATLESS DAY
KITCHEN POLICE! K-P - SHOOT ME THE JAVA - THAT GUY MUST BE HOOVER'S TWIN BROTHER
OH BOY THERE'S MEAT AND EVERYTHING IN THE HASH
I HEAR YOU LIKE THE SOUP
YOU TALK TO EM-A MAN WITH BRAINS CAN'T
S'ALL YOU GET SEE!
BRING ON THE PERISCOPE FELLOWS - MEBBE WE CAN FIND SOMETHIN TO EAT
IM OUTTA LUCK!
SPILLING THE BEANS
WHO PAGED ME
WAKE UP YOU! - COME OUTTA THE POPE! -
MESS SERGEANTS VOICE
POLICE IS A GOOD NAME FOR YOU!
KITCHEN POLICE
A SLOW FLYING BIRD SOMETIMES ANSWERING TO THE CALL of K-P- YES - SOMETIMES
IM NEXT ON THE TOWEL
IM NOT CERTAIN WHETHER THIS IS WASHIN OR HOT
FOR WDISHES - WATER CONSERVATION
MESS HALL
UM-NOW I FEEL LIKE A FIGHTING COCK I COULD LICK 6 KAISERS AND THE WHOLE HOHENZOLLERN FAMILY —
FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR!
RAY McGILL
MACHINE GUN CO 39th INFANTRY CAMP GRANT

Corporal Ray McGill draws life in the cantonment.

DOWN MID PITTSBURG'S DIRT AND SMOKE
THE STORK DROPPED ME, I WAS
"DEAD BROKE"

WHEN I ASKED MY DAD, "HE SEZ, SEZ HE'
YOU CAN STUDY ART, BUT DON'T DRAW ON ME"

—•—

THE GUY WHO CAUSES MY PET PEEVE
IS THE MANAGING EDITOR, I REALLY BELIEVE"

—•—

THE MUTT WHO CAN QUEER THIS BEFORE ITS THRU
IS THE OLD ENGRAVER—MY CHIEF HOODOO.

—•—

FOR CHOICE OF A GUY TO CARICATURE
I'LL PICK ON TEDDY, YOU MAY BE SURE

PIM IN 1917
"BROKE YET"

IT'S GETTING LATE AND THE LIGHT IS DIM
SO I'LL JUST SAY Yours Truly
-PIM-

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

W. Paul Pim, of the Birmingham News, Includes No Pretty Girl. He was Married a Few Weeks Ago

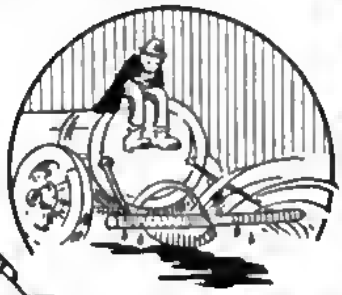
BE HOLD THAIR SIMPON LEGREE! I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! GIVE ME $1000 AND I'LL TEAR UP THE WARRANT AND WON'T SAY A DURN THING ABOUT IT!
WHAT- I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DEVILS!
ME
THE PILL
RUINED!!
MY BOYHOOD AMBITION— TO PLAY MARKS, THE LAWYER IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"
MY IDEA OF A PRETTY GIRL
MY FAVORITE HOBBY- TRYING TO KNOCK THE PILL OUT OF THE LOT
A "CLOSE UP" OF MYSELF
EASIEST PERSON TO CARICATURE- JOHN HUNGERFORD
LISTEN SWEETHEART- MAKE ME VON SIGN WHILE YOUR NOT DOIN ANYTHING! PUT DER VORDS- A 20¢ MAGAZINE FOR 5¢ - IT'LL ONLY TAKE YOU A MINUTE!
BY JOVE, JUST ME LUCK!
CANDY
LISTEN STUPID - HOW D'YA GET THAT WAY?
THIS IS MY FAVORITE HOODOO
SPEAKING OF PESTS—

CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

George M. Baker, Pittsburgh's Favorite Sports Cartoonist, Hates to Have a Black Cat Cross His Pathway

BIRMINGHAM

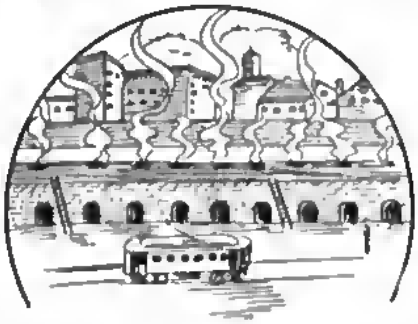
FURNACES HERE AND FURNACES THERE,
FURNACES DARN NEAR EVERYWHERE.



YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK
YOU NEED'NT TRY.
THE WHOLE BLOOMIN' STATE
HAS GONE "BONE DRY"

JEFFERSON
COUNTY
BANK
BLDG.

THE GIRLIES HERE ARE CERTAINLY CHOICE
BUT THEIR KNITTING BAGS HIDE 'EM ALL B'GOSH.

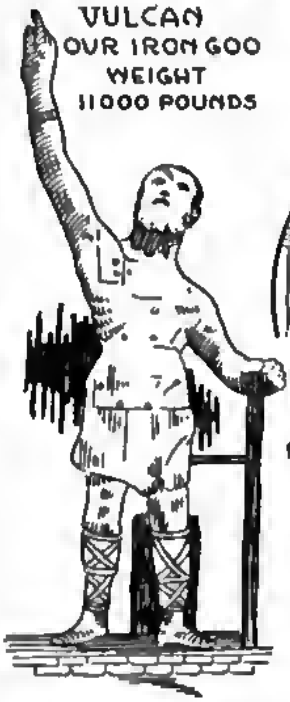


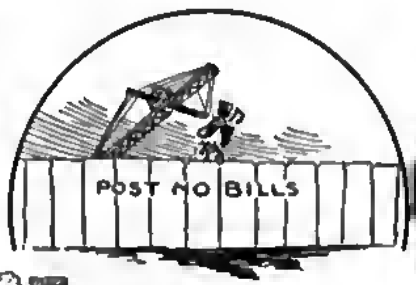
IT'S TWENTY SEVEN STORIES TALL
AND IN THE SOUTH, IT BEATS 'EM ALL

SOME FOLKS MAY THINK IT IS A JOKE
BUT RIGHT DOWN TOWN WE'RE BURNING COKE

THIS IS OUR GREAT BIG TERMINAL STATION
WHERE FOLKS COME IN FROM "ALL CREATION"

DOWN IN DIXIE



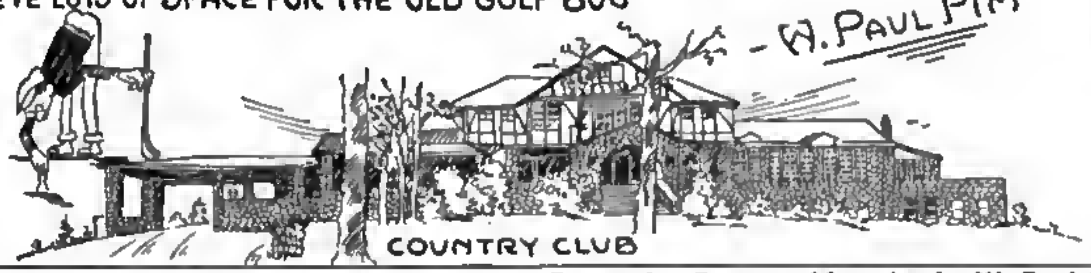


OUR NEW POST OFFICE
IS FINE, YOU BET.
BUT YOU CAN'T BUY A STAMP,
THAT IS — NOT YET.

THE HOME OF THE NEWS
THE BEST IN THE SOUTH.
MAKES OTHER PUBLISHERS
LOOK DOWN IN THE MOUTH.

WITH ROEBUCK AND THE COUNTRY CLUB
WE'VE LOTS OF SPACE FOR THE OLD GOLF BUG

- W. Paul Pim -



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by W. Paul Pim

JOHN B. GRUELLE.
Staff Cartoonist.

January Meeting of the Lumbermen's Club of St. Louis.

Featured by a Large Attendance, an Interesting Program and a Vigorous Discussion of "Bridge Arbitraries."

The Lumbermen's Club of St. Louis held its January meeting at the Mercantile Club on Tuesday evening, the 11th, with perhaps the largest attendance of its members ever recorded at a regular meeting. This, too, despite the inclement weather conditions. The explanation for the large turn-out was to be found in the fact that there was a very interesting program for the occasion, including, especially, the address of C. H. Huttig on "Banking," and the report of the Club's traffic committee

Richard J. O'Reilly, President Lumbermen's Club.

with respect to the bridge arbitrariea levied on St. Louis commerce.

The attendance, inclusive of a number of visitors, amounted to sixty-five, and was served with a course dinner at eight tables, according to the following menu:

MENU.

Blue Points
Martini Cocktail
Chicken Gumbo, Louisiana Style
Celery Olives Radishes
Pamplelles nf Black Bass, Ambassadrice
Pommnsde Terre Fondaute
Saulern
Larded Tenderloin of Beef Forestiere
Green Peas
Salade D'Estree
Vanilla Ice Cream Assorted Cakes

performances, both in public and private life, of the officers and employes. Truthfulness, the twin brother of honesty, is, of course, equally essential, but these qualifications must be augmented and supplemented by ability and a natural adaptation for the work. The officers of the bank must have a natural aptitude for the respective positions they occupy in the institution. Those who come in contact with the depositing and borrowing patrons must be peculiarly fitted for their positions. They must have the affability and mixing qualities of the politician; the shrewd and calculating characteristics of the good merchant; the precision and accuracy of the lawyer, and the tact and resourcefulness of the diplomat. Nowhere are kindness and gentleness appreciated more than in a banking institution, and especially is this true of the borrowing class of its customers. Men are generally very sensitive on the subject of their credit standing, and the good banker will use tact in treating with his institutions' borrowers, particularly with those whose applications for loans he is forced to decline. It is, therefore, very necessary that the banker be a close student of human nature, and that he be sufficiently alert and interested in his occupation to turn to good account his constant contact with his patrons. Kindly consideration of their wants and requirements, even if it is not desirable to grant such requests, is sowing seed that will ultimately make for a bountiful harvest. In no other business do the graces and little courtesies count for so much as in the banking room, and the well-managed institution will have all its departments filled by men of polite and courteous demeanor. And this naturally leads up to the question as to whether the qualities that go to make up a successful banker must be innate, or can be acquired. I am decidedly of the opinion that many of the qualifications for success in the banking field can be obtained by training and education, admitting, however, the natural superiority of the man who is so fortu-

J. B. Kessler, Secretary Lumbermen's Club.

he has accepted as customers, and with whom he has established a relationship of interdependence, the nature of which finds no parallel in other business connections. The fair-minded banker will not accept any account in which he has not full confidence, and to which he does not intend to give proper support and treatment. It accordingly follows that a bank gets its most substantial growth through the extension of proper and fair treatment to its customers. The deposits of a bank are created largely by its loans—their interdependence is therefore very apparent. The banker who is constantly saying "no" finally finds his institution in liquidation by a steady reduction

Julius Seidel, Chairman Committee on Entertainment.

in deposits. On the other hand, the banker who has always a ready "yes" may find his institution bankrupt through the loan department because of unwisely made loans. The art of it all, then, is proper discrimination in the lending of the bank's funds.

Confidence All-Important.

Confidence in one's self, which is to be attained by a study and knowledge of the work in hand, is all-important, but egotism and an attitude of "knowing it all" must not be mistaken for self-confidence. Enthusiastic interest in the bank's affairs and its progress and growth stimulate the co-operation of one's friends and customers. Every one likes to help the climbing and struggling fellow, but people turn with indifference from the man who takes on an atmosphere of repose and self-satisfaction.

I know of nothing more consequential in connection with the qualifications which make for success in a banker than precision in thought and in action. And this involves the ability to concentrate one's thoughts on the immediate subject in hand. Mistakes are made primarily because of the lack of concentration, thoroughness and exactness and in

ZIMMIE HAS ARRIVED AND SAYS HE LIKES MILWAUKEE

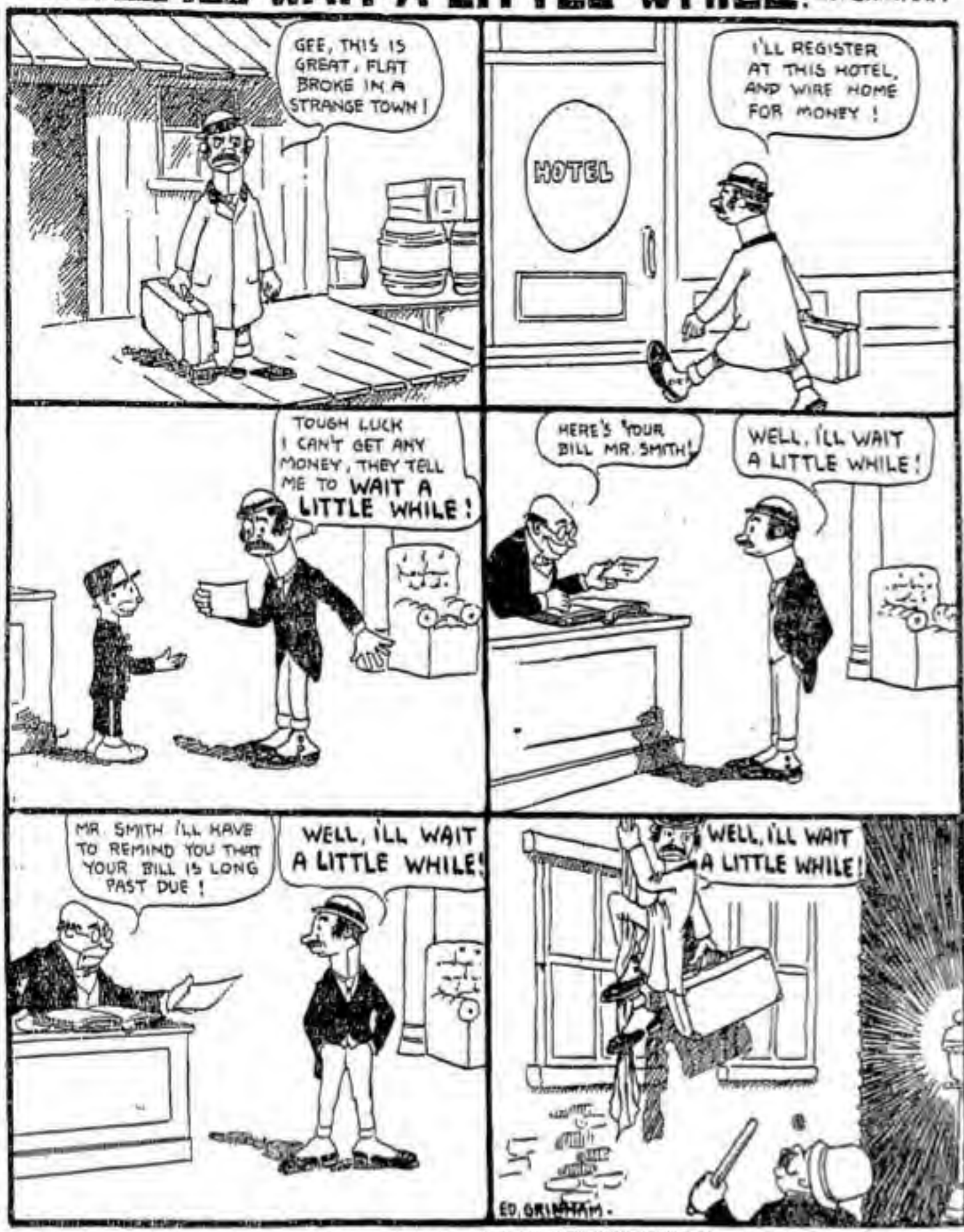
Zimmie is here.

Zimmie says he likes Milwaukee, and is going to stay for a while. He has a lot of things which he wants to tell to Milwaukeeans, and Zimmie is a wise little fellow.

Zimmie has decided to tell his messages to readers of The Sentinel, and accordingly one of his preachments will be found in this paper every day. He will appear every day beginning on Tuesday.

Be sure and start with Zimmie Tuesday morning, and he will entertain and make you smile from day to day.

WELL ILL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE. BY ED. GRINHAM


GEE, THIS IS GREAT, FLAT BROKE IN A STRANGE TOWN!
I'LL REGISTER AT THIS HOTEL, AND WIRE HOME FOR MONEY!
HOTEL
TOUGH LUCK I CAN'T GET ANY MONEY, THEY TELL ME TO WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
HERE'S YOUR BILL MR. SMITH!
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
MR. SMITH I'LL HAVE TO REMIND YOU THAT YOUR BILL IS LONG PAST DUE!
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE!
ED. GRINHAM.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.). All Rights Reserved.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

As in Railroading, Everything is Sub-tracked for the Special.

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

MEMORIAL DAY

DRAWN BY Katherine Patterson Rice

Sunday, May 29th 1910

Woman's Section

Devoted Entirely to Women's Interests.

In memory of our sires and sons brown leafy flowers will be placed upon the graves of the soldiers, while many garlands and gayest blossoms-both will be set adrift as a tribute to the sailors. In the illustration the girl standing is most charmingly garbed in a gown of lavender Panama and chiffon. The bodice is of net with a large fan figure in the front, lavender over white, the fabric forming the puffed sleeves. A girdle of fancy silk, studded with rhinestones, encircles the waistline.

A picturesque chapeau of lattice design is worn with this costume. The remainder of the headgear is composed of lavender hydrangeas and the wearer wishing, either now or when wearing the hats that she has been in mind, instead of flowers she could perfect leaves and the autumnal tones would be charming. Another model is in horsehair, which also is very pretty, and straw, light fruits and flowers and black velvet ribbon are trimmings. The wide, soft, feathered ostrich boa of white and black is worn with the costume of gray. Gloves of white kid are the correct accessories for the shopping tour, or for the more elaborate functions Paris has decreed that long gloves are to be worn. Those of white suede are the most popular, and of a soft and pliable grade. Long gloves

The Funny Side's Funny Stories

ILLNESS AND MURDER THE REVENUE PRODUCING PUBLICITY

A village school inspector was examining a class in Scripture. He put forward to "Sam, are the fish, still alive?"

"How do you know Noah occupied his time during the forty days of the flood?"

Silence reigned, and at last a small boy raised his hand shyly.

"Well?" said the inspector.

"Noah had to feed the elephants."

"Possibly," replied the examiner.

Instantly up popped another hand.

"Please sir, he couldn't ask for long 'ole, as he only had two worms in the ark," was the school report.

T. T. CRAIG, Grove Farm, nr Potton, West Cowden, Surrey, England.

One afternoon the proprietor of an animal store said to his young clerks: "Now, I'm going outside to work on the boiler. If any one comes in just give special attention to me for me. You can attend to selling the rest of animals just the same."

About half an hour he runs a gentleman with his ear and asks:

You deform a week is paid for three stories—$5 for the best, for the others $1 or more. Send the funniest stories you know or produce to the Editor Funny Side, P. O. Box 1324, New York. 10

THE FUNNY SIDE'S FUNNY STORIES

Turn it by quick alone who a few postage. To the customer's assessment The 1911 this to the last of the Grace and a Bird

Come down, mamma, Mr. Jones wished!"

who William Hoome in W. Va. or Customer of estate. Hoome Hoome

"I'm in," replied the child at interval

"Ah! If you had thought just a little more you wouldn't be here on dry."

"I did! I ate and I could, mamma said it, gentlemen, moreover." It took three policemen and two hotel guests to get me to the police station."

DAVID ELLIS, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

A party of young men were boasting of their prowess as fishermen, each one relating stories of his skill and luck. It was a fit to end, because his father was one, a bystander accordingly asked him one time

"If your father had been a fisherman and you grandfather and so on down just how far back would you go?"

"A Republican," was the quick reply.

H. MAXWELL, 20 N. 10th st., Ore.

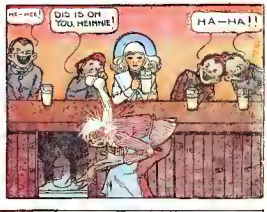
Funny Side
SECTION OF THE
Bellingham Herald.
BELLINGHAM, WASH. JULY. 17 1910.

COPYRIGHT 1910 PRESS PUBLISHING CO. NEW YORK WORLD.

DEARIE.

He's Such a Nice Little Boy.

By Gene Carr.



What Chance Has He to Escape the Motorboat Bug?

By Hy Gage

CATS BY LOUIS WAIN

CAT--TALES

TALES BY T. B. FAUCETT.

NEXT
"JUST CATS"

"THE GOLFERS!"

The members of the Cat-town Golf Club were all in a turmoil one Saturday afternoon. It happened that every cat wanted to play at the same time, resulting in many sad mishaps.

The players were so thickly congregated that many well-meant swings with a "brassie" missed the ball and collided none too gently with another cat's face. Then whang! Whiff!! Whiffy!!! in retaliation, would go the club of the cat who'd received the afore-mentioned "brassie" in some soft spot on his face. And so the games continued 'till the grounds resembled a battle ground rather than golf links.

Next morning the painful results were plainly in evidence. Jimmy Fuzzycut wore a neat draping of crepe over his right eye; Billy Feelers wandered about the back alleys with a snoot that resembled a section of raw hamburger; Tommy Catmouser carried his right paw in a sling and walked with hop-skip motion. To cap the climax Judge Kittycatkins, an ardent golfer, was sick abed from placing his little "tummy" directly in the path of a well-directed swing. The first thing the judge asked as he regained consciousness, was, "Were any cats killed when the lightning struck the links?

(Note—The Cat-town golf links are now for sale; Cheap!!!!)

THE FADS OF MISS FASHION

FREE AT LAST.

THE SCARF.

(Drawn by Lauren Stout.)

BAD BILL IS LOOSE AGAIN

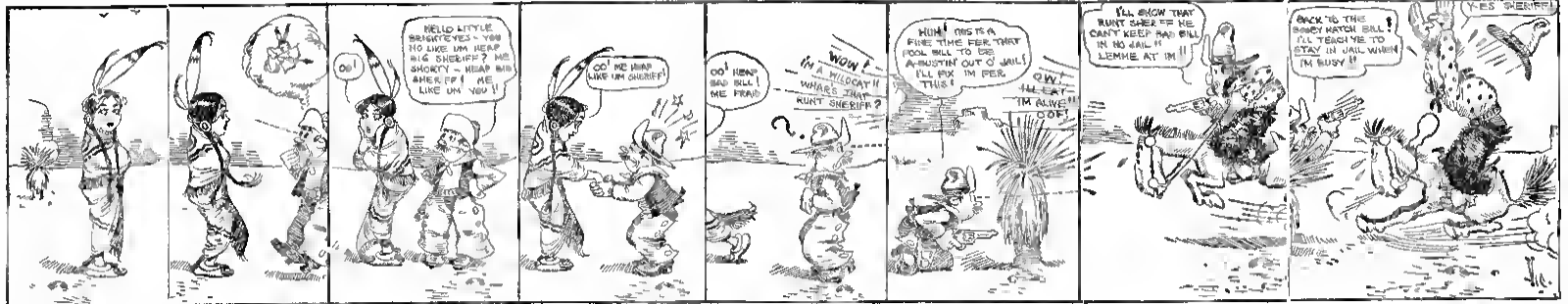
BY VIC

BANG!
UH! SHERIFF! BAD BILL HIM OUT OF JAIL! HIM NEAR BAD- SHOOT UH GOOD INJUN FEATHER!
CHEER UP OLD BUCK- I'LL GIT IM! LEAVES IT TO ME!
NA-HERE HE COMES! WAIT TILL HE GITS WHAT I GOT FER 'IM!
WORP!
WOW!
WOW! WOW! GIMME A SHOT AT THAT RUNT SHERIFF! I'LL SHOW IM!!
THUD!
BANG!
OW!
YES SHERIFF!
THIS WAY TO THE BOOBY HATCH BILL! I THOUGHT YOU WUZ A "BAD MAN"!
Vic.

BAD BILL, THE WESTERN WILDCAT

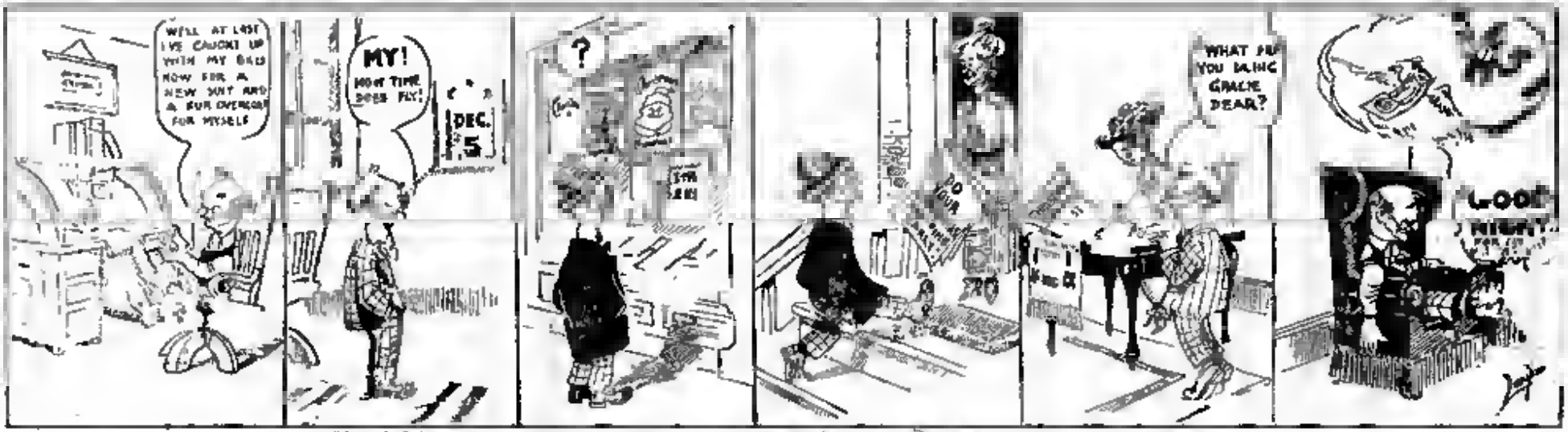
He Interrupts Shorty's Little Joy Fest

BY VIC


OO!
HELLO LITTLE BRIGHTEYES - YOU NO LIKE UM HEAP BIG SHERIFF? ME SHORTY - HEAP BIG SHER FF! ME LIKE UM YOU!!
OO ME HEAP LIKE UM SHERIFF!
OO! KEEP BAD BILL! ME FRAID
WOW! I'M A WILDCAT!! WHAZE THAT RUNT SHERIFF?
HUH! DIS IS A FINE TIME FER THAT FOOL BILL TO BE A-BUSTIN OUT O' JAIL! I'LL FIX 'IM FER THIS!
OW! HE SEES I'M ALIVE!! OOF!
YA, KNOW THAT RUNT SHERIFF HE CAN'T KEEP BAD BILL IN NO JAIL" LEMME AT 'IM!!
BACK TO THE BOSEY HATCH BILL! I'LL TEACH YE TO STAY IN JAIL WHEN I'M BUSY!!
YES SHERIFF!

Trenton Evening Times.

DECEMBER 5, 1910.


WELL AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH MY BILLS NOW FOR A NEW SUIT AND A FUR OVERCOAT FOR MYSELF
MY! HOW TIME DOES FLY!
DEC. 5
?
DO YOUR
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU BEING GRACIE DEAR?
GOOD NIGHT!

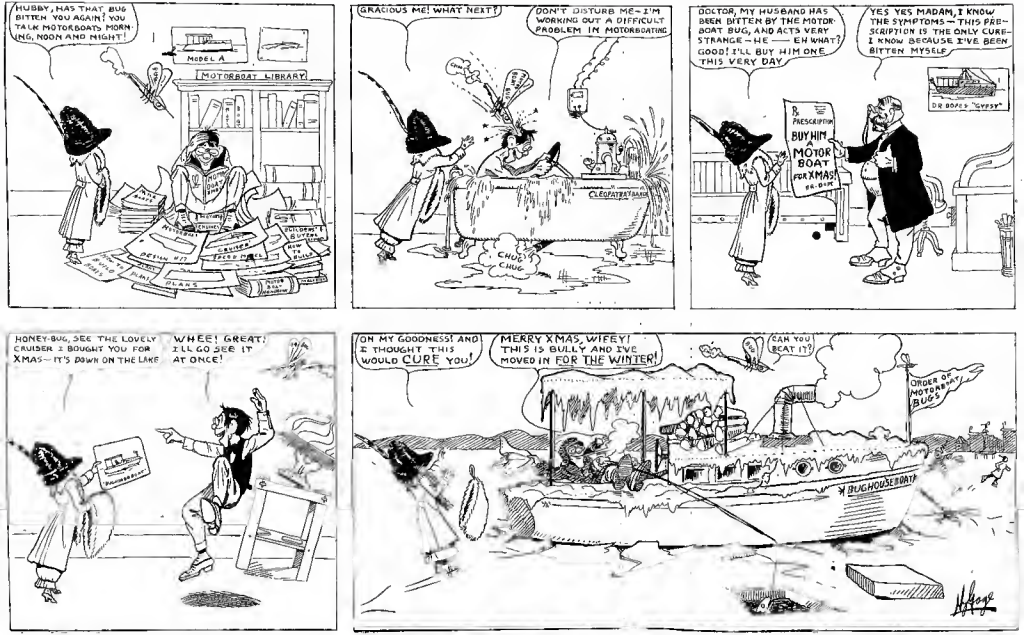
DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—Father discovers that the joyous Christmastide is once more near at hand.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM
STRIPPER'S GUIDE

ALLAN HOLTZ ALEX JAY JIM IVEY COLE JOHNSON

Merry Christmas with the Motorboat Bug

By Hy. Gage


HUBBY, HAS THAT BUG BITTEN YOU AGAIN? YOU TALK MOTORBOATS MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT!
MODEL A
MOTORBOAT LIBRARY
GRACIOUS ME! WHAT NEXT?
DON'T DISTURB ME—I'M WORKING OUT A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN MOTORBOATING
CLEOPATRA'S BARGE
CHUG CHUG
DOCTOR, MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN BITTEN BY THE MOTORBOAT BUG, AND ACTS VERY STRANGE—HE—— EH WHAT? GOOD! I'LL BUY HIM ONE THIS VERY DAY
YES YES MADAM, I KNOW THE SYMPTOMS—THIS PRESCRIPTION IS THE ONLY CURE—I KNOW BECAUSE I'VE BEEN BITTEN MYSELF
DR BOB'S "GYPSY"
℞ PRESCRIPTION
BUY HIM A MOTOR BOAT FOR XMAS
HONEY-BUG, SEE THE LOVELY CRUISER I BOUGHT YOU FOR XMAS—IT'S DOWN ON THE LAKE
WHEE! GREAT! I'LL GO SEE IT AT ONCE!
ON MY GOODNESS! AND I THOUGHT THIS WOULD CURE YOU!
MERRY XMAS, WIFEY! THIS IS BULLY AND I'VE MOVED IN FOR THE WINTER!
CAN YOU BEAT IT?
ORDER OF MOTORBOAT BUGS
BUGHOUSE BOAT
Hy Gage

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER
Sunday, Feb. 5, 1911

Two of the New Gowns

DRAWN BY
Katherine Patterson Rice

LINEN in one of the newest weaves is shown in the gown on the left, and the design chosen is one which shows the latest fashion of the Paris designers. It is trimmed with touches of black satin, giving it the chic air which only a bit of black can give. The hat is of straw and displays the newest shape in spring headwear.

The second gown is also of linen, and while simply made is extremely smart. Its only ornamentation being the lace insertion about the neck and cuffs this design would also look well if carried out in cloth or one of the softer silks.

A TRIP TO MARS
Copyright 1911, by the New York EVENING TELEGRAM (New York Herald Company) All rights reserved
SO THEY VOTE FOR 'EM HERE! WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE?
BIG POLITICAL MEET TODAY.
BIG BILL MARSAN, CANDIDATE FOR STREET COMMISSIONER, WILL SPEAK.
1.
I PROMISE, IF ELECTED AS STREET COMMISSIONER, THAT OUR STREETS WILL BE KEPT CLEAN.
SAME OLD BUNK
2.
WENT TO A POLITICAL POW-WOW TODAY, DEARIE. SOUNDED JUST LIKE HOME. CANDIDATES PROMISE ANYTHING TO GET THE JOB.
3
HELLO, SEE BILL MARSAN WAS ELECTED. HA-HA! LET'S GO OUT STREET-SEEING.
4.
JUST SCRUBBING UP A BIT OF DUST THAT MY WHITE WINGS OVERLOOKED. I WAS ELECTED TO KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN, YOU KNOW.
THIS IS 95,000,000 MILES FROM NEW YORK, ALL RIGHT
5.
SPENCER

A TRIP TO MARS

ISN'T IT GRAND!
JUST THINK, WE'RE 120 STORIES ABOVE THE CANALS
OH, DEARIE! HELP! HE'S KILLED! 120 STORIES! HELP!
IT'S ALL OVER WITH ME NOW
I SEE, HE'S IN WINDOW ROW No. 13
ISN'T THERE SOME WAY OF SAVING HIM?
ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS TO DROP DOWN THE AIR TUBE TO THE 85TH FLOOR AND RUN OUT THE NET.
95,000,000 MILES FROM CONEY ISLAND
PENCE

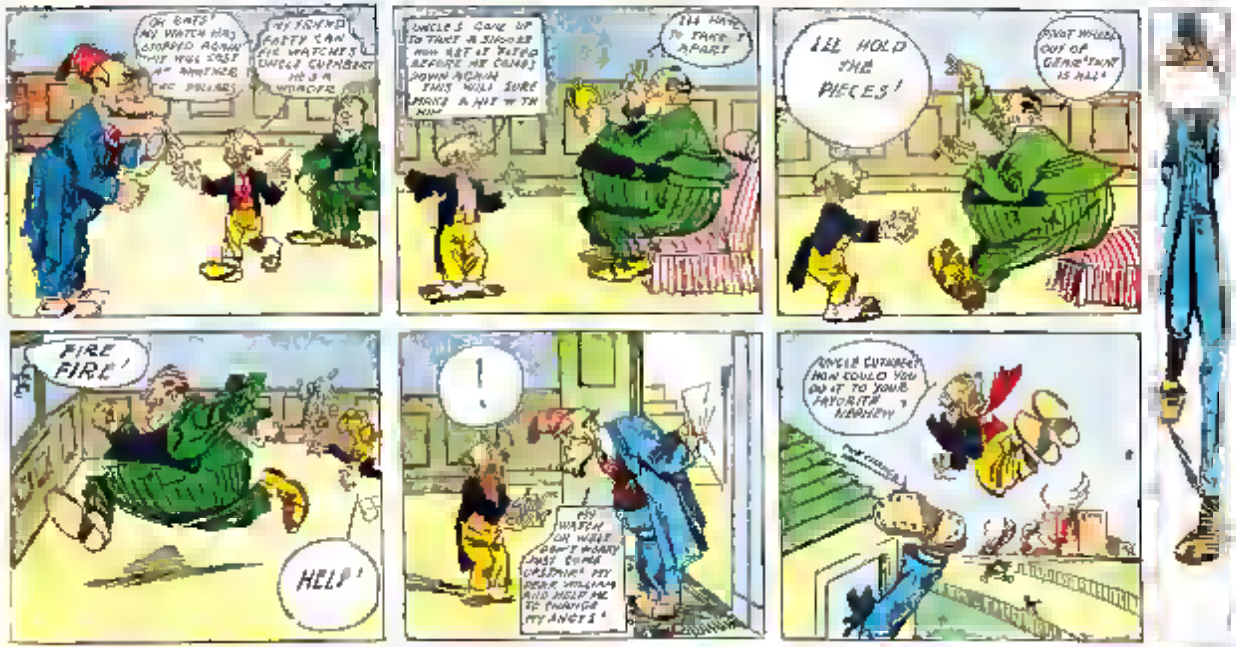
WHAT
ALONZO
PUP

THE HARPOON HE FEARS MOST.

HE MAY GET IT WHERE THE CHICKEN GOT THE AX.

—Thorndike in Baltimore American.

FATTY THE FIRE FIEND ALMOST, PRETTY NEARLY, NOT QUITE, FIXES UNCLE CUTHBERT'S WATCH


OH GATS! MY WATCH HAS STOPPED AGAIN! THE WOL LOST AT ANOTHER SEC. DOLLARS
I'LL FIX IT! FATTY CAN FIX WATCHES UNCLE CUTHBERT HE'S A WIZARD
UNCLE'S GONE UP TO TAKE A SHOWER HOW NOT AT TATTO BEFORE HE COMES DOWN AGAIN THIS WILL SURE PROVE A HIT W TH HIM
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT APART
I'LL HOLD THE PIECES!
WHAT WHERE OUT OF GEAR THAT IS ALL
FIRE FIRE!
HELP!
!
MY WATCH OH WHERE ARE I WHERE? JUST SOME CREATURE MY DEAR WILLIAM AND MUST BE TO PROVIDE MY ANGES!
UNCLE CUTHBERT HOW COULD YOU DO IT TO YOUR FAVORITE NEPHEW?

GRAND HOME THEATRE
MATINEE TO-DAY
RICHARD 3RD
RICHARD —— MATT
RICHMOND —— MAY
REAL TIN ARMOR USED IN THE BATTLE AT THE USUAL PRICES

MATT'S & MAY'S MATINEES

MATT'S MAKE UP A DOZEN

MATINEE AT 2.15

DEATH OF RICHARD

1
I'LL BE RICHMOND
LET'S PLAY RICHARD THE THIRD

2
I'M FIXING MY PLUME
I'M MAKING MY HUMP

3
SWAP WILL BE THE HORSE
STOP EATING FEATHERS
I THOUGHT IT WAS HAY

4
SWAP HAS STAGE FRIGHT
A HORSE A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE
IN JUST WHERE DO WE COME IN?

5
CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS
ROLLING PIN FOR MINE!

6
OH! DUE YOURSELF
RICHMOND YOU MUSE BE

7
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU GET SLEWED
THESE RICHMONDS MAKE I ILL TO-DAY

8
BUT NOT VERY EVIL
I'M LOSING MY CROWN

9
DO YOU CALL THIS ACTING?
I'M NOT MEGAPHONING IT

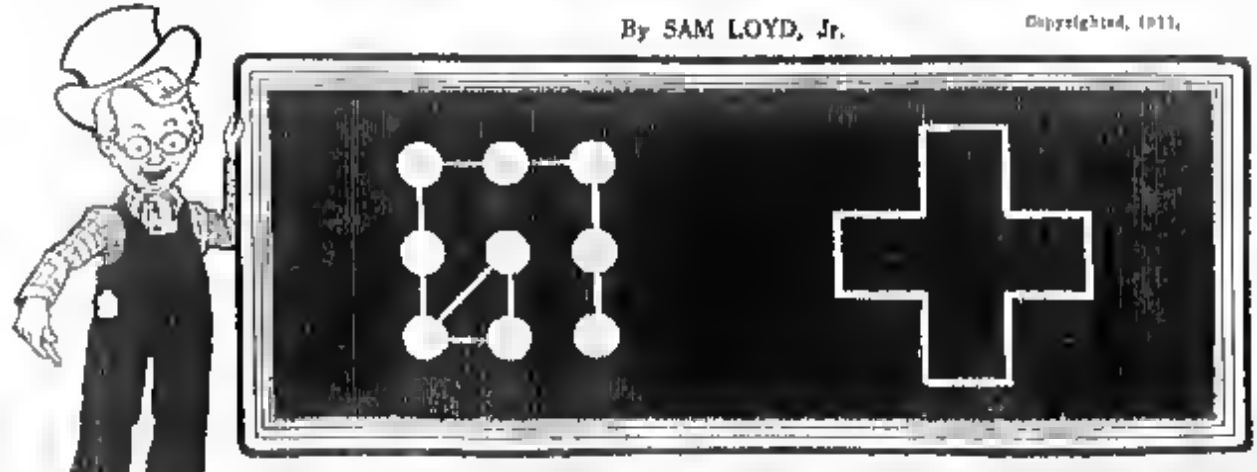
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO. All Rights Reserved.

C. J. Budd

TOM TINKER'S BLACKBOARD PUZZLES.

By SAM LOYD, Jr.

Copyrighted, 1911.



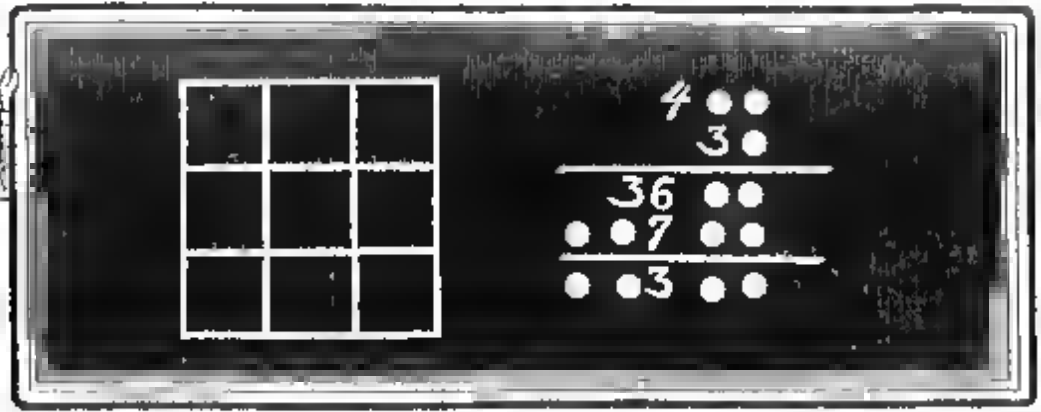
You see how I have marked off these nine dots with a line of five straight strokes. Can you do it with a continuous line of four strokes?

Then let me see you divide that Greek Cross into three pieces which may be arranged into the form of an oblong.

TOM TINKER'S BLACKBOARD PUZZLES.

By SAM LOYD, Jr

Copyrighted, 1911.



That diagram of nine squares was constructed of four continuous lines of the same length without any line crossing any other line. Can you figure out how it was done?

Can you replace the thirteen missing figures in this multiplication table?

ANSWER IN NEXT SUNDAY'S EAGLE.

OFFICER CRUST ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Oh, My Goodness, Girls, He's Jealous!

HEH, WHAT'S THAT SHRIMP DOIN' UP HERE ON CHARLES STREET!?
SAY, YOU LITTLE RED UP WORM, WATCHA DOIN UP HERE TALKIN TO THE RUZZIES ON MY BEAT. YOU BELONG ON BALTIMORE ST. GET ME? BALTIMORE STREET!!!
I THINK I'LL JUST BAM YOU A FEW ANYWAY JUST TO SHOW YUH WE DON'T WANT NO BROW COPS UP WITH THE CLASS!!!
ZAM!
AND HEREAFTER YOU LEAVE MY HUSBAND ALONE!!!
R. Brook

MONTAGUE GLASS

These Famous Writers and Artists

Are Now on the Staff of

The Globe

AND Commercial Advertiser.

the most interesting better-class evening newspaper in New York

THE GLOBE'S columns carry

Cartoons and Funny Pictures by

JOHN T McCUTCHEON — J N DARLING ("Ding")
ROBERT CARTER — C H. WELLINGTON
CHARLES A. FORBELL — H A MAC GILL

(John T. Mcutch.eon and Darling have made tremendous reputations in the West. They will show New York some brand new ideas.)

Articles of interest to women by

MARION HARLAND — RUTH CAMERON
LILLIAN RUSSELL — GRACE ISABEL COLBRON
FLORENCE HOWE HALL

Special news stories and articles of general interest by

LINCOLN STEFFENS — F J HASKIN
DR. FRANK CRANE — GRAHAM HOOD

Things "chiefly cheerful" by

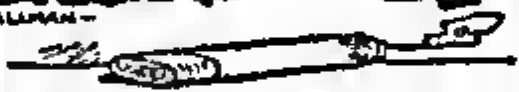
GEORGE FITCH — WALT MASON

A frequent contributor to the Saturday "business stories" is MONTAGUE GLASS, creator of "POTASH & PERLMUTTER."

Buy The Globe Every Day. Price One Cent

DREAMSTICKS

ALMAN-



JUST ONE MORE PUFF

SINGING IN A SKELETON KEY.

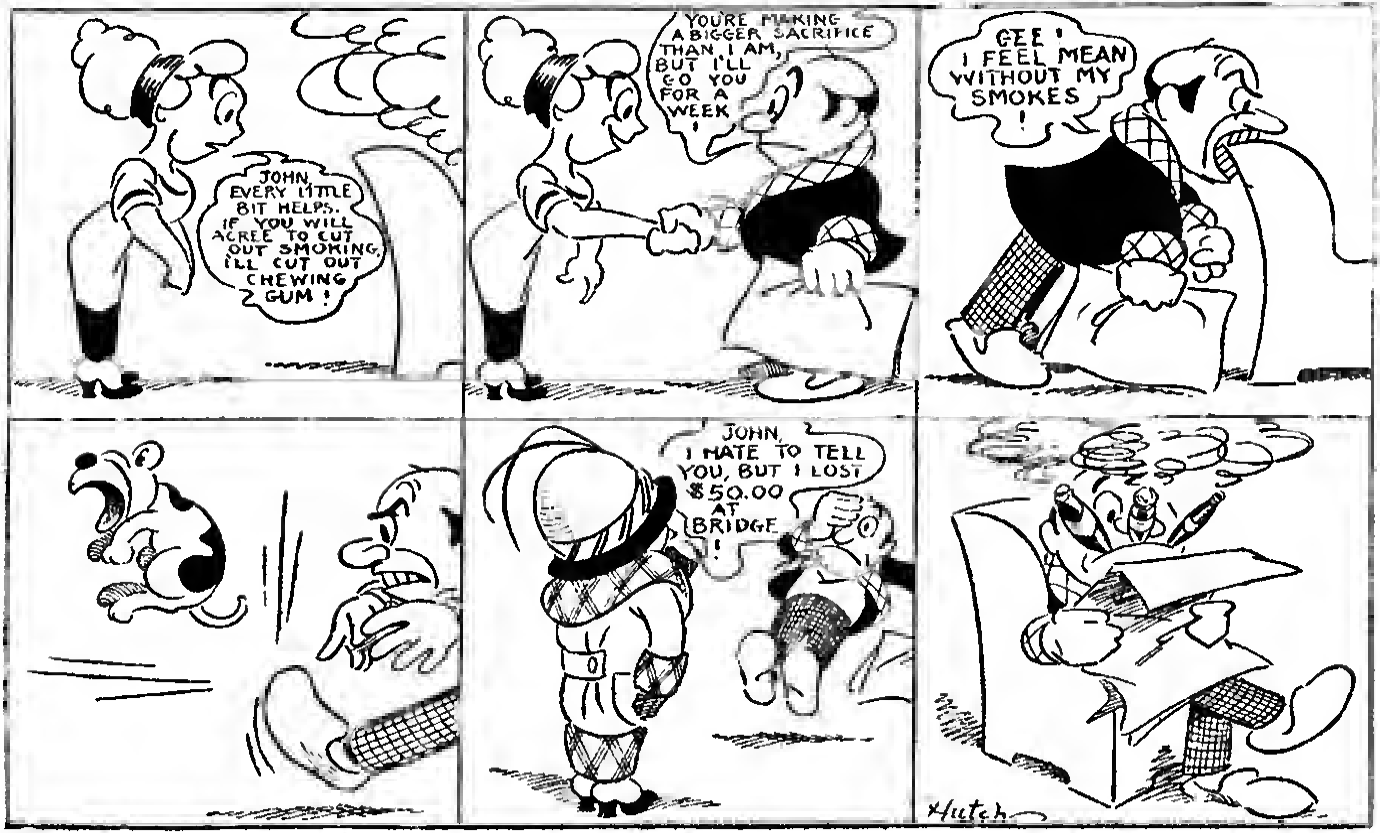
NOTE – (♩F)

A MERRY GARDEN QUARTETTE.

CONDITION – MUCH WORSE TO DAY.

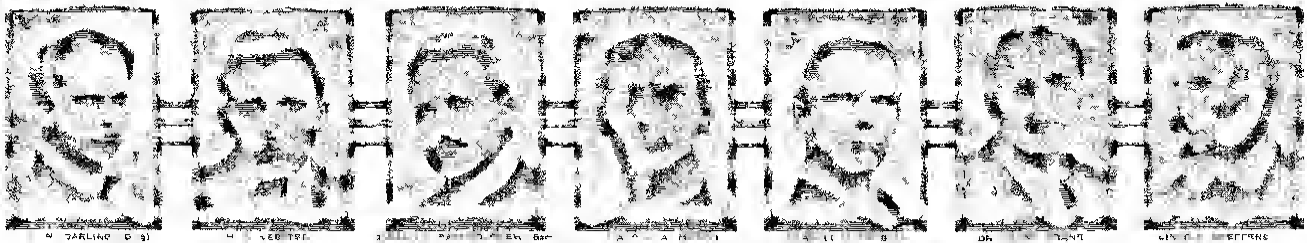
Mrs. Economy By Hutch

Copyright 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World)


JOHN, EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS. IF YOU WILL AGREE TO CUT OUT SMOKING, I'LL CUT OUT CHEWING GUM!
YOU'RE MAKING A BIGGER SACRIFICE THAN I AM, BUT I'LL GO YOU FOR A WEEK!
GEE! I FEEL MEAN WITHOUT MY SMOKES!
JOHN, I HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT I LOST $50.00 AT BRIDGE!
Hutch

Famous Cartoonists, Writers and Current Affairs Contribute Daily to the Pages of

THE EVENING TELEGRAM



Laugh With—

Think With—

They Write for Our Women Readers

MR. WANT—HE HAS ARRIVED IN DENVER By ARTIGUE.

Feature Section

Boston Sunday Post

Feature Section

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1912.

THE JUMP-UPS

VERSES BY PAUL WEST
DRAWINGS BY WM. H. LOOMIS

1.—With all their constant aping of the Smart Set's smartest capers
The Jump-Ups scarce received their due attention in the papers
Till Genevieve was quite distressed. "It's up to me," said she,
"To make some sort of novel stir. Wharever shall it be?"

2.—At last the idea struck her, so an aeroplane she bought.
She leased a fifteen acre field and then poor Jim she sought,
And told him that in order social gossip to supply
She'd thoroughly arranged it so that he could learn to fly.

3.—"Who? Me?" cried Jim. "Me try that thing? Not on your blooming life!"
But Genevieve persisted, so he yielded to his wife.
And when the art he'd learned a bit cards to her "set" she sent
To see her little husband fly—a wonderful event!

4.—The whole affair was secret! Not a soul must breathe a word!
Yet somehow when they reached the field reporters in a herd
Were there. "Now, how," said Genevieve, "do you suppose they knew?"
(She'd notified them all herself—this just 'twixt me and you.)

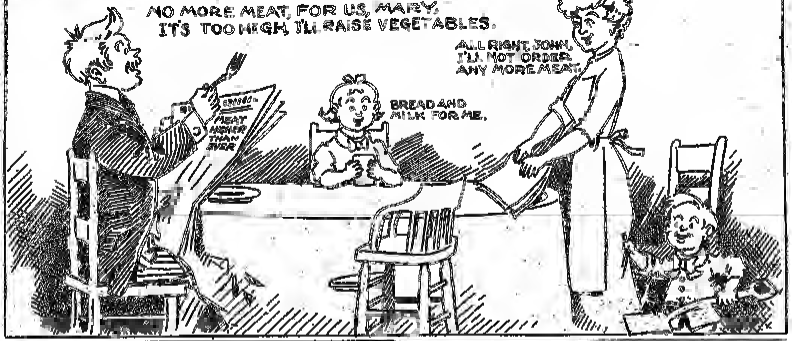
5.—The aeroplane was trundled out. "Take care!" to Jim she said.
"This means our social triumph, dear! Be sure to keep your head!"
Then up rose Jim. The crowd went wild. "How very cute!" they cried,
And Genevieve, observing them, beamed with a proper pride.

6.—Round Genevieve the sycophants came crowding, cringing now.
They showered her with attentions till contentment calmed her brow.
"At last," she thought, "they notice us. We'll both land right on top."
But suddenly she gave a scream! Jim's craft began to drop!

7.—It came down like a shooting star and in a lake it lit.
They fished Jim out, a sad affair, though injured not a bit.
The fickle throng were rocked with joy! The fall was so absurd!
And hurried back to town without a sympathizing word!

8.—When later Jim and Genevieve rode home to Mammon Hall,
"Oh, Jim," she sobbed, "'Twas just like you. You had to go and fall!
Whatever were you thinking of? I can't conceive, I'm sure!"
"Why, of those good old happy days," said Jim, "when we were poor."

(COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.



THE "SCIENTIFIC" REMEDY FOR THE HIGH PRICE OF MEAT AND HOW IT WORKED.

JUN - 5 1915

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Making the World Go Round . . . By Clyde Ludwick

Married Life the Second Year

Helen Shrinks From Mr. Summers' Marked Attentions and Admiration

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"NOW don't be foolish." Go on if they want you to," urged Warren, "Helen and I want to play out our combination of billiards."

"That's absurd. You're boss in all day—the afril do you good."

"Come on!" cried the Stevenses who were already out in the car. "Mr. Summers will take care of you if your husband don't come."

Helen hurried down the path to the waiting car.

"I bet-a you're to sit back here with me," said Mr. Summers, as he helped her out to help her in himself. "I bet-a you a beautiful wrap! Will that thing be enough?"

For, he had been quick to perceive, surreptitiously lighting the cutter for bringing it. Each time Helen had seemed to look after her husband was present, but Warren had not noticed even in motion.

The Stevenses were now absorbed in their own affairs, and Helen thought they were looking this fall, and Helen seemed at quiet alone with Mr. Summers as she had been on the rock next that she could tell him. It was all the same for that. And yet she knew she never wanted to be with Mr. Summers alone again.

When they went back to the car he helped her in and insisted that she put on her wrap. He held it for her and fixed it slowly and carefully about her shoulders.

It had been rather a cloudy unsettled night when they started. And now in Helen's dismay it began to sprinkle.

THE TIMES

The Paper of Popularity

It Has the

FEATURES

Daily Articles

Contributed by Dr. Parkhurst, Professor Serviss, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dorothy Dix, Elbert Hubbard, Rev. Thomas Gregory and scores of famous writers.

Humorous Features

Such as "Vest Pocket Essays," by George Fitch, and "Bobby's Pa," by William E. Kirk, appear regularly in the Evening Edition.

Comic Cartoons

Are contributed every day by "Dok," who draws the "Umbrella Man" and "The Duck"—by "Bud" Fisher, who draws "Mutt and Jeff"—by "Tad," who draws "Bunk, the Judge and Other Dogs"—by Briggs, who draws "Days of Real Sport," "Friend Wife," etc.—by Herriman, who draws "Krazy Kat"—by Mager, who draws "Sherlocko" and other "Monks"—by Hurd, who draws "Brick Bodkins" and "Pudge Perkins"—and by Sterrett, who draws "Before and After," "When a Man's Married," and the great series, "For This Have We Daughters."

Features for Women

Are written daily by Annette Kellerman, Gaby Deslys and many others. Lady Duff-Gordon and Lily Cavallieri contribute Sunday articles.

Fanciful Drawings

Are from the pens of Clyde Ludwick and Nell Brinkley.

FUNNY SECTION OF The World SIDE
SUNDAY NOV · 10 1912
COPYRIGHT 1912 BY PRESS PUBLISHING CO NEW YORK WORLD

Mr. Hubby --- His Wife Is at the Driving Club

TOO BAD, BABIES! THERES ONLY ROOM FOR TWO OF YOU IN THE CARRIAGE!

I'LL HAVE TO CARRY ONE OF YOU.

DON'T CRY, TOM. IT'S YOUR TURN TO RIDE NOW.

JUST LISTEN TO DICK! HE'S MAD BECAUSE I TOOK HIM OUT OF THE CARRIAGE.

SAY! IF YOU CAN'T KEEP THEM BRATS QUIET, WHY DON'T YOU GO DOWN TO THAT EMPTY LOT.

THEY WANT A RIDE IN THAT SOAP BOX, AND THEY SHALL HAVE IT.

AIN'T THEY SWEET!

HE DON'T KNOW A WHEEL COMES OFF!

NOW AINT THAT TOO BAD

Stripper's Guide Scan

DON'T CRY SWEETHEARTS! PAPA WILL BUY YOU A NICE BIG CARRIAGE!

THESE ARE THE ONLY KIND WE HAVE! 50¢ EACH PLEASE!

WELL! I GUESS THEY WILL HAVE TO DO!

PRETTY FINE LOT OF BOYS YOU HAVE!

YES SIR! NONE FINER IN THE WORLD, IF I DO SAY IT

AIN'T THEY CUTE FATHER!

Winsor Steinigans

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES. —BY POP.

COME IN HERE MY LOVE I HAVE A NICE SURPRISE FOR YOU!
HEY COME HERE!
OH!
HERE'S SOME NICE PINK SOCKS AN' A RED NECK TIE TO MATCH—
PINK?
SO AIN'T THEM GRAND!
—AND A PAIR OF LEMON COLORED GLOVES—
LEMON?
IT ARE SIMPLY DAZZLING
—AND A NICE PAIR OF GREEN SPATS AN' A NICE LIL FUZZY HAT!
GREEN? FUZZY?
KOOCHY KOO KOOCHY KOO
AH! NOW MY LOVE WE WILL SHOW THAT JONES WOMAN THAT HER HUSBAND IS NOT THE ONLY ADONIS THAT CAN WEAR PINK SOCKS AN' A FUZZY HAT! OH YOU ARE SO NOBLE LOOKING ALOYSIUS!
JONES!
HE CERTAINLY ARE NOBLE LOOKING
CURSES ON THEM JONES'S AN' TH PINK SOCKS! GIMME ANOTHER BEER ONE JERRY
POP

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

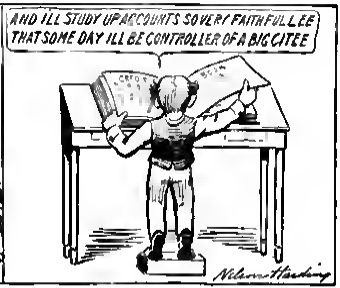
PICTURE AND SPORTING SECTION — NEW YORK CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 5 1913. — PICTURE AND SPORTING SECTION

LOOKING BACKWARD---*Famous Men in Their Younger Days*

NO. 1—MAYOR GAYNOR, IN 1873, WAS A REPORTER—THESE THINGS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!

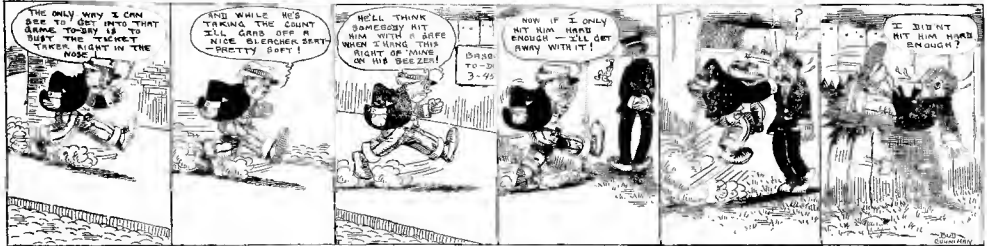
LOOKING BACKWARD---*Famous Men in Their Younger Days*

NO. 3—CONTROLLER WILLIAM A PRENDERGAST STARTED HIS CLIMB UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS BY SERVING AS APPRENTICE IN A MILLINERY SHOP



"HINKY DEE," THE FAN—Evidently Don't Pack a K. O.

By BUD COUNIHAN


THE ONLY WAY I CAN SEE TO GET INTO THAT GAME TODAY IS TO BUY A TICKET!
TAKEN RIGHT IN THE NOSE!
AND WHILE HE'S TAKING THE COUNT I'LL GRAB OFF A NICE SLEACHER SEATY — PRETTY SOFT!
HE'LL THINK SOMEBODY HIT HIM WITH A SAFE WHEN I HANG THIS RIGHT OF MINE ON HIS BEEZER!
BANG TO-DAY 3-45
NOW IF I ONLY HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH — I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT!
?
I DIDN'T HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH!
BUD COUNIHAN

"Skin-Nay's" Creator Comes to the Big Town and Tears Flow from the Eyes of His Old Associates in Chicago

FOR RENT
"SKINNY'S GONE!"
GEE I WISH ME AN' YOU WAZ GOIN' TOO
Well dont that beat —!
BRIGGS GOING TO N.Y.
Gee! I am glad at Sunday
YOO-HOO-SKIN-NAY! COM ON OVER-BIG DOIN'S !!
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND
DAVIS'S REAL SPORT
N.Y. TRIB
KELLY Pool
HENDERSON — 14 — CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD
NEW YORK
SKIN-NAYS GONE
OH-SKIN-NAY SEND ME A PIT-CHER OF NOO YORK WILL-YA
GOO-BY KIN-NAY
B HOWE TRIB
GEE WILLIE THAT'S AWFUL BLOW TO HIS SPORTIN' MEN AIN'T IT?
MR. BRIGGS CARTOON
G-GOO B-B-BYE B-BRIGGS!
DON'T GET STAGE FRIGHT!
NEW YORK TRIBUNE ART DEPT
WINSOR McCAY

It all Chicago felt that way it's about it, all New York and points adjacent should feel correspondingly and proportionally joyful. Action and reaction, according to Carhart & Choate's Elementary Physics, are equal and opposite. And given else—the authority is the same being Hall & Knight's Integral Calculus and Theodore Roosevelt—that two plus two equals a third of a dozen, it seems that Clare A. Briggs is coming to New York.

Not is that all. Clare A. Briggs is coming to New York as has been said but, to be more specific, he is coming here solely exclusively and wholly for the purpose of drawing cartoons for the Sporting Page of The New York Tribune.

If we were less of a Violet by a Mossy Stone we should say that Briggs is the best sporting cartoonist now drawing on these United States, from coast to coast and vice versa. Were Modesty not our middle monicker we should assert, challenging successful contradiction, that Briggs is the comickest, wittest, sweetest, drollest, uproariest and wisest of all cartoonists that, gave him some India ink a pen and a piece of bristol board he will do more with those triple inanimate than anybody else now rembrandting on any sporting page wheresoever. Did the limits of good taste not cramp us, we should megaphone the fact that Briggs's cartooner many more giggles to the square inch than any other pictures now gladdening the intransig. as the case may be—and generally is—the American vinse.

But, since those restrictions confine us, we shall remark mute, that when the Chicago associates of our hero speak for us. For ten years Briggs has been hooding Chicago its cocoa best daily shoddy. Briggs has been somuch a part of Chicago life as have the Lake Front, the Stock Yards, John T. McCutcheon, Old Fort Taylor, the Cubs and (business of removing bonnet in deference to ozone) wheezes, the 20 hour train to New York. Now all the reading public may be looked part of the time (evenings, we conjecture being the part) and part of the reading public (we never did find out which part) may be fooled all the time, but the entire reading public cannot be made to like meretricious stuff all the time. And since all the reading public was as one reader as talking remaining—by a loving Briggs's cartoons day after day and year after year anybody with a turn for figures will admit that this Briggs must be Some Cartoonist, eet to odd Cuse Sarah's Feller.

That, then is why The New-York Tribune has obtained Briggs's unconditional release from the miners. He will crash into the Big League this week, on the Sporting Page of the newspaper. For his work, we bespeak your attention. We haven't a single doubt that you'll be as highly delighted with it as we ourselves are.

The announcement that Briggs was going to leave Chicago flat (which sounded like carrying coals to Wilkes-Barre) came as a high powered shock to that fair city. Little knows of man could be seen standing on the street corners discussing the calamity that had stricken the city, prominent clubmen talked of nothing else, women and children talked in hushed tones of the gang away of Briggs. And last Monday evening a small fraction of Briggs's cartooning associates on Chicago gave him a big and sincere banquet at the Press Club. Those who attended say that it was a Large and Expansive Evening, and that, as spite of the real tears shed at the thought that so many of them were going to be deprived of association with a great cartoonist and a fine friend, a pleasant time was had by all. Everybody in the drawing and sporting game in Chicago was there, and the pictures under which the filmmaking and diverting feat appears are a few of those that decorated the hall of Indoig at the banquet. When even our workers and rivals think as much of him as these Chicago prints do of Briggs, we believe that his "Where's Feller Needs a Friend," "Great Moments of History," Annabelle Cinch, "The Days of Real Sport" and "Kelly Pool" series will make an equally strong and straight appeal to the reading public of New York.

Reading public, we take real pleasure and lots of it, in introducing to you Mr. Clare A. Briggs, once of Chicago, now of New York.

Mr. Briggs, the public.

F.P.A.

NEWSPAPER ARTISTS SKETCHES OF THEIR OWN HIGH JINKS

HOOO

DOYLE
HE IS NOT ONLY A GOOD PITCHER BUT HE IS AN ARTIST OF NO MEAN ABILITY
ALBERTUS PERFECTO
HONUS
ALBERTUS PERFECTO DEMAREE
THEY CALL HIM STEAMER AL. BECAUSE OF HIS SMOKING-HABITS
HIS TWO PRIZE POSSESSIONS NOW ARE HIS GREEN HAT AND HONUS WAGNER'S GOAT

How I Cartooned My Way out of the Penitentiary

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER XVII.

The story is told of how Cartoonist Johnson was suffering in prison after having been framed by the Ring. He was in the dumps, having passed a birthday back on a convict hoeing. After hoeing out at one week of his birthday he was pardoned by Governor Johnson. He arrives in Memphis and immediately announces that in their honor he is "celebrating" the 40th or the good ones he pressed governor the drunkard he Governor Hiram N. Johnson.

By EVAN BURTON JOHNSON

CHAPTER TWO.

IT WAS the July heat that beat down upon Tyrone Prison and in my prison cage it stood still and stifled. Not a breath of air was stirring.

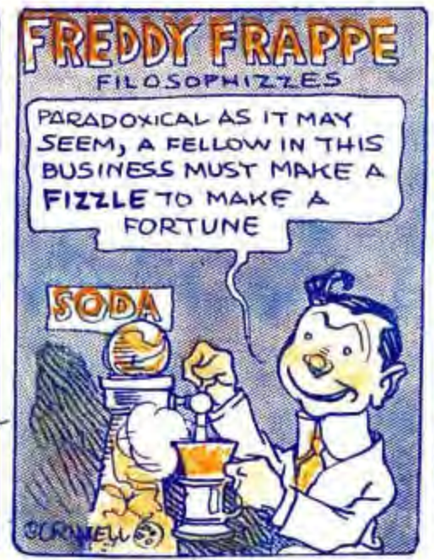
As you be neighbor thou the record, was the silent voices of my light. My guess was quiet, however, of Sunday when I entered the "pen," and I began quickly to gather together the necessary materials for my...

Some paper and some pencils I had from the proprietor darkroom for the Parish of July celebration and found that way for the way in the vault I called my home. Drawing board paper and other materials I had from other sources—from Freeman and "some" and in a very short space of time I had the occasion with which to start work. Big by my "pen name" and a cartoon which might be termed as "Crook a Book or Crook's a Book Plate." But as soon Steve Crowe returned was given me to write, "Play be another story."

A real friend is he and with me the drudge. Come to cover my entering means months from my the outdoor hoeing.

A prison Court visit with hearing time. Then I'll be free. Then I'll be free. Then I'll be free

PINHEAD PETE.
FELLERS WHO ARE ALLUS PREDICTIN' WHAT THE WEATHER'LL BE NEVER SEEM TO HAVE TIME TO WORK UP TO BE PRESIDENT OF A CORPORATION, B'GOSH!
GUNT HALL


FREDDY FRAPPE
FILOSOPHIZZES
PARADOXICAL AS IT MAY SEEM, A FELLOW IN THIS BUSINESS MUST MAKE A FIZZLE TO MAKE A FORTUNE
SODA
CORNWELL

STONE AGE STOFF
DR. YANK DENTIST
COME!-BE A LITTLE MAN— IT WON'T HURT A BIT
CORNWELL

WHY WORRY ABOUT THE MILEAGE, CHAUFFY! YOU NEVER YET HAVE HAD A TENANT IN YOUR OLD BUS! IF YOU WERE A BUSIER GUY I MIGHT THINK THAT SPARKLER WAS GEN-YOU-WINE!

PSST! MANNIE! LOOK! I PUT LITTLE WHEELS ON THE CART AND IT REGISTERS A MILE EVERY 40 FEET HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
K

EARLY TO BED AN' EARLY TO RISE GATHERIN' TIPS WHILE FATHER TIME FLIES!
GEOR
HI! HO!
WHY DO I KEEP SUCH A BUM RAZOR? I HAVE TO. IT HAS A PULL.

COMIC SECTION

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

THE STANDARD SOUTHERN NEWSPAPER.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21, 1914.

VOT!

ZIP!

UNCLE SPIEGEL IS MAKING PROGRESS AS A BALL-PLAYER, CHU-U-RE!

WRITTEN BY GEORGE V. HOBART

THE DINKLESPIELS

STAGED BY HARRY J. WESTERMAN

NOW YOU STAND RIGHT THERE, UNCLE SPIEGEL, I'M GOING TO TOSS YOU A FEW. YOU CAN'T GET HURT WITH THAT BIG MIT!

BUT LOOEY! I DON'T TINK DOT I CAN **DIT** IT!

VAIT! LOOEY, YAIT! I NEFER MADE CATCHINGS! VOT MUST I DIT **MIT** DER **MIT**?

JUST LET THE BALL HIT IT, UNCLE SPIEGEL! THAT'S ALL!

VY DON'T YOU GOT A BED-TICK'S SPIEGEL, DOT MIT IS TOO SMALL!

FINE! FINE! UNCLE SPIEGEL!

DOT VAS A GOOT VUN VASN'T IT, LOOEY, VOT?

OOO! FINE!

DON'T GOT EGGSITED! ACCIDENTS VILL HAPPEN, UND DOT VAS A BIG VUN!

HERE COMES AN **IN**, UNCLE, WATCH IT!

HOOMPH! YOU CAN'T CATCH 'EM MIT DER FACE, SPIEGEL! LOOEY SAYS, LET IT HIT DER **MIT**!

OO-OO! PY GOLLY! LOOEY! DOT BALL VAS MAKING A CROOKED TVISTINGS! I DON'T LIKE DER **IN**!

I ADVISE YOU TO TAKE DER BULLS PY DER HORNS, SPIEGEL, UND STOP VILE YOU HAF A FACE GOT, YET!

AW! YOU'RE ALL—RIGHT, UNCLE SPIEGEL! I'LL THROW A STRAIGHT ONE NEXT! BE GAME!

ACH! LOOEY! LOOKY! SEE IT! AIN'T DOT FINE? **VOT**!

SMACK!

HURRAH! FOR UNCLE SPIEGEL!

HOOMPH!

GREAT WORK, UNCLE SPIEGEL! **GREAT WORK**!

THERE'S AN **OUT-DROP**!

YARE IT IS, LOOEY!

YOU KNOW YARE IS IT NOW, I BET ME!

Westerman

Copyright, 1914,

FREDDY FRAPPE

FILOSOFIZZES

THERE'S ONLY ONE DRAW BACK TO THIS JOB IN SUMMER— A FELLOW DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO OUT AND GET A DRINK.

PINHEAD PETE

LEM HOLLER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO BREAK HIS KNIFE JUST AT THE START OF THE WHITTLIN' SEASON IT'S BEEN A DURNED QUIET YEAR FOR LEM, B'GOSH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BARBER'S CHATTER SINCE HE GOT WISE TO THE FACT THAT HE HAD A FUNNY BONE IN HIS ELBOW HE TALKS THAT WAY ALL THE TIME!

STONE AGE STUFF

ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World.)

By Stanton

RIGADOON

"A GAY, LIVELY DANCE FOR ONE PERSON."
—Webster

ESCUAGE

"SERVICE OF THE SHIELD."—Webster

OPEN THROTTLE AND HEAVY GRADE

1

Something very much out of the ordinary has happened to Jack Cartwright, of whom you are to learn a great deal more through these pages. At present he is a watching on the N. Y. and W., and at or at the end of one of his "runs" as the passengers file out of the car that he sees a pocketbook on the floor of the train. Passengers don't usually leave their purses about like that—an umbrella or a book wouldn't be so uncommon. Jack picks up the pocketbook and determines to take it at once to the Lost and Found Department.

2

There the clerk refuses to take him seriously until he shows the purse at which the man behind the counter becomes very grave. He opens it and, besides a roll of bills, discovers the card of C. H. Wells, the general manager of the road. It is the latter's custom, the clerk tells Jack, to ride in day coaches that way in order to see if the patrons of the road are treated courteously. He tells Jack that he will see that Mr. Wells receives his pocketbook.

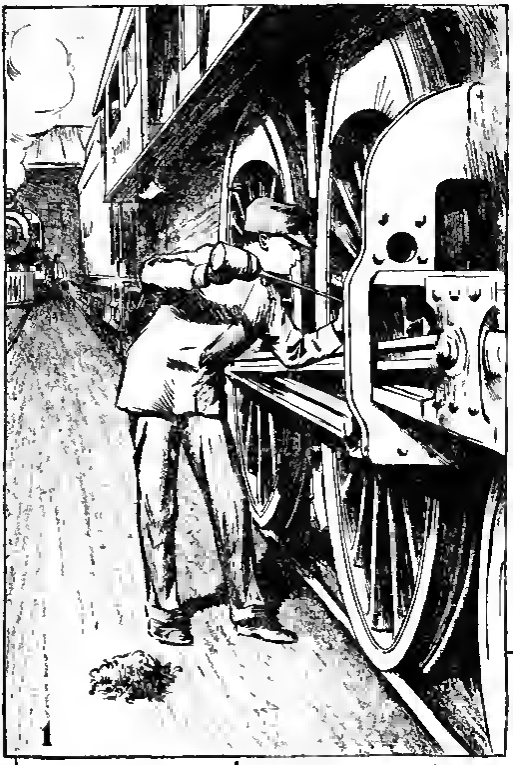
3

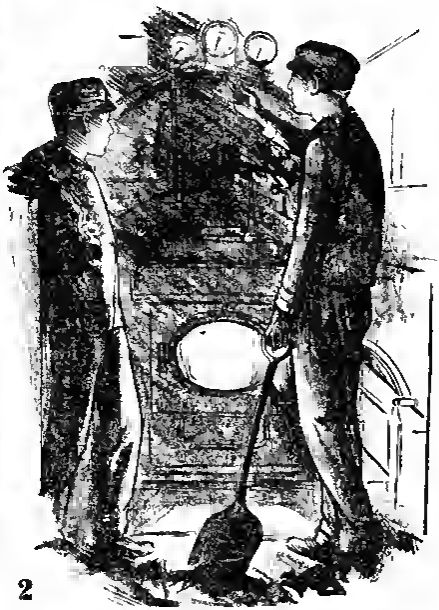
Such is not to be the case. The very next day he receives a note from General Manager Wells asking him to call at the latter's office. You can imagine with what care Jack dressed for that visit! It might mean very much to him—or very little. The first question Mr. Wells asks him, after thanking him for returning his property, is just the question Jack has been hoping he would be asked. "How would you like to be a real railroad man?" inquired Mr. Wells. "Fine," answered Jack, "but I want to get into the merchant service. I want to learn it from the ground up. I don't want to be a clerk." "Good," said Mr. Wells, who himself had risen from that branch; "you can start tomorrow as an order in a round-house." He looked at his watch. "It's half past four. It's too late to start today."

OPEN THROTTLE AND HEAVY GRADE

The Story of a Railroad Man's Career

PART II





Jack has his "job" now, he is an oiler at the magnificent salary of 10 cents an hour. He often made more than that selling magazines, but there is a future to his present work and Jack is satisfied. It is his duty to clean and oil the engines after they have completed a run, not very dangerous work in spite of the fact that Jack has to climb all around the engine—and under it, too. But every minute of the day he is learning something. He isn't satisfied to do what he is told and not find out at a convenient time why he was given that order. He is interested also in the work of other men, and strikes up an acquaintance with Bob, a fireman who gives him 'pointers' on how to fire an engine.

This comes in handy one eventful day. For just as a local freight is about to pull out word is brought that its fireman has been taken suddenly ill, and Jack is told by the yard foreman that he, Jack Cartwright, is to be given the chance to make that run.

ZOTWOTS

STORY AND PICTURES BY BOB DEAN

THE MUKE RACE

"WHAT became of the Slink who so basely deceived the Wot and ate his jam?" I asked my little friend at the first opportunity.

"Well," she replied, regarding me quite seriously, "the Wot thought of punishing him by making him ride one of his Mukes. The more he thought about it the better it pleased him, till it occurred to him that if he had *two* Slinks to punish he could have *them* ride a race.

"Feeling certain of catching at least one Slink doing something he had no business to do by the time he'd need them the Wot hastened to Zotville to advertise when and where the race would be run.

"The news created quite a stir among the Zotwots, and the Jayfowl went about gleefully singing:—

"'Hurry up! Hurry up! Right about face.
Two Mukes are going to run a fast race.
Two Slinks will ride them and guide them with skill,
And if one does not win, why, the other one will!'

"But as the time set for the race drew near the Wot began to look anxious and worried, for the Slinks, knowing what was in his mind, were extremely careful to behave themselves and avoided him as much as possible.

"Their actions nettled the Wot, but he hid his feelings and, hunting them up one at a time, offered, with nervous, wistful smiles, to give them the honor of riding in the race. Every one refused with such desperate firmness that he soon knew that no amount of wheedling would ever induce one of them to get on a Muke's back.

"What to do he did not know. He groaned and wrung his hands in despair, for by this time the Zotwots had gathered along the road over which the race was to be run and were shouting impatient calls for the Wot.

"Harassed and desperate, he seized the first Slink he could find and, despite his squeaks of dismay, hurried him off to get ready to race, with such fierce determination that the Slink, knowing the Wot was in no mood to reason, thought it best to obey.

"Then, all smiles and good nature, the Wot, followed by two unhappy Slinks, each leading the Muke he was to ride, paraded over the course amid wild cheers from merry Zotwots.

"When the cheering stopped the Wot made a speech, telling how he'd worked to arrange this great event, praised his Mukes and their daring riders and assured them they were about to see the most exciting race that was ever yet run.

"Then, as the crowd became impatient, he made a low bow and gave the Slinks the word to mount, and they scrambled into their saddles, but immediately got out again, as the Mukes turned their heads and stared into their faces with cold, questioning eyes.

"The crowd laughed, and the Wot hoarsely ordered them to mount at once! But the Slinks sullenly hung their heads and stubbornly refused.

"The Wot coaxed and jeered and, finally, losing all patience, roared in a terrible voice:—'Bring forth the Blubberingboo!'

"The two Slinks jumped up and down and squealed piteously as the Blubberingboo sobbled eagerly toward them, blubbering with rage at being held in check by his keepers.

"'Better get on the Mukes,' said the Wot, 'or I'll let the Blubberingboo swallow you! Goin' t' get on, eh? Goin' t' get on?'

"In his eagerness to note the effect of his words he thoughtlessly turned his back to the Blubberingboo and leered into the Slinks' fear-stricken faces.

"Then before the horrified crowd could move the Blubberingboo snivelled, and suddenly pounced with such vim that he broke from his guards and plunged straight at the Wot with wide open mouth.

"All stared, speechless with horror, but the Boo missed the Wot, tripped over him and rolled over and over.

"As the Wot went down he uttered a wild shriek, threw up his hands and blindly clutched the Blubberingboo's tail, sending him into spasms of fright. Kicking and squawling, he thrashed around and, as the Wot would not let go, frantically scrambled to his feet and dashed madly down the road.

"The Zotwots, forgetting their own danger, fearlessly headed him off and shouted to the Wot to let go. But he only gripped the tighter.

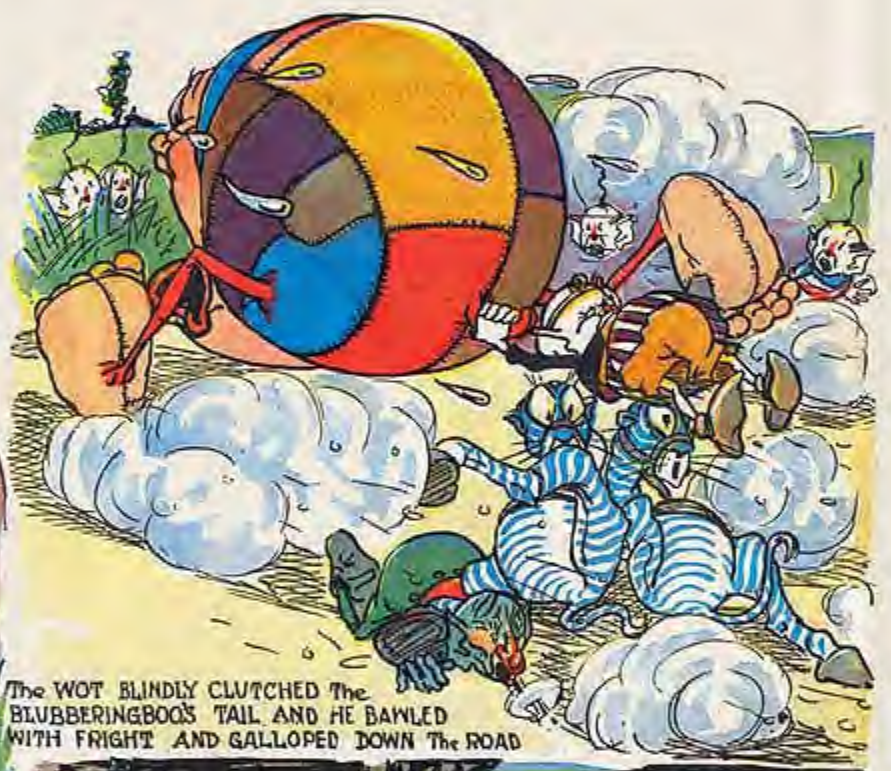
"Suddenly the Blubberingboo whirled and headed straight for his den and galloped around and around in frenzied fear.

"The Zotwots followed to the entrance, and every time he passed tried to grab the Wot. Failing in this, they got a rope, and after several attempts lassoed him and jerked him loose."

"And the race wasn't run?" I asked.

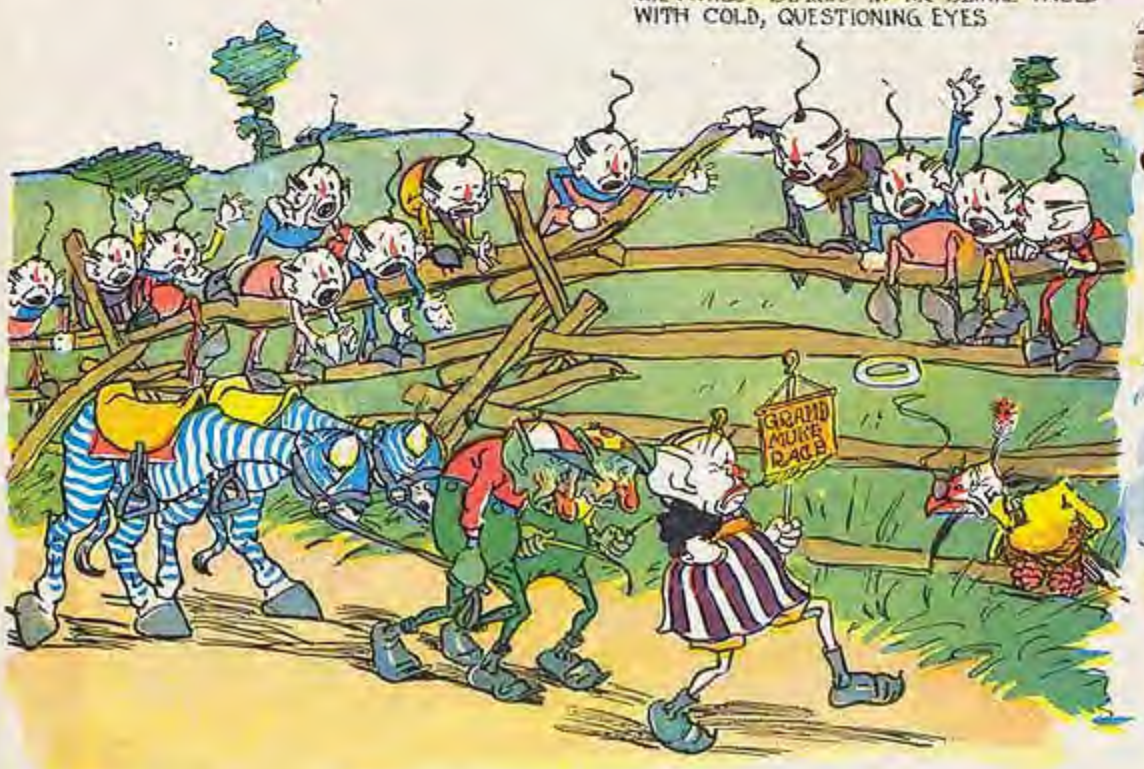
"No, for when he went to look for the Slinks who were to ride they could not be found, and as the Wot didn't seem very anxious to find them the disappointed crowd at last went home."

"BETTER GET ON The MUKES," SAID The WOT, "OR I'LL LET The BLUBBERINGBOO SWALLOW YOU!"

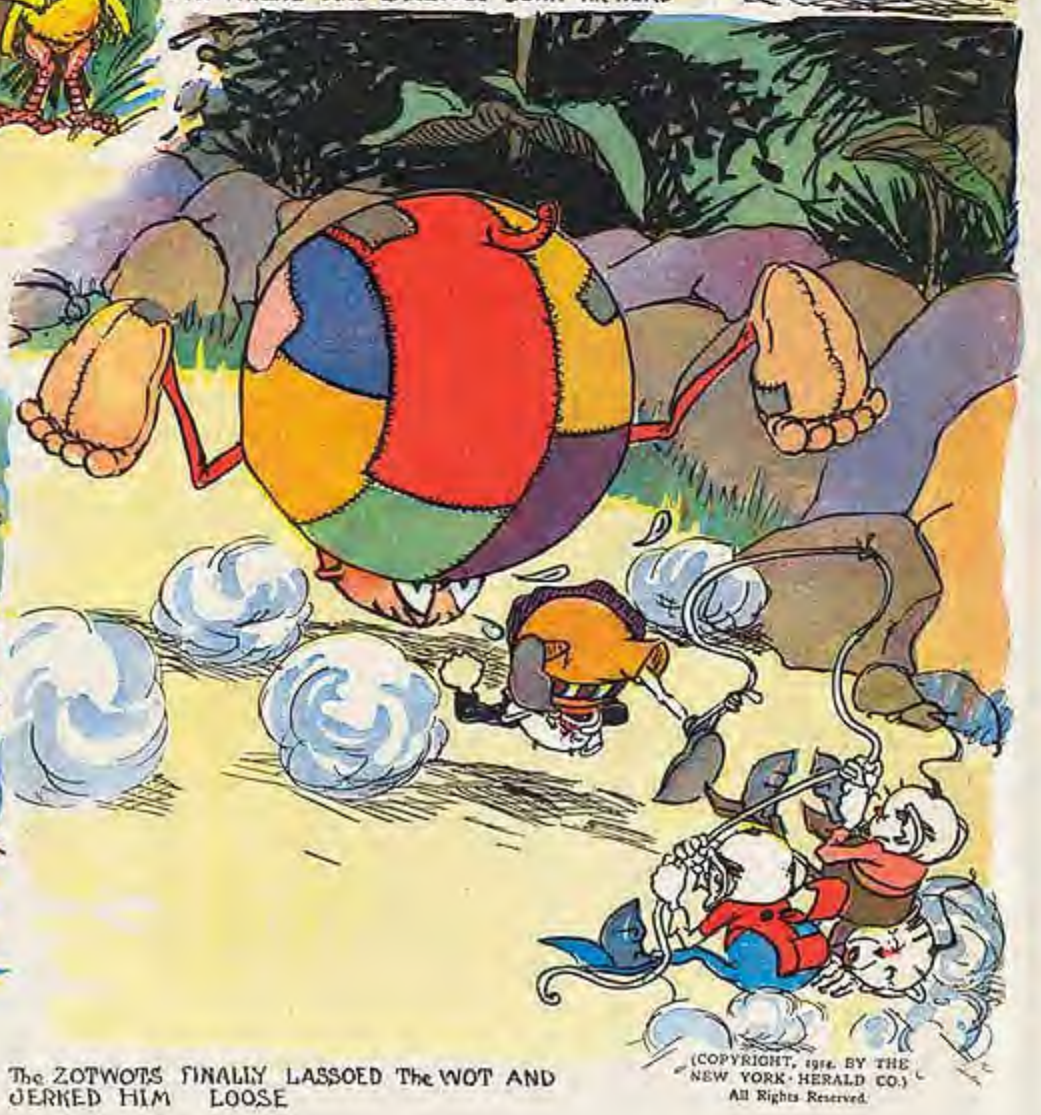


The WOT BLINDLY CLUTCHED The BLUBBERINGBOO'S TAIL AND HE BAWLED WITH FRIGHT AND GALLOPED DOWN The ROAD

The MUKES STARED IN The SLINKS' FACES WITH COLD, QUESTIONING EYES



The WOT FOLLOWED BY The TWO SLINKS, EACH LEADING The MUKE HE WAS TO RIDE, MARCHED TO The STARTING PLACE



The ZOTWOTS FINALLY LASSOED The WOT AND JERKED HIM LOOSE

(COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.

COMIC SECTION

THE MIAMI HERALD.

MIAMI, FLORIDA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1914.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE V. HOBART

THE DINKELSPIELS

STAGED BY HARRY J. WESTERMAN.

LOOEY! ROSIE! STOP SUCH A ARGUMENTS! YOU MUST HAF PICKED UP EFERY-BODY'S TEMPER VEN DEY LOST IT. I DOAND UNDERSTOOD VARE YOU GOT SO MUCH TEMPER, YET!
I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T!
YOU DID! YOU DID! YOU DID! YOU DID! YOU DID!
BILLS! BILLS! NODDINGS BUT BILLS! NOW I SEE VY DEY INVENTIONED DER PARCELS POST TO CARRY BILLS, ALARTTY!
YELL, DINKY, DER MEN VOT GAVE YOU CREDICK HAS TO NOTICE YOU MIT A BILL, AIND IT?
YES, BUT DEY DOAN'D HAF TO NOTICE ME IN BUNCHES LIKE A SNOWSTORM MIT POSTAGE STAMPS ON IT!
TAKE YOURSELF AVAY UND LEAVE IT SOMEVARE!
I HAF HERE A LEEDLE BILL VICH IS OLDER DEN IT LOCKS!
DOAN'D SPEAK SUCH CONTEMPT TO HAUSENPEFFER DER BUTCHER YOU SOUP-BONEHEAD! YOU PAY FOR YOUR ROAST-BEEF OR I ROAST YOU COOT, YET!
SOUP-BONEHEAD- IS IT! I SHOW YOU SOME-DINGS, YOU BET ME!
HELFEN!
HELFEN!
SPIEGEL!
CHURE.
PY CHIMINETTY, SPIEGEL! DOT IS DARE TIME DOT HAUSENPEFFER ALMOST LOST ME MY TEMPER!
CHURE!
Westerman

I JUST HAD A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH ANOTHER TAXI. I DON'T THINK THAT'S ANY NICE WAY TO MEET COMPETITION!

-K-

STONE AGE STUFF

THANKS FOR THE INVITATION JUST THE SAME BOYS, BUT I'M OFF ALL THAT STUFF FOR GOOD

DEAN CORNWELL

SPA'E DA ROD AN' SPOIL DA CHILE. I GOTTA BE A NU'SE GIRL NOW FO' A WHILE!

GEORGE

HALL

NO, THE BOSS DIDN'T MAKE ME SMALL THIS WEEK JUST TO GET OUT OF WORK. HE WANTED TO SPRING THE WHEEZE ABOUT MY BEING A LITTLE SHAVER

WHEN I GET MARRIED AND HAVE A HOME OF MY OWN I'M GOING TO MANICURE ALL THE NAILS IN THE HOUSE SO IT'LL LOOK NEAT!

O'COURSE THE PRICE O' PARIS GREEN HAS GONE UP! IT'S ACCOUNT O' TH' WAR!

CALAMITY HOWLER

HALL

FREDDY FRAPPE

—FILOSOFIZZES—

AS THE FELLOW SAYS:— SPEAKING OF "STONE AGE STUFF," I ASKED THE MAN THAT TAKES UP THE WASTE PAPER IN THE PARK, HOW BUSINESS WAS SINCE THE WAR— HE SAID, OH!, IT'S BEEN PICKING UP ALL SUMMER,

SODA SPEAK

CORNWELL

FREDDY FRAPPE
—PHILOSOPHIZES—
"AS THE FELLOW SAYS,"—
EVERY TIME I SEE A PICTURE OF A SOLDIER DRESSED IN WAR UNIFORM, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK, "HE'S DRESSED TO KILL, SOPA SPEAK!"
STONE AGE STUFF
HELLO BELLE, THIS IS BOB.—WELL I'VE BEEN WANTING TO CALL YOU UP FOR SEVERAL DAYS, BUT EVERY TIME I TRIED, YOUR LINE WAS BUSY.

THE NERVE O' THAT SHOOSH MERCHANT NEXT DOOR! JUST FOR THAT I'LL CUT HIS ACQUAINTANCE
Freddy Frappe
—FILOSOFIZZES—
AS THE FELLOW SAYS — THIS JOB IS CERTAINLY A "COLD SNAP" FOR ME— SNOW USE TO EXPECT PEOPLE TO COME IN FOR ICES WHEN IT'S THRUST UPON 'EM ON THE OUTSIDE— SODA SPEAK"
SEEIN' ICICLES ON TH PEAK O' THE SODA FOUNTAIN REMINDS ME O' TH GUY THAT HAD A JOB WITH A BALD HEADED GINK AN ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS DUST OFF TH DOME EACH A M THEY FOUND THE GINK HAD SOFTENIN' O' TH' BRAIN AN TH GUY HAD BEEN HAVIN' A SOFT JOB AN' DIDN'T KNOW IT'
HALL

BOBBIE MAKE-BELIEVE
PRETENDS HE'S HUNTING PIRATES

COMIC SECTION
The
Sunday Leader
Cleveland, Sunday, Feb 7th 1915

DEM BOYS

DERE VAS A HOT TIME AT DER NORT' POLE!

BY KARIS

THE BOY SCOUTS BILL AND BOBBIE

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY THE NEW YORK PRESS CO., LTD.

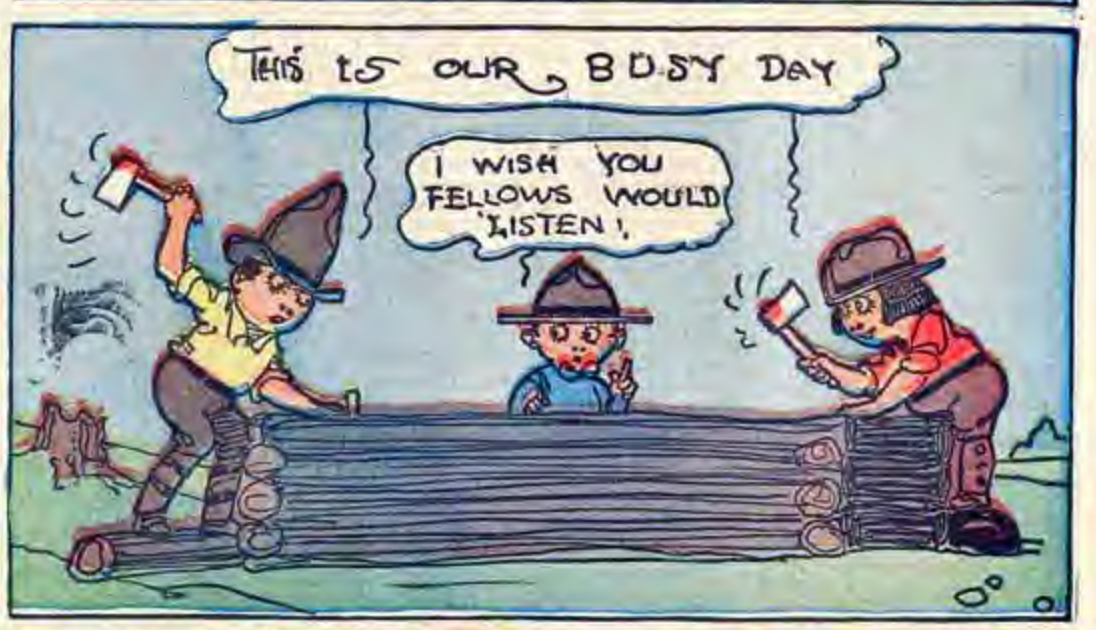
Bub--He's a Bear! He's a Bear!

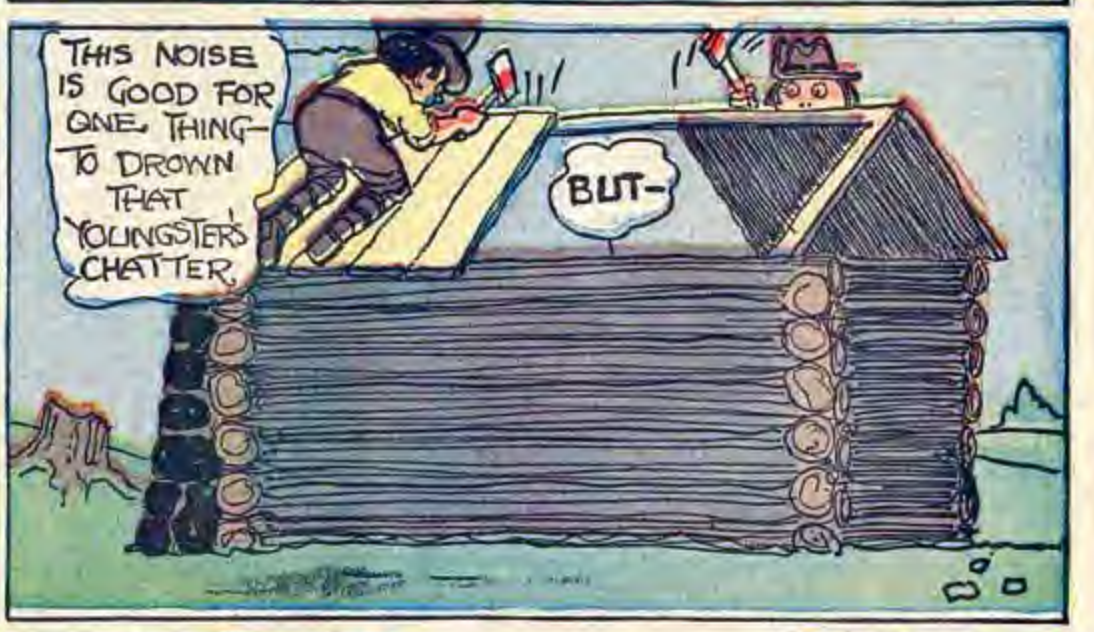
WHAT DID THE BEAR WHISPER IN YOUR EAR???
OH-HE JUST SAID I WAS A REGULAR SCOUT, AND YOU FELLOWS BELONGED IN A SORT OF ANNEX!
BERNE JOHNSON

THE BOY SCOUTS BILL AND BOBBIE

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE NEW YORK PRESS CO., LTD.

Four Walls Don't Make a House





SOME LITTLE SHACK, THAT!
FINEST IN THE WOODS! BUT WHAT HAS BECOME OF LITTLE BUB.? I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM PEEP SINCE WE PUT ON THE ROOF!

MY LITTLE SUGGESTION WAS ABOUT WINDOWS AND DOORS! YOU CAN'T EXPECT EVERYBODY TO DO THIS SANTA CLAUS CHIMNEY STUNT!
-OF THAT!
WE NEVER THOUGHT-

James Montgomery Flagg's Sketches . . .

"Peaches and Cream"—A Study With Verses by Joe Toye

(C) James Montgomery Flagg

I wonder when Flagg was a mixer of drinks?
He must have been some time or other, methinks;
Or how could he ever be able to draw
A picture of something that he never saw?

I never imagined, till looking at this,
That here is a pleasure the most of us miss.
When we want a soda we purchase our checks,
And all that we see is the backs of their necks.

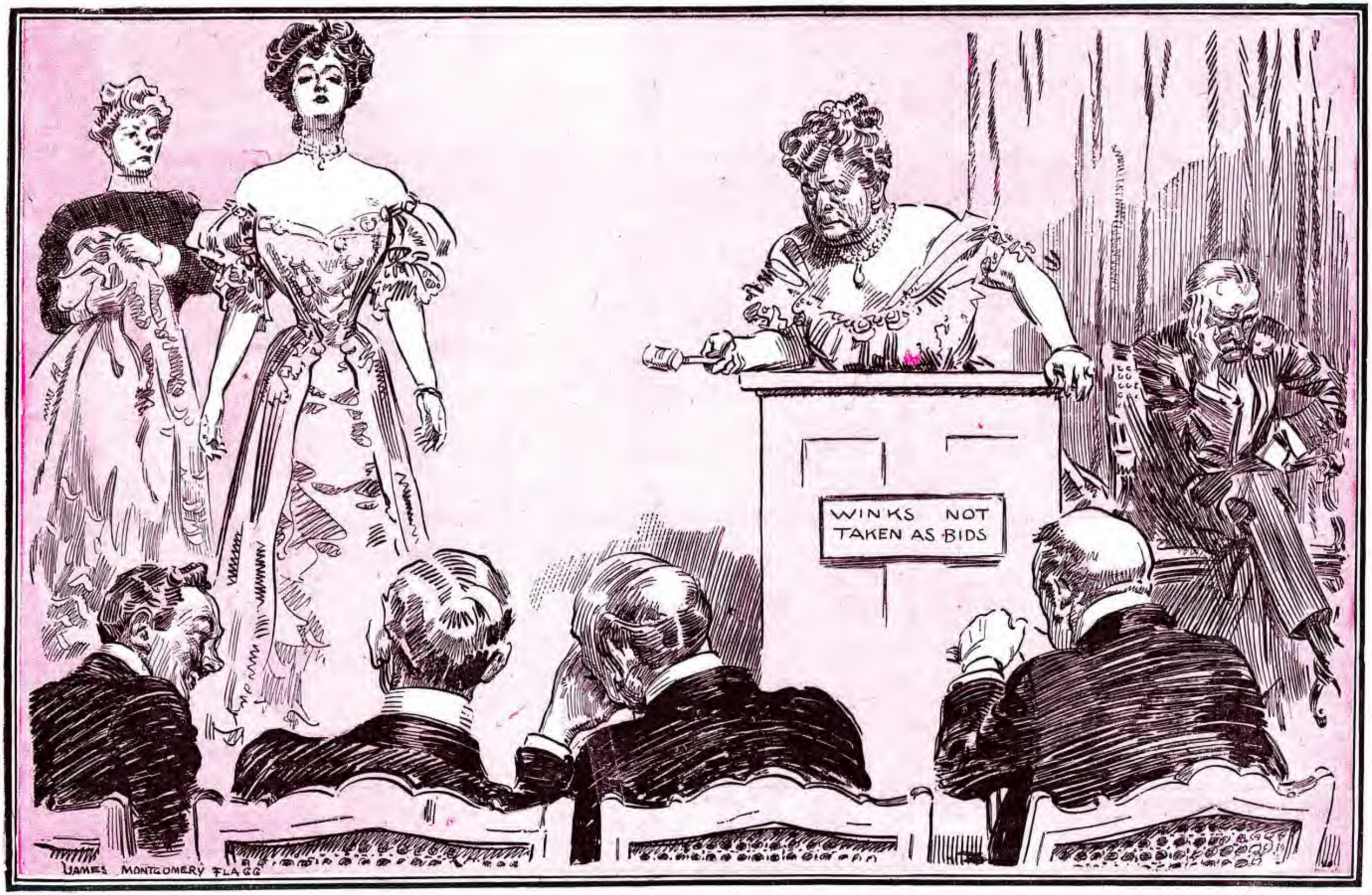
Right here I got stuck and I thought of a scheme
To finish my jingle for "Peaches and Cream."
I bought me a soda while coming to work,
And then I recited my rhyme to the clerk.

"Say, feller," said he, "I dunno about verse.
I know I've seen better. I might have seen worse.
But judging from this feller's sketch I can see
He never sold soda, now take it from me!"

JOE TOYE.

James Montgomery Flagg's Sketches .

"Baronetcy! Baronetcy! Do I Hear Dukedom?"
With Verses by Joe Toye



(C) James Montgomery Flagg

When you see a wealthy maiden
Dressed to kill; her shoulders laden
With a rope of pearls, and jewels in her ears,
Don't be filled by discontentment,
Nor with envy or resentment,
For perhaps she's not so gay as she appears.

Things aren't always milk and honey
For the girls with scads of money.
If a mother wants to lead the social whirl,
She will sacrifice her daughter,
Like a lamb that's led to slaughter,
To a fortune-hunting baronet or earl.

Then she lets her "darling" daughter
Take a look at what she bought her;
And it really doesn't matter in the least
If she hates him. What is vital
Is the fact he has a title—
Tho' he takes her home and treats her like a beast.

But, of course, it isn't always
That the fathers chew their Galways
When they see their daughters married off to earls.
There are lots of earls and others
Just as manly as your brothers,
But you seldom see them wedding wealthy girls.

—JOE TOYE.

Keeping Cool ..... By Lawrence Semon

A pipe of "Tux" is just as c-o-o-l and refreshing as a bucket of ice-water in the middle of the Sahara desert.

All the scorch and bite are taken out of Tuxedo by the famous original Tuxedo Process, which puts the solid comfort into pipe-smoking.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Tuxedo is the mildest, most delicious tobacco made. Not only does it make you want to enjoy your pipe or cigarette as never before, but it also overcomes a possible smoking influence on your whole system.

There's only one Tuxedo Process, and only Tuxedo can be made by that process. That's why none of the many imitations ever equal Tuxedo.

Try Tuxedo for a week and you'll smoke it forever.

YOU CAN BUT TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, pleasure-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch **5c**

Handsome pound tin, with gold lettering, Cedar-lined to preserve **10c**

THE TROUBLES OF THE TITMOUSE TWINS

What a Lovely Ride---Whoa!

Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

SAY SAM, HE LASSOED A GRASSHOPPER JUST HE THROWED THEM!
YOU SHOULD HAVE USED BOTH ON HIM.
YEP, HE THROWED ME LIKE A HARLAINE AN I LITE ON TOMMY
ICE 'N YOU STAND THIS SPUR ON YOUR HEEL AN EVERY TIME HE JUMPS YOU KICK HIM WITH IT AN HE'LL STOP.
SIMONE MUSTA CAUGHT ALL OF THE GRASSHOPPERS
QUILLY WIG! QUILLY WIGGLE! QUEEVY! QUEEVY!
DESENT I WANT WAS THAT?!!
GEE TOMMY, THEY SOUND LIKE A REAL RATTLESNAKE WIGGLE TAIL'N QUICK WITH THE HOOPS!
GOSSH WIGGLES KA THA ACQUEE?
FLEEPY WOOF! JUMBO!!
NEED STILL YOULL SCREEM!!
HA! GOOD AIDEA TOMMY! WE'LL NAILED BOTH OR EM, NOW WELL RIDE EM!
GO WEE! SCREEM!!
HELOW PASTOR, HARRY HENNES!! GET A HOSE! GET YOU, THE SHARK WILL GET YOU!
WELL MAKE TO GET, STICKS TOMMY!! WE COULD DRIVING QUICKER OF RUNNING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!
AH! HERE THEY'RE GOIN HERE! GIT AP, MERCURY!
LETS STIR EM UP A BIT FASTER TOMMY, AN AS WE COME TO THE GROCERY WE WILL PULL EM UP WITH A GRAND FLOURISH LIKE THE COWBOYS DO
HELLO TOMMY! LOTS OF ZOOM HERE WE HEAR AN THERES A BIG CROWD WATCHING US! WELL MAKE THE GOODS GASP WITH ASTONISH-MENT! WHOA!
THEYLL THINK WE HAVE SOME MANNING AT THIS REMINISCH OF SHILL!
WHAT THE HEE HAW! HERE IS THE PRINCESS OF BROOKLYN!
HELLO SAMMY!
YAW HAW!!!
YAW HAW HAW!!! THE WORMS SES HAS TWONGES!!!
HEE HAW!
HEE HAW!
HOY AN CHARLY, YOURE SHIPPIN!!

HONEST, THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED!

By Allman

DID A HORSE KICK YOU, JAKE?
NOT EXACTLY DOC - THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED
I AM COACH OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM AND WE WANT YOU TO PLAY ON THE TEAM
RAH-RAH-RAH
NOW, REMEMBER - IF YOU GET YOUR HANDS ON THAT BALL, RUN FOR ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR
RAH-RAH - JAKE IS GOING TO CATCH THE KICK OFF!
GREAT
?
HE'S RUNNING THE WRONG WAY !!!
HEY

NOOZIE

THE DAILY HERALD WEATHER KID

WEATHER FORCAST, FOR MISSISSIPPI

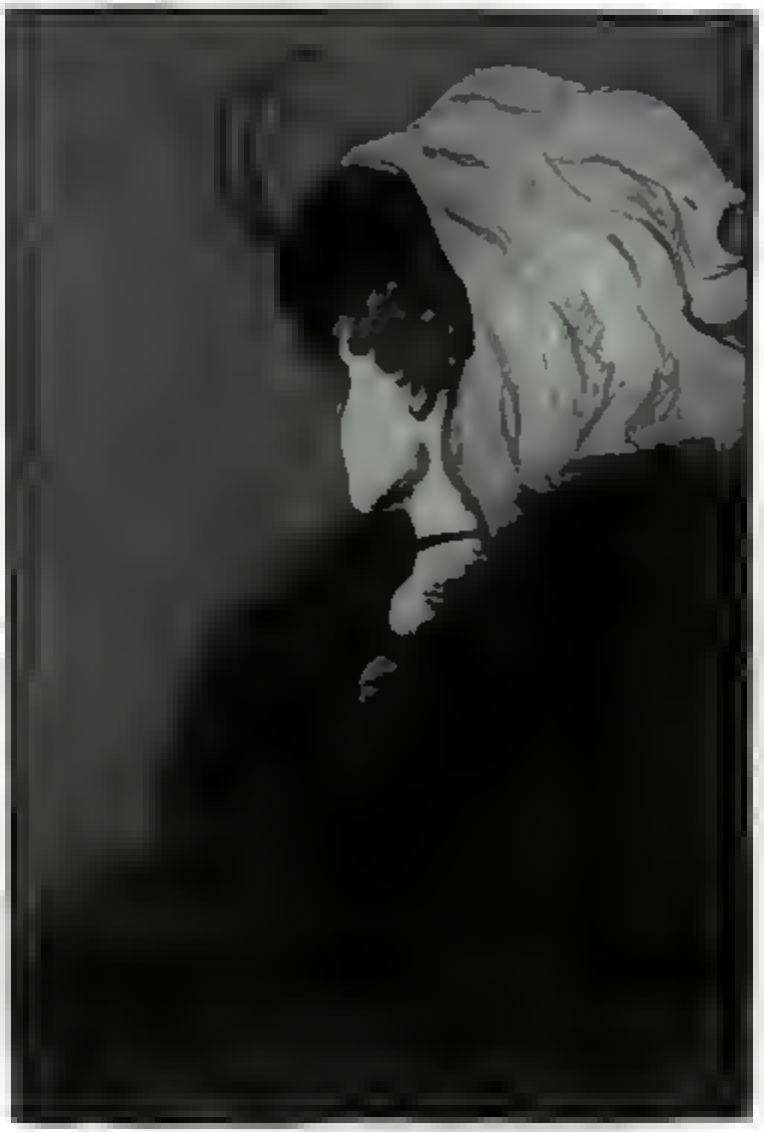
Fair tonight, except showers in the southeast portion; cooler Thursday, fair.

TEMPERATURE

Todays temperature as recorded by the U. S. Weather Bureau:

Lowest, 65; 12 noon, 65; rainfall last 24 hours, 2.98 inches.

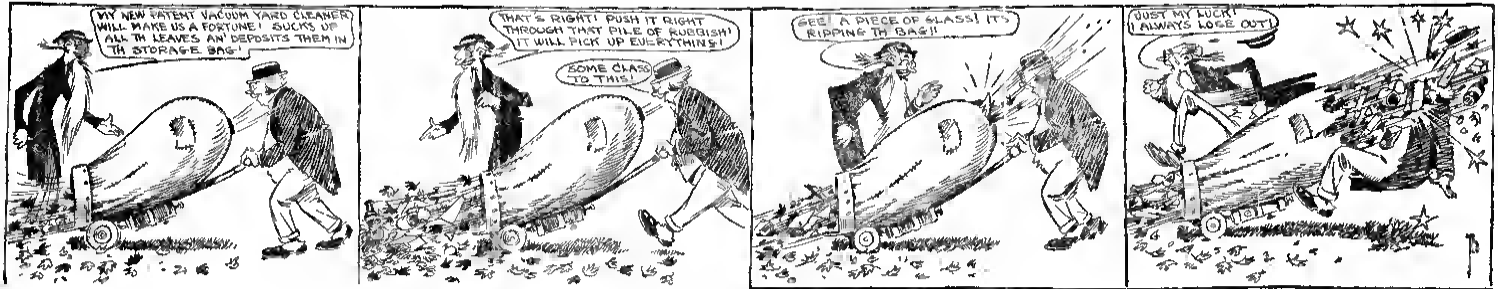
I WANTER HIT THE TRAIL OF ONE OF THESE HERE JELLY FISH LET US HAVE PEACE GINKS.
ARE YOU ONE OF THESE GINKS WHAT B'LEIVE IN PEACE AT ANY PRICE
LET ME SEE .
I ALLUS HAD A IDEE THAT TER KEEP FROM GITTIN LICKED WAS WUTH ALL OF TWO DOLLARS
THEN AGIN SEEIN AS TIMES IZ HARD, IN MY CASE, I'VE FIGGERED OUT MOST ANY SUM, SAY ONE TWENTY FIVE SHOULD BE PLENTY NUFF
BUT SEEIN AS TAINT MUCH OF A LICKIN I'LL QUIT FER FIFTY CENTS. CASH



MY WIFE AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
They are both in this picture — Find them

THE INVENTOR

His Cleaner Absorbs Everything


MY NEW PATENT VACUUM YARD CLEANER WILL MAKE US A FORTUNE! SUCKS UP ALL TH LEAVES AN' DEPOSITS THEM IN TH STORAGE BAG!
THAT'S RIGHT! PUSH IT RIGHT THROUGH THAT PILE OF RUBBISH! IT WILL PICK UP EVERYTHING!
SOME CLASS TO THIS!
SEE! A PIECE OF GLASS! IT'S RIPPING TH BAG!!
DUST MY LUCK! I ALWAYS LOSE OUT!

(Copyright 1916 by W. Werner)

THE INVENTOR

His Contrivance Is Satisfactory

FOR ONE DAY TH GREAT MECHANICAL PROBLEMS OF MY MIND WILL BE FORGOTTEN IN TH SIMPLE PLEASURE OF GATHERING NUTS!
HELP! THERE'S AN UGLY DOG COMING RIGHT FOR US!
LEAVE IM TO ME
TH SIMPLE PROBLEM OF STOPPIN AN UGLY DOG IS—
CHILDS PLAY FOR A GENIUS LIKE MYSELF!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU THIS TIME! YOU'RE SOME INVENTOR!

(Copyright, 1915, by W. Werner.)

PA! IF YOU WILL GIVE ME 25¢ I WILL BE VERY GOOD!
MY SON, YOU MUST NOT BE GOOD FOR MONEY. YOU MUST BE GOOD FOR NOTHING.
I WANTED THE 25¢ TO BUY A MONKEY
YOUNG MAN! YOU ARE THE ONLY MONKEY THAT WE'LL HAVE IN THIS HOUSE, AND THATS FINAL
WELL, THEN GIVE ME 25¢ TO BUY THE MONKEY SOME NUTS!
?
LOOK FLORENCE! PA GAVE ME A WHOLE QUARTER
OH GOODY
Hal Tucker

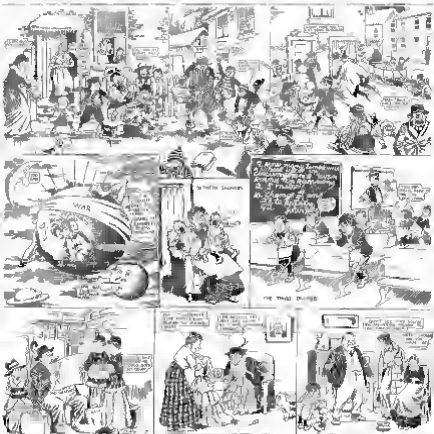
CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S COMIC CAPERS

HE GOT RESULTS, ANYWAY

WHEN CHIEF I'M GOING OUT TO WORK ON MY CASE, AGAIN
YOU OUGHT TO BE MAKING AN ARREST BEFORE LONG
SO - THIS IS THE WAY YOU'RE WORKING ON A CASE! INSTEAD O' MAKIN ARRESTS YOU'RE SETTIN UNDER A TREE
BUT CHIEF LET ME EXPLAIN- I LISTEN FOR THE HENS CACKLING - AND THEN I PINCH THE EGGS
???
HERE'S THE CASE IM WORKING ON NOW — LOOK — IT'S ALMOST FULL

LIFE'S LITTLE PHONIES

Spot-Light Sketches



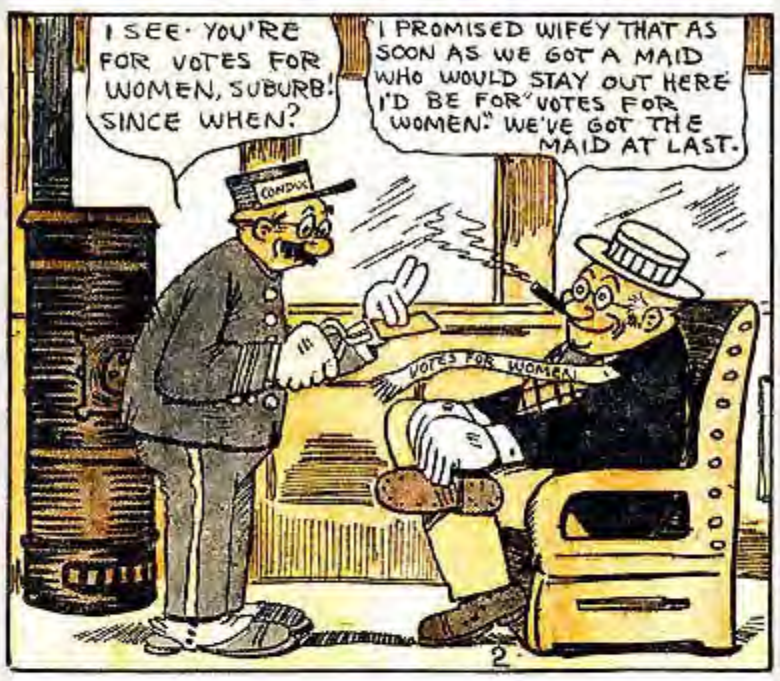
THE MEANDERINGS OF MINNIE

Passed by the Board of Censors

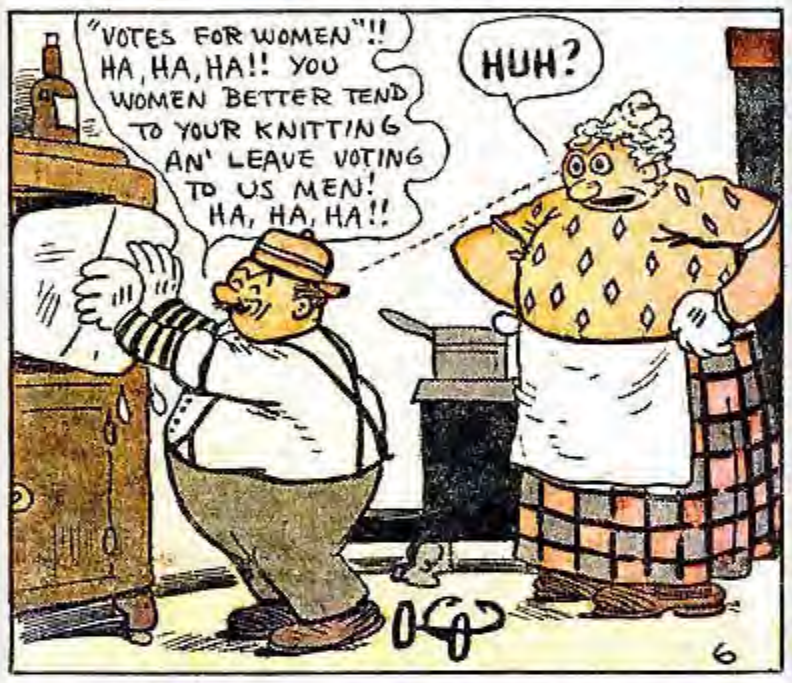
Living in Lonesomehurst

Mr. and Mrs. Suburb Carried the Suffrage Business Too Far

BEULAH, MRS. JONES THE FAMOUS SUFFRAGETTE WILL CALL ON ME THIS AFTERNOON SO HAVE THE HOUSE AS NEAT AS A PIN!
SURE
VOTES FOR WOMEN!
1


I SEE· YOU'RE FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN, SUBURB! SINCE WHEN?
I PROMISED WIFEY THAT AS SOON AS WE GOT A MAID WHO WOULD STAY OUT HERE I'D BE FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN. WE'VE GOT THE MAID AT LAST.
CONDOR
VOTES FOR WOMEN!
2

SO MR. SUBURB HAS JOINED OUR RANKS AT LAST!! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY MAN WITH ANY INTELLIGENCE WOULD WANT TO KEEP THE RIGHT TO VOTE FROM US. WE'RE THE EQUAL OF ANY MAN!
SURELY
4



SAY, YOU SHRIMP, YOU TALK LIKE A GRAZY MAN! AIN'T I HUMAN JUST LIKE YOU?? YOU BETCHA I AM! SAY, LISTEN—
TEE HEE! IT'S BEULAH TALKING TO OUR ICE MAN.
7

I CERTAINLY AM FOR EQUAL SUFFRAGE. AND HERE'S MY CHECK FOR $100 I PROMISED MY WIFE I'D GIVE TO THE LOCAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. BY THE WAY, YOUR LEADER MRS. JONES IS CALLING ON MRS. SUBURB THIS AFTERNOON
THANKS SO MUCH, MR. SUBURB
VOTES FOR WOMEN
10

OH, HUBBY— BOO-HOO-HOO! OUR MAID'S QUIT! - BOO-HOO HOO! MRS. JONES TOOK HER!! SHE WANTS BEULAH TO WORK FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE!!
OH! LISTEN TO THIS
BOO HOO HOO —
11

AND THEN
HELLO, THE BANK? THIS IS SAM SUBURB! STOP PAYMENT ON A CHECK FOR $100 ISSUED BY ME TODAY IN FAVOR OF THE LOCAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. DON'T CASH THAT CHECK, UNDERSTAND?
? ?
—ED MACK—
12

"HOP," THE BENEDICT, IS INTERVIEWED

AW-GEE WHIZ— GOSH—THIS AINT EASY STUFF TO TALK INTELLIGENTLY ABOUT—
AND MAY I SAY THAT TO SEE YOUR WIFE IS TO APPRECIATE YOUR JUDGEMENT AND WONDER AT HERS?

Frank W. Hopkins, cartoonist creator of "Noozie," "Scoop, the Cub Reporter," and other funny fellers, blushes and stammers through an interview with The Press reporter while here on his honeymoon.

Living in Lonesomehurst

Hilda Finds a Sure Cure for Insomnia, But Loses Her Job

Copyright, 1916, by Star Company. Great-Britain Rights Reserved

CLANG! CLANG! DANG!

ZZ-ZZ SNORE- ZZZ

1 THAT DOG HAD HYDROPHOBIA ALL RIGHT,- MISTER SUBURB, BUT I FIXED HIM. HERE'S YOUR CHLOROFORM. I ONLY NEEDED A FEW DROPS

POOR DOG, BUT IT'S BETTER OFF NOW. HERE'S A DOLLAR FOR YOU, HIRAM

2 OH, HUBBY! THE BROWNS JUST NOW ARRIVED!

OH, FINE! I'LL BE THERE IN A MOMENT, WIFEY

3 COMPANY FOR DINNER! GEE, I'M GLAD WE'VE GOT SUCH A FINE MAID!!

?

4 M-M- AYE WONDER WHAT'S IN DAS BOTTLE. (SNIFF) M-M- SMELLS SVEET--- M-

SNIFF SNIFF

THE CHLOROFORM

5 SNIFF SNIFF

"CLOSE-UP" JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES

6 YES, BROWN, OUR MAID WORRIES ARE AT AN END. WIFEY, ASK HILDA TO TAKE THESE WRAPS, THEN THE BROWNS CAN SEE HER

HIL-DA!

YES- LADY- HMM-

7 FINE! HILDA, YOU MAY HANG UP THESE WRAPS

HO HUM!

8 HO HUM-M-M-M! YUMPIN' YIMMINY AYE BANE SLEEPY---

9 SOME MAID M'DEAR! TEE HEE!

SH-H-H! TEE HEE

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE!

SNORE-

10 TEE HEE! TEE HEE!

THIS IS THE LIMIT! SHE'S BEEN ASLEEP AN HOUR

HILDA! HILDA!! WAKE UP!! IT'S PAST DINNER TIME

HO HUM-M!

TING A LING

TING A LING

11 OH, DEAR, OH, DEAR! I FEEL SO HUMILIATED

HILDA, YOU'RE DISCHARGED! ARE YOU WIDE AWAKE ENOUGH TO HEAR THAT?

SURE! HO HUM! BUT AYE WAS SO SLEEPY

12 DID SHE KEEP LATE HOURS, MRS SUBURB?

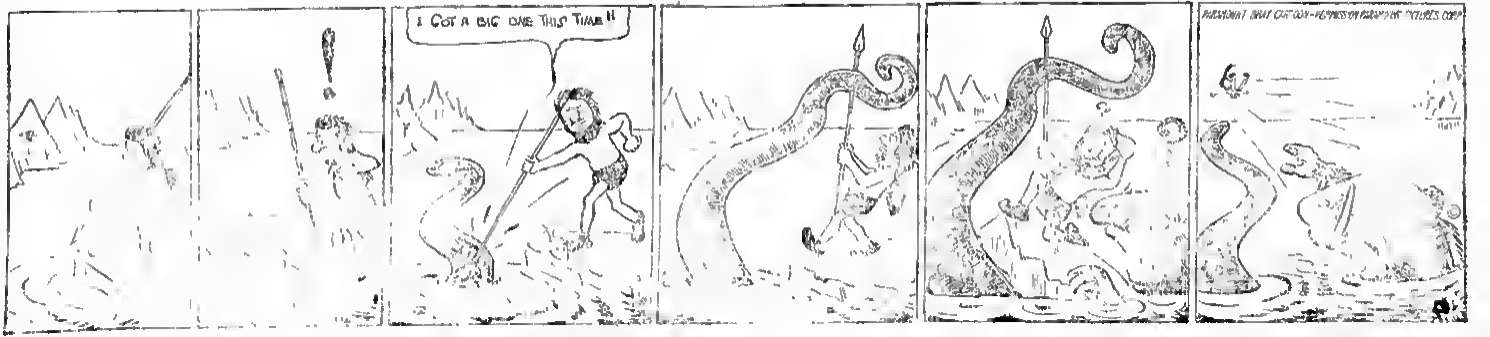
I CAN'T SAY. THIS WAS HER FIRST DAY WITH US

YIMMINY, AYE UAS SLEEPY. AYE FEEL FINE AFTER DAS NAP. IT BANE TOO LONESOME OUT HERE ANY WAY. AYE WAS GOING TO QUIT-

LOTS FOR SALE

— ED MACK —

Greenland's Icy Mountains - - - - - - - - - - - - - By G. L. Glackens



THE STORY OF CREATION.—AN INTERPRETATION BY A BUFFALO ARTIST LESTER J. AMBROSE

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament; and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven, and the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place and let the dry land appear," and it was so. God called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas. And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind." And God saw that it was good.

And God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." And God blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth." And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing and beast of the earth after his kind." And it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind.

God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. He rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.

The Home of Well Dressed Boys

Out o' Door Days Here! And Sturdy

Boys' Suits Are $5

With One or Two Pair of Trousers!

Just the kind that mothers like to have their boys wear—well made durable Suits that stand all kinds of tumbles and games. Boys like them too—they like the patterns the colors and styles. The materials are all carefully selected and tested. The tailoring is first class in every respect. There's a huge variety of them for choice. With either one or two pairs of trousers. Sizes 6 to 18 years. $5 a suit

Other Splendid Suits for Boys in Brand New Military Styles and Conservatives, $7.50 Up.

Wash Suits for Small Boys

Attractive styles made up in staple ginghams and percales for everyday wear and superb dress up suits in linen, silk and linen and silk fabrics. Dozens of models. Every desirable color and style. Sizes for boys of 2 to 8 years of age. $1 to 10

RAINCOATS FOR BOYS in handsome styles, thoroly waterproof. $3.00 to $12.50.

GREAT LINE OF BOYS HATS ready for choice. New Straws, Cloth Hats etc. 25c up

Boys' Medium and Heavy Ribb, Reinforced School Hose, 25c and 50c.

Boys' Shoes at $3 Are Great

Excellent gunmetal button Shoes with broad footform toes and Goodyear welt sewed soles. Ideal for school wear. "Little gents'" sizes, 9 to 13½ at $3 pair.

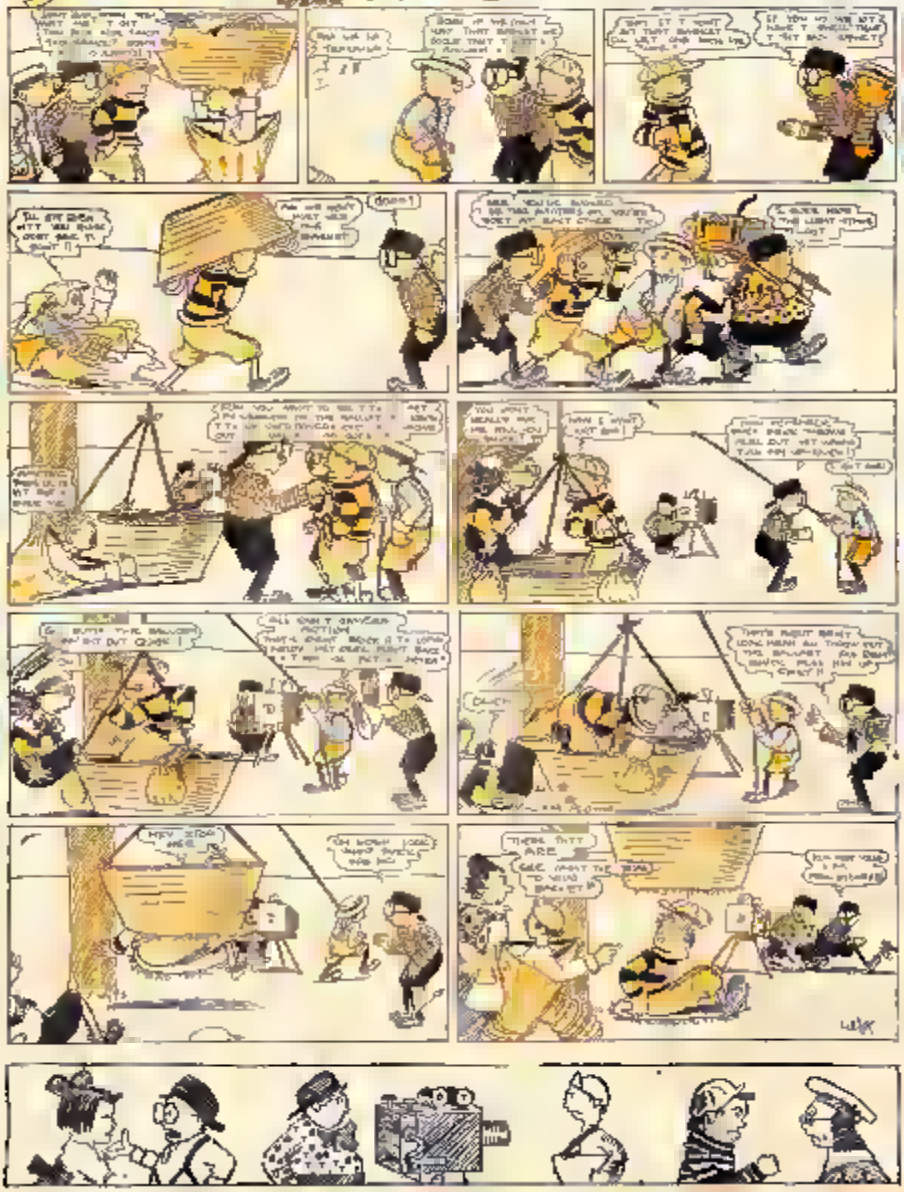
Gunmetal button Shoes that are made with heavy oak soles and medium high round toes. Just the thing for strenuous springtime service. Sizes 2½ to 6. $3 pair

THE DAVIS

201-203 S. ADAMS ST

BACK-YARD MOVIES

The AVIATOR'S ASCENSION or the BUSTED BALLOON BASKET.



B IS AN ARTIST named BALL—
His first name is Robert; the tall
And fine buildings of course he's
A dab at, and horses
And cabs and pedestrians and all.

C IS FOR CALVERT who draws
A sure bead on old Santa Claus;
His lofty sky-scrapers
And fanciful capers,
Combined evoke merry applause.

C FOR VERSATILE CONACHER stands,
Who draws all kinds of faces and hands;
He does rich men and babies
And mad-dogs with rabies,
Wet oceans and trees and brass-bands.

WALTER DE MARIS

D IS THE RISING DE MARIS;
For in the ascendant his star is—
His smart illustrations
Of droll situations
Display the fine talents that are his.

DON HEROLD

D FOR DON HEROLD will stand.
He does pictures and text on demand—
Sort o' "doubles in ink,"
And we cannot but think
He must work with a pen in each hand.

A. A. Daggy

D IS FOR DAGGY who draws
With skill, but too seldom, because
Folks better acquainted
With what he has painted
Could give him more frequent applause.

WORDS BY HARDING

NEWS OF THE WEEK

SCENERY BY ZERE

THERE'S A REASON

The Mexican army has not yet invaded Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. We probably have a sentry on the International bridge.

SO?

The terrible German reservists who swarmed into Carranza's country have failed to swarm out as invaders. There are breweries in Mexico.

HOLD THE FORT!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Thus quoth Uncle Sam.
"Patience, friends, I'll soon be with you.
I am slow; I am."

"Hold the line; I'm mobilizing.
Wilhelm will get his.
All democracies are sluggish.
YOU know how it is!"

"Hold the trenches, I'm progressing.
Plans are taking shape.
Faster, faster, I'm unwinding
More and more red tape.

"Hold the front! I'll soon be with you,
You can bet your life!
But I need a little practice
On the drum and fife.

Hold the Hun! I'm now in motion.
Congress is awake.
Even now they are debating
Just what steps to take.

Hold the line, I'm merely waiting
While committees meet,
And while boards and sub-committees
Plan that wooden fleet.

Hold the fort! I'm sure to get there
Long before I die.
Let me first see if the nation
Will go wet or dry.

ETHEREAL.

We have few aeroplanes, but plenty of air plans.

TORPEDOED.

The Roosevelt foreign expedition has been sunk without warning on the River of Doubt.

ARTHUR N EDROP

E IS FOR EDROP,
I think.
With other utensils and
ink
He can brighten a spot,
And enliven the plot
With a speed that makes
editors blink.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

F IS FOR flourishing
FLAGG,
A versatile artist and wag.
Familiarly Jim,
His ardor and vim
And talents seem never to
lag.

F. Fithian

F FOR F. FITHIAN
surely;
Can country clubs flour-
ish obscurely
When with artistry keen
He appears on the
scene—
Or colleges side step se-
curely?

F IS FOR FULLER. Could one
Be fuller than Fuller of fun?
He constantly pleases
W'ith pertinent wheezes;
His industry's second to none.

F FOR MISS FOSTER—enough
To say she turns in clever stuff.
The Cupids she pens
Are better than men's,
And she's making her mark as a "Suff."

F IS FOR clever E. FLOHRI;
For years very nearly a score he
Has drawn for His Honor,
Jokes, covers and genre;
W'e hope he'll repeat it' b'gorry!

L. FELLOWS

F IS FOR sprightly
L. FELLOWS,
Whose thoroughbred
drawings compel us
To praise his precision
And accurate vision—
The verve of his clear
blues and yellows.

CHESTER L. GARDE

G IS FOR CHESTER
L. GARDE;
To praise his fine work
is not hard,
But already his name
Is coupled with fame,
So he's scarcely in need
of a bard.

G STANDS FOR
both GORDON and
GRANT
Whose mind has a
humorous slant.
He draws grown-ups
and children
With a technique be-
wilderin'—
We'd fain emulate but we
can't!

A Declaration of Independence!

Forbell

F IS FOR FORBELL.
A free
And extravagant fancy
has he;
He makes Lilliputians
In droll convolutions,
Ofttimes with the help
of A. C.

John B. Gruelle.

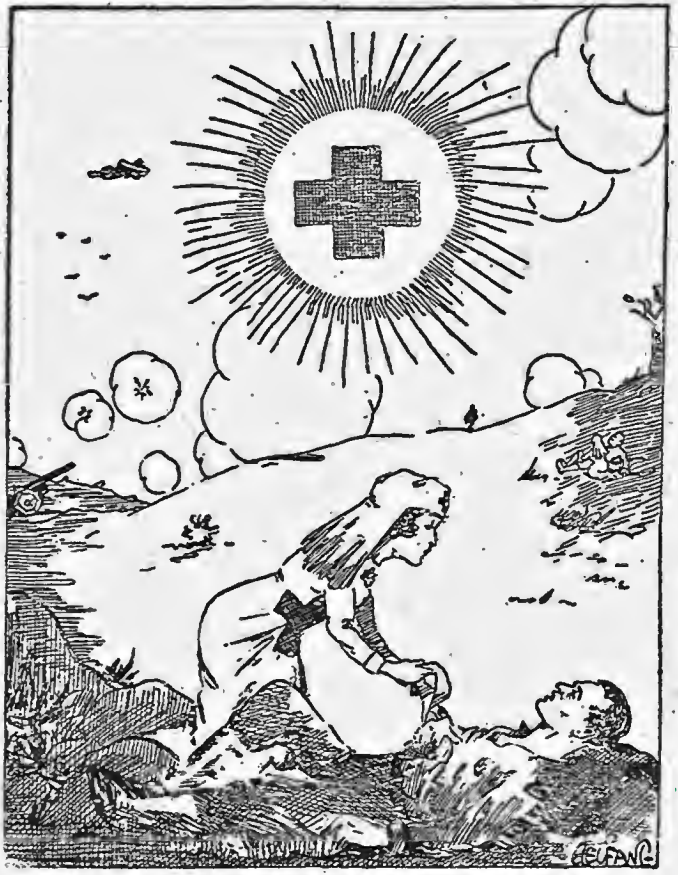
G IS FOR JOHNNY
GRUELLE,
Who has moved to Yapp's
Crossing to dwell.
He gives us each week
At his neighbors a peek,
And we hope there's a lot
more to tell.

Albert Hencke

H IS FOR
HENCKE. What
ho!
His poster-like covers,
you know,
Just reach out and get
you—
They simply won't let
you
Go, minus a copy or so.

Somewhere---Sometime

By "Art." Helfant



Grant E. Hamilton

H IS FOR HAMILTON, GRANT E.

His cartoons delight
palace and shanty;
At drawing a cheque
He's a wonder, by Heck!
He CAN draw some daisies
—now can't he?

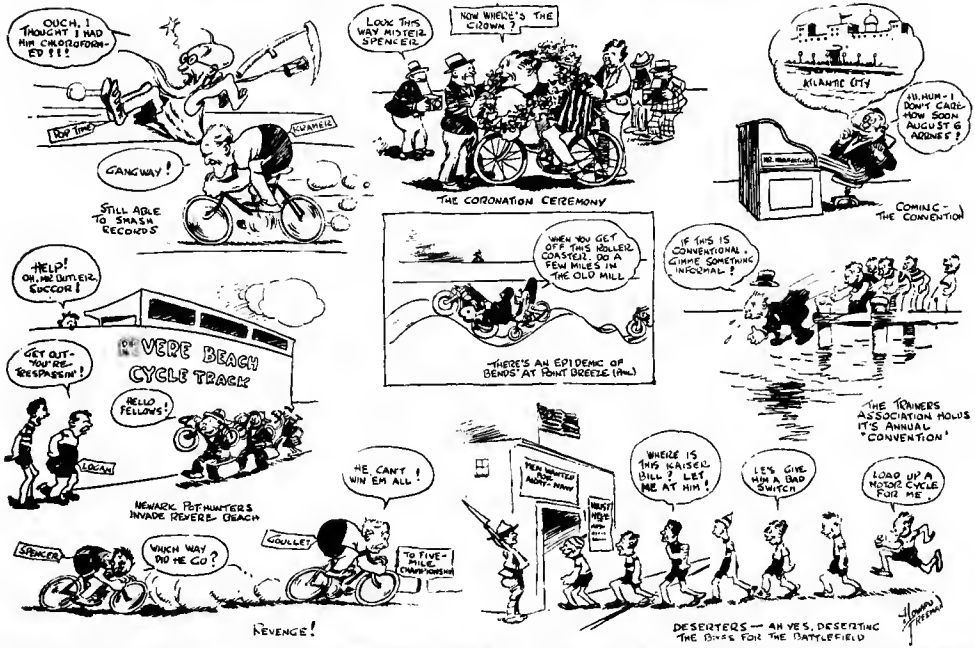
H IS FOR HARTMAN, whose clever
Original drawings will never
Be less than unique;
We look every week
For the fruits of his latest endeavor.

Henkel

H IS FOR HENKEL.

'Tis true,
Of laughs he gets more than a few;
With humor delicious
And never malicious—
Surprising the work he can do!

PLENTY OF GLORY FOR ALL HANDS IN CYCLING


OUCH, I THOUGHT I HAD HIM CHLOROFORMED!!!
HOP TIME
KUAMEIR
GANGWAY!
STILL ABLE TO SMASH RECORDS
LOOK THIS WAY MISTER SPENCER
NOW WHERE'S THE CROWN?
THE CORONATION CEREMONY
ATLANTIC CITY
HUM-I DON'T CARE HOW SOON AUGUST 6 ARRIVES!
COMING - THE CONVENTION
WHEN YOU GET OFF THIS HOLLER COASTER, DO A FEW MILES IN THE OLD MILL
THERE'S AN EPIDEMIC OF BENDS AT POINT BREEZE (PA.)
IF THIS IS CONVENTIONAL, GIMME SOMETHING INFORMAL!
THE TRAINERS ASSOCIATION HOLDS IT'S ANNUAL "CONVENTION"
HELP! OH, MR OUTLEIR, SUCCOR!
VERE BEACH CYCLE TRACK
GET OUT-YOU'RE TRESPASSIN'!
HELLO FELLOWS!
LOCAL
NEWARK POTHUNTERS INVADE REVERE BEACH
HE CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!
SPENCER
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
GOULLET
TO FIVE-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP
REVENGE!
WHERE IS THIS KAISER BILL? LET ME AT HIM!
LET'S GIVE HIM A BAD SWITCH
LOAD UP A MOTOR CYCLE FOR ME.
DESERTERS — AH YES, DESERTING THE BIKES FOR THE BATTLEFIELD

Howard "Poke" Freeman, the Cyclist-Artist, Pictures—Especially for "Motorcycle and Bicycle Illustrated"—a Few Incidents in the Average Day of a Racing Cyclist and Cycling Devotees

Held

H FOR THE honor of HELD;
To hand it to her one's compelled.
Her drawings naïve
So lightly achieve
Results which are quite unexcelled.

G. INWOOD

I IS FOR INWOOD, the one
Whose unerring instinct for fun
Can often obtain
And develop a vein
Of mirth where there seemed to be none.

GARTH JONES

J FOR GARTH JONES, who is fine
At page decorations in line.
His mermaids and things,
And cupids with wings,
Are drawn with a flourish divine.

K IS FOR KAHLES,
who displays
Rare talent in various ways.
He's here and he's there,
In fact everywhere,
And many the types he portrays.

K IS FOR KEMBLE,
the one
Whose merry coons bask in the sun.
The true color-line
Ned draws rather fine,
But then—he just does it for fun!

L IS THE letter for LEVERING,
Who draws for us many a clever thing.
He makes fun without end,
Besides money to spend,
By his competent comic endeavoring.

Amy Lowell

L IS FOR LOWELL,
O. L.,
Who draws modish
maidens so well;
Also musical jokes
For professional folks,
And his devils—you know
where they dwell!

OTTO KANG

L IS THE LANG
man whose chickens
And birds are as cute as
the dickens.
He makes ducks and
drakes,
But seldom partakes
Of his models unless the
plot thickens.

MARY LAKE McMILLAN

M IS FOR MARY
McMILLAN,
Her fine early promise
fulfillin';
The editor who
Gives her nothing to do
Must be either blind or a
villain!

A. MACHEFERT

M IS FOR MACHE-
FERT, and surely
You know his work well.
It is purely
A matter of joking
Realistically, poking
His fun at the neighbors
demurely.

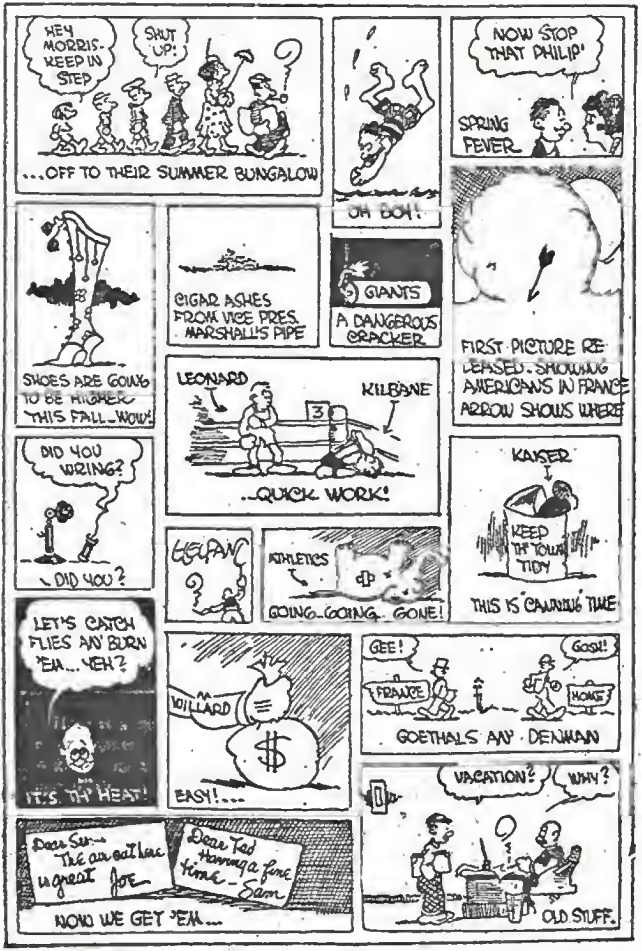
Power O'Malley

O IS FOR MR.
O'MALLEY. 'Tis
Well we know his comi-
calities,
A Puritan—history—
Indians—and—mys-
tery,
Mixture of fun and
fatalities.

H.A. PETERSEN.

P IS FOR PETER-
SEN—well,
There's a lot about him
we could tell,
But only have time,
To mention in rhyme
That his doings our
tributes compel.

IN SUMMER S HEAT---By Helfant



M. Paddock

P IS FOR PADDOCK.
Whatever
He draws is delightfully-clever.
His girls' eyes are luminous,
Deep and bituminous—
His Cupids a happy endeavor.

Q FOR AN ARTIST
named —QUEER
That there shouldn't be one around here!
WANTED: Artist or two
Whose names start with Q.
Apply ART DEPARTMENT, in rear.

Barksdale Rogers

R IS FOR ROGERS
and B
For Barksdale, whose couples at tea
Or elsewhere employed,
Are greatly enjoyed.
Did you know they are drawn by a she?

R IS FOR ROBINSON, D.,
Who's made covers for
JUDGE, two or three.
They're smart in design,
In color and line—
At least they look that way to me!

R MUST SURELY be right for RAY ROHN,
Whose gift with the pen is well known.
He embellishes pages
For JUDGE knows what wages,
In a manner entirely his own.

S FOR T. S. SULLIVANT
Who draws, with a humor we can't
Hope to equal—historic
Beasts, mutton and porik,
Or men of the age adamant.

S FOR CHARLES SARKA 's the letter—
Of artists there's hardly a better
On colorful topics,
Direct from the tropics;
His fancy is quite without fetter.

S IS FOR MODEST CLYDE SQUIRES,
Whose stuff every student inspires.
Each would if he could
Paint something as good
As "Her Gift," which the world still admires.

T IS FOR TOUSEY, and he
Is prolific as ever can be;
He draws automobiles
Without shirking the wheels,
And frequently signs "+ A. C."

U STANDS FOR A. WILLIAM HUTAF,

Or at least it might, could, would or should have.

For beginning with U

There are artists too few,

So. we fixed it up thus just as you'd have.

V IS FOR FRANCIS VER BECK,

Who does funny bears and, by heck!

He can draw kangaroos,

The wily mongoose,

And those comic giraffes, mostly neck.

W IS THE INITIAL

For WILLIAMS, and this is official.

His humor and gaiety

Plus spontaniety

Meet with much favor Judicial.

W IS FOR SKIPPER WESTMACOTT,

Making breezy drawings on his yacht;
With ideas in his pate
And an artist wife for mate,
Isn't he a lucky fellow What?

W STANDS FOR CHARLES WRIGHT,

Whose praises we fain would indite.
His drawings are gay, full
Of whimsy and playful—
All done in a way to delight.

X STANDS FOR AN ARTIST NAMED JUDGE

Who toward signing his name couldn't budge.
Very good in his line—
Drawing beer in a stein,
But he never drew money from JUDGE.

C FOR LANG CAMPBELL,
whose pen,
Depicting a bird or a hen,
Of humor is quite full,
And quaintly delightful
His jocular sparrow and wren.

Y IS THE CRAWFORD YOUNG,
draughter,
With the humorous touch Judge is after.
With him golf a fad is,
His players and caddies
Bring smiles, and then chuckles and laughter.

Z IS FOR ZIMMERMAN, "Zim,"
Whose lustre has never growu dim.
If we only had time
And could make the things rhyme,
We could write a whole page about him.

D IS FOR DANIELS, the sprightly
Miss JULIA, who illustrates brightly
The antics and sporting
Of children, cavorting
Adown the JUDGE
pages so lightly.

S IS FOR SARG. Ere
he came to us,
England had made known
his name to us;
In clear black and
white
He gladdens us, quite
In the manner that first
brought his fame to
us.

S FOR, THEY SAY,
LAUREN
*STOUT,**
Whose name we could
never make out.
His drawing's correct
And his lines are di-
rect,
But his signature more
roundabout.

*Vice in Khaki

From "Mary and Her Kitchen Garden,"
by Alice Crew.
Copyright, 1917. George H. Doran Company.

Sunday World-Herald.
December 23, 1917

That Family Next Door

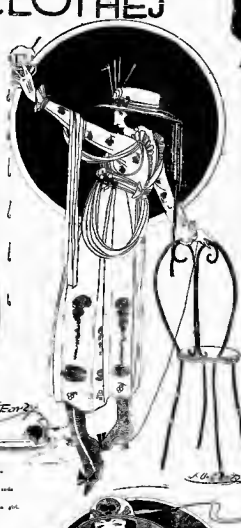
It's Hard to Decide Which of the Families Is Worse

Copyright, 1917, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

THERE IS A NICE STICK OF CANDY FOR MOTHER'S LITTLE ANGEL
1
NOW STAY AWAY FROM THAT BOY NEXT-DOOR
YES'M
2
YUM
3
THERE GOES THAT BOY NEXT-DOOR HE'S UP TO SOME MISCHIEF
YOO-HOO
4
WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK O'THAT!!
5
THEY ARE RAISING THAT BOY TO BE A HIGHWAYMAN
JUST LEAVE IT TO ME I'LL FIX HIM
6
COME HERE YOU RUFFIAN
?
7
GO 'WAY! LEMME GO!
8
TAKE CANDY FROM LITTLE BOYS, WILL YA?
9
YOU'RE A LITTLE ROBBER
O-O-O-H BOO-HOO
10
LOOK PA, THE BOY NEXT DOOR GIMME A DIME FOR MY CANDY AND I BOUGHT A LOT MORE
11
BR-R-R-R-R-R-ING
IF IT'S THAT MAN NEXT DOOR, TELL HIM I'M OUT OF TOWN
12

"APPROPRIATE CLOTHES" AS AN ARTIST DREAMS THEM.

for bridge-playing enthusiast.



Costume for ice cream soda and -icurean tea girl.

A typical "restaurant" suit to be worn on dusting or house cleaning days.

At left delightfully simple costume for middle aged ladies who desire to appear youthful.

Shopping and street-hanging suit, decorated in the spirit of almost-crippled gallantry.

Charming basket hat for yachts.

Appropriate mid-winter costume for woman interested in growing that pneumonia is only a fad.

IN a serious-minded era like this no one can afford to be inappropriate, even in clothes. Ultraliant very dramatically are the appropriate clothes of war. The extravagancies runs from collar and sweater to decoration and utility of cut.

We believe, as the Red Cross, in various leagues for patriotic service, are supposed to "dress the part," that masculinyish a view of clothesdictation has with a view to this great vital point of appropriateness. Women's work at home and on the emergency fronts has caught the spirit of the hour in the adoption of "serviceable" or "trenchville"-make your choice in the name.

What more natural, then, than that the whole Very desirable costume for ladies who are nervous about subs.

What more natural, then, than that the whole Very desirable costumes for creations of costume should bring us to character sartor-ialization as well as extrapolate appropriateness.

Artist John Vinton Early has had a dream from the frenzy of which (it must have been somewhat of a nightmare) emerges a number of distinct images of modern women, women of the very day demand an diet might be dressed to every present consideration we've taken into account. No fashion writer is needed to make clear the fine points of Early's dream.

As a warm coat it is worse than possible; then he has made technical errors. But in defense of the possibility he merely quotes the dictum. There is no possible way of interpreting with a dream. Dreams are supposed to have a meaning. Well, here's the dream. Each reader may figure out the meaning for himself—that is, for herself.

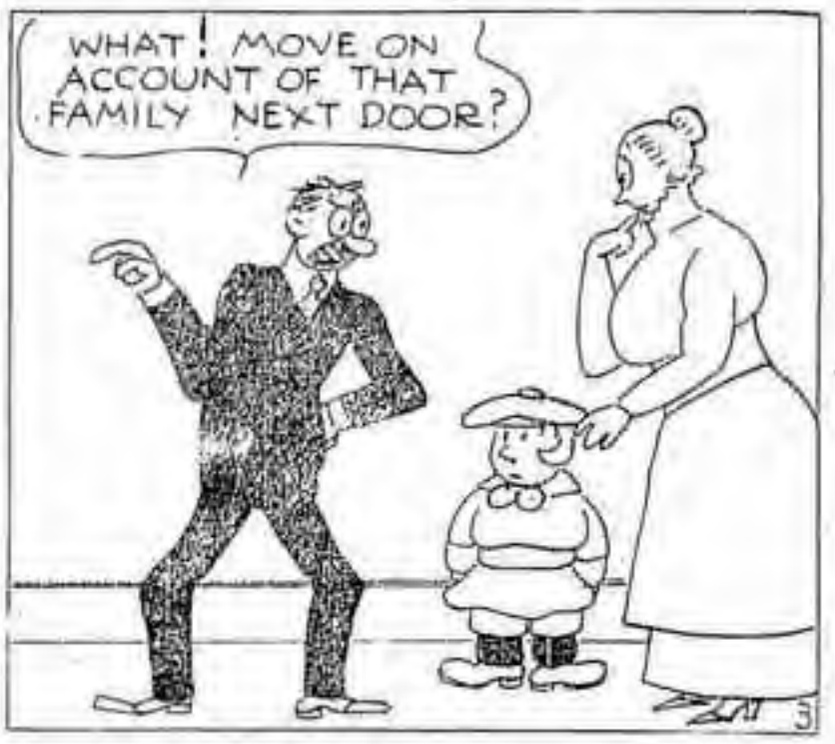
Being an artist, Early has expressed our esoteric manners of fashion and utility as in the commands of the military exercises of defense against mice, but has entered extremely and painstakingly into manners of destruction, a point which clothes designers, domestic or professional, are certain to recognize as important—perhaps speculatively so.

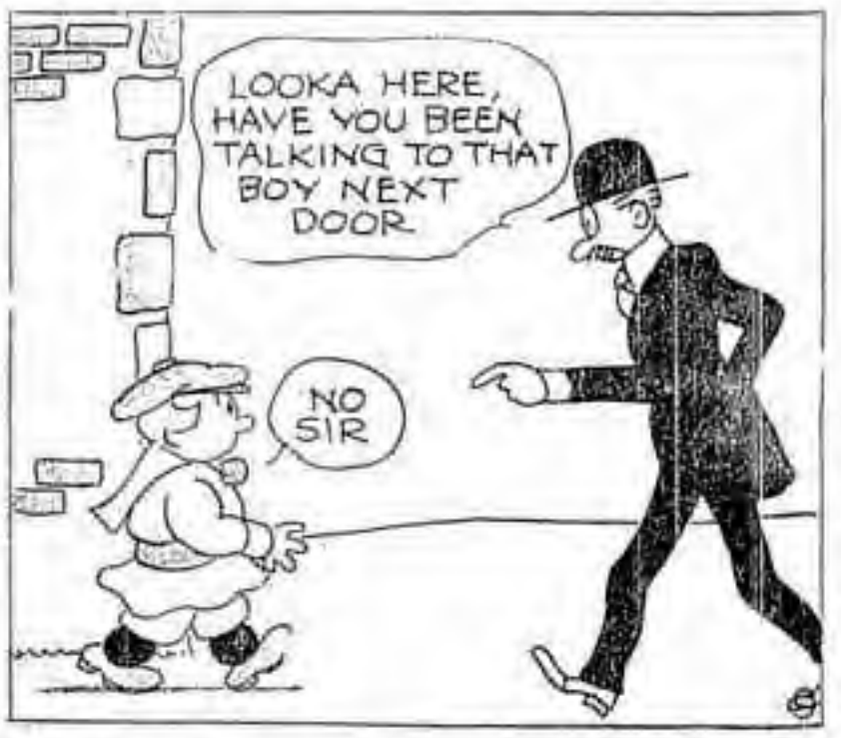
See the Bathing Costumes for 1918 and Make Your Pick in Next Sunday's Plain Dealer

That Family Next Door

Father Had Better Move While the Moving's Good

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.





COMING! "CAP" STUBBS AND HIS LIVE WIRE COMPANIONS.

The Troy Times will introduce to its readers one of the livest of live boys, "Cap" Stubbs, and his companions. The pictures will be drawn by Edwina. Edwina draws kids that are kids. Kids with the love of adventure and thrills in them. The kind of kids that Edwina draws will greatly attract and interest, not only the present-day boys, but the present-day big fellows, who used to be the little fellows. Watch out for "Cap" Stubbs and his wonderful adventures!

"PA" STUBBS

"MA" STUBBS

MABEL STUBBS

"SQUINT"
OR
TOM STUBBS

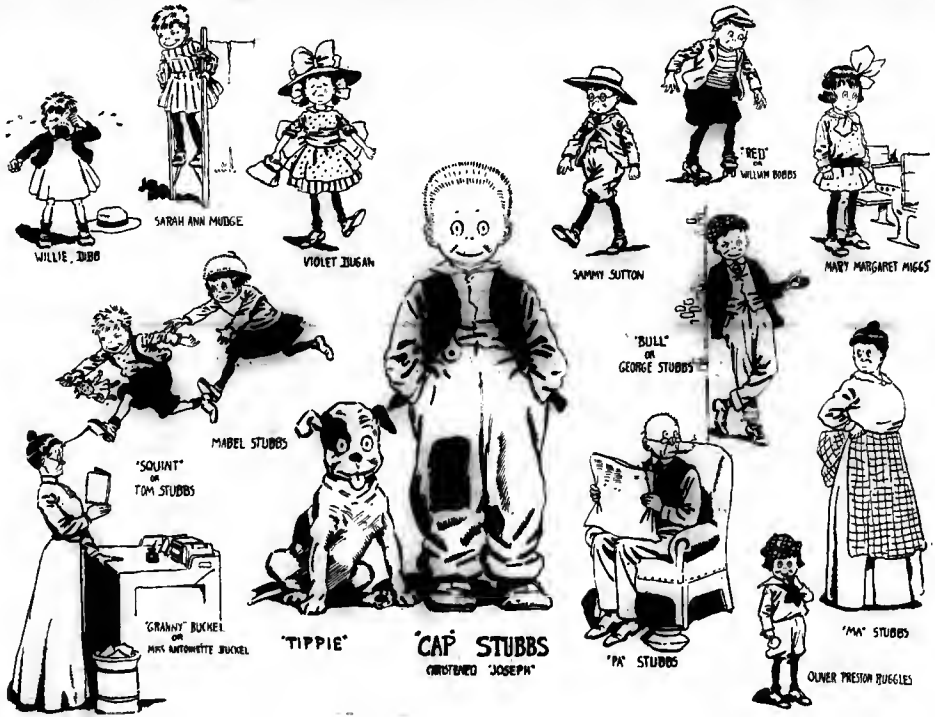
"BULL"
OR
GEORGE STUBBS

"CAP" STUBBS' PA AND MA AND THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

BEGINNING MON DAY, MARCH 4.

INTRODUCING "CAP. STUBBS"

AND THE REST OF THE BUNCH WHOSE DOINGS WILL BE INTERESTINGLY DEPICTED BY EDWINA IN THE DAILY STAR, BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY



COMIC SECTION
THE NEW YORK HERALD
SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1918.—FOUR PAGES.
[COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD COMPANY.]

Wide Awake Willie

By Gene Byrnes

Keep the Lamp of Liberty Burning

—(Plaschke in Louisville Times.)

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss"—By Steinigans.

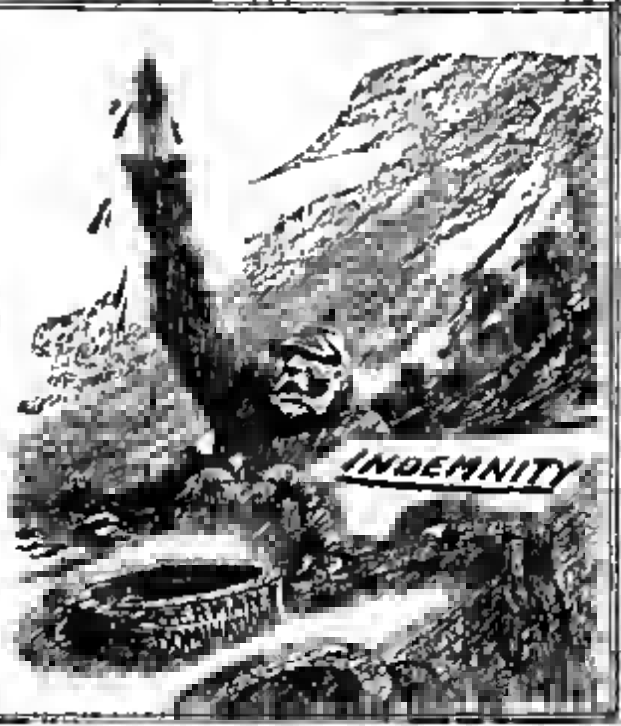
THE Steinigans pups are all dog—nobody with eyesight can question that—yet how different from the rest of the canine species! The way they look at you—the way they act when you are looking at them and they don't know it, the droll things that happen to them, such as never happened to dogs in pictures before—these are only a few of the points that put in a class by themselves the drawings by the late William J. Steinigans, of The Sunday World's "Funny Side." Other artists have loved dogs and drawn them with intimate knowledge, but from the viewpoint of the sportsman, the sentimentalist or the bench-show judge. "Steiny" drew jolly dogs, the kind that are a boy's best pals. And he was just the kind of boy that dogs pick to pal with. As Editor Isaac Anderson has written, "The work Steiny did was unique, because his warm whimsical sense of humor illumined everything he drew. His pups, to be sure, are caricatured, but a good caricature is often truer to life than a photograph would be."

BREAKING THE CAMEL'S BACK

The War Savings Stamp Will Prove the Last Straw

(Plaschke in Louisville Times)

LIBERTY BONDS OR SLAVERY BONDS ! CHOOSE TODAY



COMIC SECTION
OF THE
CHICAGO HERALD and EXAMINER
July 7, 1918
Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Stripper's Guide Scan

The Dubb Family

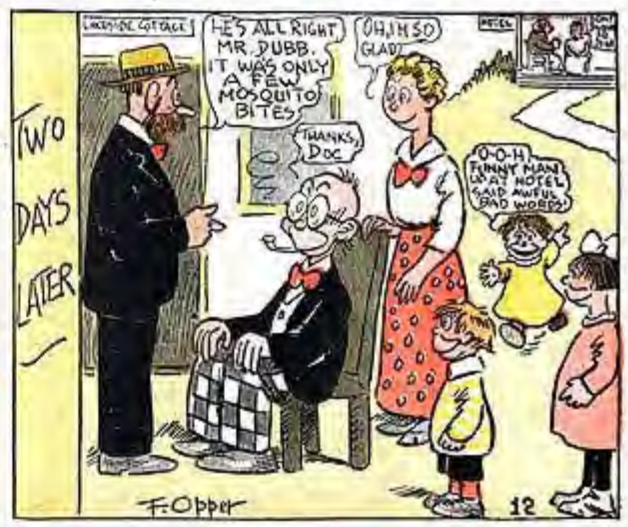
THAT'S MR. DOUGH TELEPHONING IT MUST BE GRAND TO MAKE MONEY ALL THE TIME LIKE HE DOES!
YEAH!
WHAT! YOU SAY CONSOLIDATED PICKLES HAS GONE DOWN 40 POINTS! I LOSE $360,000
DOUGH & CO BANKERS

I'M PROUD OF THIS TENT
BRING OUT THE OILSTOVE AND I'LL COOK LUNCH
MY NAME IS JOHNNY DUBB. WE'RE GOING TO LIVE IN THAT TENT ALL SUMMER. I'VE GOT A DRUM AND MY SISTER'S GOT A HORN AND MY LITTLE BROTHER'S GOT A WHISTLE
HIS NOSE IS AWFUL RED
HEAVENS!
SEE JOHNNY RUN
2

IT'S AN OUTRAGE TO HAVE THAT BUNCH HERE!
NEVER MIND, DEAR, IT'S ONLY FOR TO-NIGHT
I'M WORRIED ABOUT JOHNNY
YEAH, I'LL GET THE DOCTOR FROM THE HOTEL TO SEE HIM IN THE MORNING
I GOT A PAIN!
I'M HUNGRY
I WANNA DRINK
9

I CAN'T TELL WHAT THESE SPOTS ARE, YET, BUT I THINK I'LL HAVE TO QUARANTINE THIS JOINT FOR A FEW DAYS
OH, DOCTOR, IS IT DANGEROUS?
10

DRINK THIS LEMONADE, JOHNNY
I LIKE LEMONADE
FUNNY MAN GOING, JOHNNY
I'M AWFULLY SORRY WE'RE DRIVING YOU AWAY, MR. DOUGH
SHUT UP! WE'RE GOING TO THE HOTEL!
11


TWO DAYS LATER
LAKESIDE COTTAGE
HE'S ALL RIGHT MR. DUBB. IT WAS ONLY A FEW MOSQUITO BITES
OH, I'M SO GLAD
THANKS, DOC
HOTEL
O-O-H FUNNY MAN'S AT HOTEL SAID AWFUL BAD WORDS!
F. Opper
12

I NEVER LIKED RITHMETIC UNTIL I LEARNED TO FIGGER HOW MANY THRIFT STAMPS TH' INT'REST ON MY LIBERTY BOND WILL BUY IN FIFTY YEARS -

Back again! Hop's NOOZIE

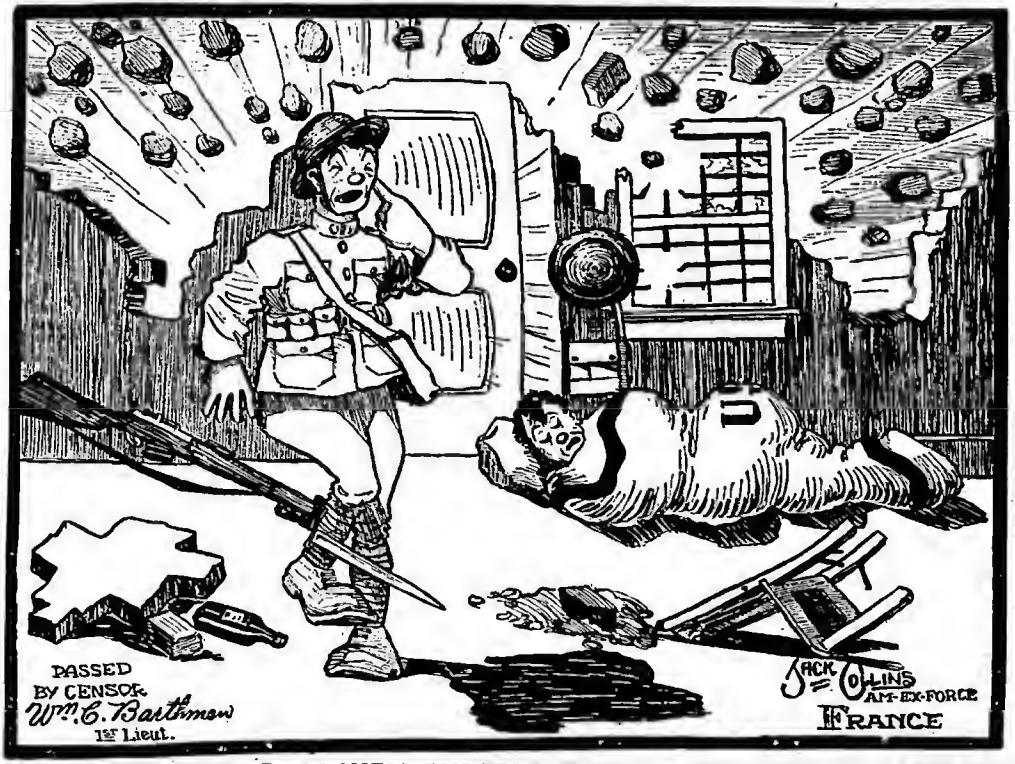
—and our little Weather Kid is better than ever ½ and 1 col. sizes.

The International Syndicate

Features for Newspapers

BALTIMORE, MD.
Est'd 1899

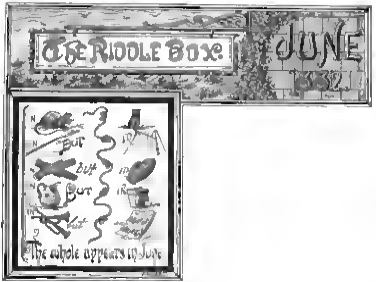
THERE'S HUMOR EVEN IN THE TRENCHES



THE SLEEPER (AS SHELL BURSTS OUTSIDE).—HEY, GEORGE! CAN'T YOU COME INTO THE HOUSE WITHOUT SLAMMING THE DOOR?

SIDE BY SIDE~
BRITANNIA!

Britain's Day Dec. 7th 1918



ILLUMINATED PUZZLE IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

The above should first be read as a letter. The second will be a little shorter, which forms a connected enigma. The whole, in turn, be solved as if it were printed like similar enigmas.

Gale Research Company

FRED. RICHARDSON. WM. SCHMEDTGEN.

FORECAST
OF EVENTS
NOT UNLIKELY
TO OCCUR DUR-
ING THE COMING
WEEK
ANOTHER MISSING HEIRESS WILL BE FOUND
WILL
MARY ANN
ALLEY IN CUP
THE OLD MAN WILL OF COURSE SPRING UP AGAIN.
ALLEY BOX
FRANCE
GERMANY
ITALY
CABINET EGG
REICHSRATH EGG
CHINA EGG
NO DOUBT ONE OF THE POWERS WILL CREATE ANOTHER DISAGREEABLE SENSATION
ANOTHER MAN WILL DEPART FOR THE KLONDIKE
AND ANOTHER WILL RETURN
PIE
CASH BOX
WILL BE BACK IN 15 MINUTES
WE ARE TWO POLICEMEN YES
HOPE TO DIE IF WE AIN'T POLICEMEN
THE POOL-ROOM RAID WILL CONTINUE TO BE CONTINUOUS.
THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES MAY DISCUSS THE SMOKE NUISANCE
THE YELLOW [illegible] WILL INSIST ON GETTING "BLOODY WAR" DESPATCHES AHEAD OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.
(AND WE LOOK FOR UNCLE SAM'S SPEEDY SUPPRESSION OF THE PEST)
THE YELLOW SHEET'S "SKETCHED ON THE SPOT" ARTIST WILL BE AT HIS POST
ART DEPT
THE PEN IS SMUTTIER THAN THE SWORD
BLOOD-RED INK
YELLOW INK FOR FEVER VICTIMS
BLACK INK FOR SEAMSTRESS
Diggs

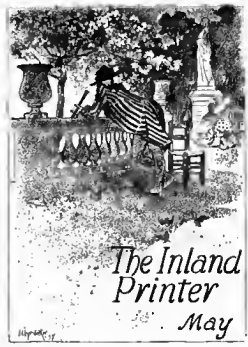
Photograph by Orr, Sandy Hill, N. Y.

T. S. ALLEN,

New York *Journal*.

SOME LITTLE FOLKS OF MADISON SQUARE

Drawn by C. P. Lewis.



Summer Sketching

does very well for artists of means, who can afford to "sketch" all the year round for that matter, but the worker thould be as busy in "vacation time" as in the "working months"—perhaps more so.

A Summer School

will be of more real benefit to the art student than a quiet, purposeless summer spent in "sketching." The School of Illustration is open the entire year and affords the best training in all kinds of drawing for reproduction, by men who are successful specialists in the various branches of such work.

MR. F. HOLME, staff artist of the *Chicago Daily News*, teaches practical newspaper illustration, and an experience of over fifteen years on the leading papers of New York, Pittsburg, San Francisco and Chicago renders him especially qualified to train the student in all the details of pictorial newspaper work.

MR. J. C. LEYENDECKER conducts a class in Composition, Wash-Drawing and Higher Illustration. Mr. Leyendecker's illustrations are familiar to all magazine readers, and his posters, notably the *Century* prize poster, and the series of cover designs made for the *Inland Printer*, are among the treasures of collectors.

MR. LAWRENCE MAZZANOVICH, the well-known poster artist and lithographic designer, conducts a class in modern decorative and commercial design. This course is eminently practical and includes such work as posters, decorative lettering, book-covers, etc.

MR. J. LILLESO gives special instruction in pen and ink portraiture, silver print drawing, etc. Mr. Lilleso is one of the greatest portrait artists in the United States, and as his instruction is purely technical this course is almost invaluable to pen and ink artists.

MR. JOE CARLL directs the class in cartooning and caricature. Mr. Carll is a good "all-around" newspaper artist and his caricatures and "comics" in the San Francisco *Examiner* and *Evening Post*, the *Portland Oregonian* and the Chicago *Journal* and the *Chicago Daily News*, have won for him an enviable reputation in this special line. This course will be of especial value to students intending to become newspaper artists.

MR. FREDERICK J. MULHAUPT is the instructor in the nude life class. Mr. Mulhaupt is a painter of ability and a prominent figure among the younger Western artists. The fundamental principles of drawing, with their especial application to the individuality of the student, is the distinguishing characteristic of this course of instruction.

MR. C. L. SHERMAN has charge of the course in practical perspective. Mr. Sherman is a writer and illustrator for the Chicago *Chronicle*, *Times-Herald* and *Tribune*, and in his work in the school has made the dry and complicated problems of perspective both clear and interesting to the students.

The school since its beginning has steadily increased in size and importance. The main class-room overlooks Lake Michigan and is cool and comfortable. The "mechanical department" is fully equipped with all appliances necessary for the making and printing of cuts. This feature alone gives it an advantage over other schools from the practical standpoint of the illustrator.

A most important feature of the school is the *Correspondence Course*, for the benefit of out-of-town pupils. These lessons have been prepared by Mr. F. Holme, and form a complete course of training in drawing for illustration, and in the various details of pictorial newspaper work. Students in this course have their drawings criticised by Mr. Holme, and receive the benefit of his advice and experience.

For further information address

The School of Illustration

F. HOLME, DIRECTOR.

26 East Van Buren Street,
CHICAGO.

DRAW

Newspaper Pictures
Magazine Illustrations

LEARN BY MAIL
OR IN

A PRACTICAL SCHOOL

Day and Night Classes. Open entire year.
Pupils may enter at any time.

The School of Illustration

Affords the best facilities for obtaining a complete and thorough training in the various branches of illustration. The course of instruction consists of practical training in actual illustrative work under the direction of illustrators of ability and established reputation.

This is the Cover Page (lithographed in three colors) of our New Illustrated Circular. Write for it.

INSTRUCTORS

F. Holme, Newspaper Illustration.
J. C. Leyendecker, Composition and Magazine Illustration.
Edgar Cameron, Nude Life, Day Class.
F. J. Mulhaupt, Nude Life, Night Class.
F. W. Goudy, Lettering and Ornament.
Will Carqueville, Commercial Decorative Design.
Joe Carll, Caricature and Cartooning.
J. Lilleso, Portraits and Pen-and-Ink Technique.

TUITION

Day Class, One Month	$10.00	Day Class, Three Months	$25.00
Night Class, One Month	5.00	Correspondence Course	20.00

For further information address

THE SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION

F. HOLME, Director, GEO. WRIGHTNOUR, Business Manager.

Athenæum Building, 26 East Van Buren Street, CHICAGO.

THE MARTIAN

Hommes-36-40
Chevaux-8

Vol. I. — No. 2. SUNDAY, January 19, 1919. Price 30 centimes.

HANDING HIM BACK

From out the distant lands he come
And now returns with honored name
To hold a place more cherished and alone
In hearts more proud to claim their own.
No mighty arch or banners gay
For him whose heritage awaits the day
Forgetting love of God, of Nation and of Man
In three half-spoken words, — My son again!

This is the first page of The Martian, a little newspaper published by the organizations at Hospital Centre, A. P. O., No. 780, American Expeditionary Forces, Mars-sur-Allier, France. If there is something about the drawing that forms most of the cover design that seems familiar to you it is because the drawing is by Zere, who drew so many pictures for the Junior Eagle and who introduced Buttons, Fatty and Sonia to you. Zere's full title and name is Sgt. Alfred G. Ablitzer. He is business manager and cartoonist of The Martian. Cor. Edward A. Ruhfel, who was editor of the Junior Eagle until he enlisted, is associate editor of the paper. Neither Sgt. Ablitzer nor Cor. Ruhfel expects to be home soon, both having elected to stay for study in France for a few months more. If you want to write to them you can address your letter o them in care of The Martian, copying the address as given above. They will be glad to hear from readers of The Junior Eagle.

BURGLAR BILL, AND HOW HE GOT CAUGHT.

Monthly Pr f Sheets

Containing 40 smashing B s Cartoons, for use in House Organs, Sales Bull alesmen's Manuals, Jobbers' and Dea iterature.

Issued Fir Each Month.

Did You Ge rs for January?

Hop Service Busines ons carry a strong sales stimulating message men, dealers, jobbers and consumers. They pu to your House Organ and keep readers turning es. In salesmen's literature, they preach hon le sermons,—sugar-coated with humor. They life into dealers' efforts and open fresh avenu nsumer interest.

Hop's Monthly Bus artoon Service is a hig serious result prod idea—camouflaged with humor. It is hased 1918 success with the "Ain't it Discouraging" Series, and is merchandised same syndicate plan.

Cut of the January Sheet is shown. The reverse side carries the Hop "Noozie" series, con of thirty timely "Noozies" each month. One of the January "Noozies," i l size, is shown in top cut at the right.

You need this Hop Busine toon Service. It will help p sales message across, and building organization mor will do its bit in the bi toward the 1919 busines The use of the coupon w you on our Monthly Proo mailing list. One minute time, and the coupon wil the mails to us. You'll be pink with results.

"Hey! Here's th' Cupon!"

Please put me on your mailing list to receive Hop Service Monthly Proof Sheets.

Name_____

Firm_____

Street_____

City_____

HOP SERVICE

BROWN BUILD WILMETTE, ILLINOIS

Google

Google

SOME CARTOONISTS WHO HELPED WIN THE WAR—CARICATURED BY THEMSELVES

Hop Service Incorporates

HOP SERVICE, INC., in new quarters at 1105 Advertising Building, Chicago, announces a well rounded out organization to serve national advertisers and manufacturers in the creation of effective Sales Promotional Ideas.

With new features added and increased facilities for the production of Hop Service Business Cartoons and Letter Stuffers, for use in House Organs, Salesmen's Bulletins and Jobbers' and Dealers' literature, Hop Service, Inc., will begin an intensive sales promotional campaign. Advertising copy will appear in Printers' Ink, System, Mailbag, and other trade publications.

Frank W. Hopkins, President, will devote his personal attention to Plan and Promotional work and will continue to create special designs for national advertisers and manufacturers.

Carl Acton, formerly Assistant Chicago Manager for Printers' Ink, has joined Hop Service, Inc., as Sales Manager, and will direct the sales and advertising campaign now in progress.

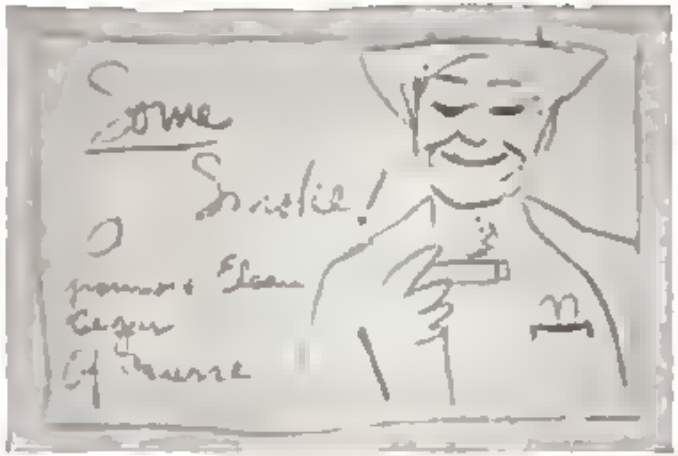
Ed. H. Burns, Jr., has been appointed Assistant Sales Manager.

If you have a selling organization you need Hop Service. Hop Business Cartoons and Letter Stuffers are now in use by hundreds of the larger national manufacturers and advertisers.

Write for Hop Service Business Cartoon Folio.

HOP SERVICE INC. ADVERTISING BLDG. CHICAGO

The New Hop Service Feature—
A Photo-Art Department



George A. Alsop, whose "Red Book" illustrations and "Country Gentleman" covers are well known, and whose commercial photo-art service has been used by many of the largest advertisers, will direct this new feature

Look at these illustrations and consider how the Hop Service Photo-Art process can be adapted to your requirements. By this method a penciled layout can be posed from life, and finished in half-tone or any form of color treatment.

Write for Hop Service Photo-Art literature.

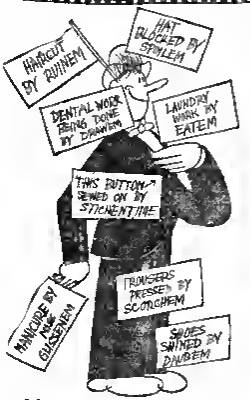
HOP SERVICE INC. ADVERTISING BLDG. CHICAGO

Random Scratches on the Big Pad

By Don Herold

Life is wild; therefore art should be wild

Therefore a page like this

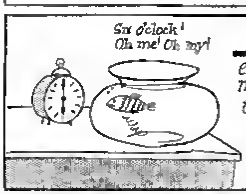

HAIRCUT BY RUINEM
HAT BLOCKED BY STEALEM
DENTAL WORK BEING DONE BY DRAWEM
LAUNDRY WORK BY EATEM
THIS BUTTON SEWED ON BY STICKEMTITE
TROUSERS PRESSED BY SCORCHEM
MANICURE BY NICK BUSSEMEM
SHOES SHINED BY RUBEM

If professional men and tradesmen advertised on our persons as contractors advertise on new apartment buildings

Frederick Flourish - formerly a mere designer of fancy pastries - now holds a fine position as chief designer of fantastic treads for the "Can't Shoot" Tire Co

Be it ever so humble there is no place like Home

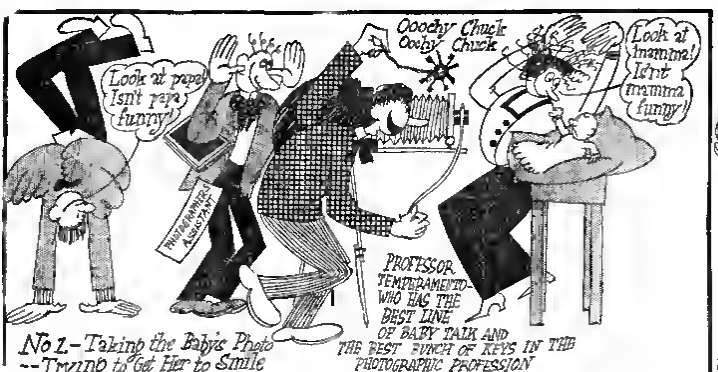
Starting on a month's trip with a few months old baby



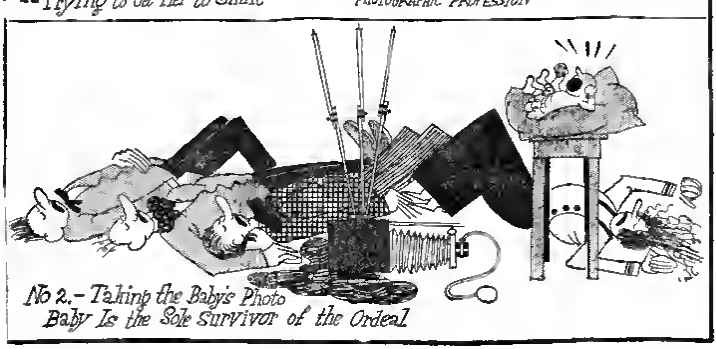
A gold fish must feel discouraged at the end of a hard day's swimming, to find itself at the same place from which it started out in the morning

The fly paper season is approaching and we must now be more careful when we put our elbows.

Blurt out some of the good things you think

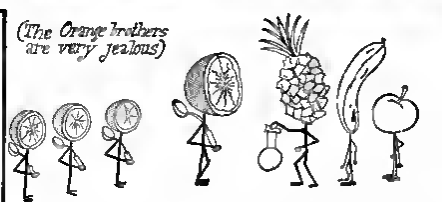

Look at papa! Isn't papa funny!
Oochy Chuck Oochy Chuck
Look at mamma! Isn't mamma funny!
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT
PROFESSOR TEMPERAMENTO WHO HAS THE BEST LINE OF BABY TALK AND THE BEST PUNCH OF KEYS IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PROFESSION

No 1 - Taking the Baby's Photo --Trying to Get Her to Smile



No 2. - Taking the Baby's Photo Baby Is the Sole Survivor of the Ordeal

(The Orange brothers are very jealous)



General Pineapple presents Private Grapefruit with the Breakfast Marksmanship medal

VAUDEVILLE ACTORS HAVE OPENED A BIG NEW CLUBHOUSE IN NEW YORK NOW THERE'LL BE MORE LIKELIHOOD THAN EVER OF ALL OF THEM HAVING THE SAME JOKES

High Society Joke

You don't have to be so much brighter than other people to succeed, if you think nights.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuffit Pack a Trunk

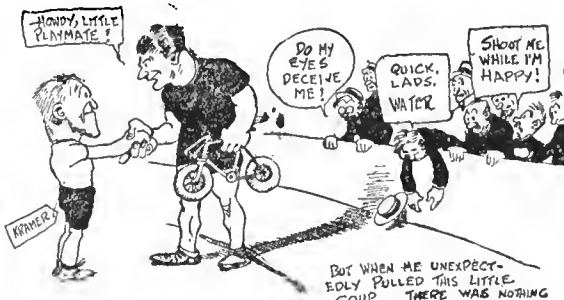
By Don Herold

It's too big. The trunk's too big, I tell you, too big. It will hold all our things and a dog house and a crate of jardiniers
We'll see, Oscar
WOMAN'S INTUITION
There! I told you! It's all packed and I could get a mattress in it yet
But you forgot to put your bathrobe in, Oscar
Here's my lavender hat and a lot of things
Well, now you are talking
copyrighted by Don Herold
I've got to get these collars in, and these shoes
And these tennis rackets and the umbrella and the atomizer. There's still danger from the flu
Our bathing suits! Good heavings! They have got to go
It can't be done. The trunk's all packed
I got in the bathing suits, but it won't hold another molecule
Open it up again. Here's a whole chiffonnear drawer full of stuff I forgot
It can't be done. It won't hold another stitch
This lamp has just got to go!
Maybe both of us together can get it closed
I doubt it
I wouldn't open it up again if my false teeth had got in by mistake
Let's never go anywhere again
Oscar, here's the transfer man
There's something in this, I'll say!
Elizabeth has just brought the wash. I forgot it completely. All of these things ought to have gone in that trunk.

BELIEVE ME, THIS IS MY LAST APPEARANCE!!
I'VE BEEN PLAYIN' SANTA CLAUS FOR THESE GUYS LONG ENOUGH.
IM OFFA 'EM
ME TOO!! ALL I DO IS DONATE.
IN THE FUTURE I'M JUST GONNA SEND 'EM A CHECK
'9 ALL RIGHT, NOBODY KICKING BUT THE LOSERS
YOU GUYS AINT GOIN AWAY MAD ARE YA?
To Murph from Stan Mack 6-10

Pen Pictures of Happenings at Velodrome

WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE A. SPENCER MET UP WITH AN AVALANCHE OF BOOS



BUT WHEN HE UNEXPECTEDLY PULLED THIS LITTLE COUP THERE WAS NOTHING BUT CHEERS THE REST OF THE DAY FOR A. SPENCER

THAT LAW ABIDING CITIZEN, JOHN BEDELL, WAS SUSPENDED FOR THE DAY

GRACE OR NO GRACE, WILLIE MURRAY WON A HEAT

FINISH OF FIVE-MILE OPEN THE ONE IN FRONT IS GOULLET

THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF CARLO ACCOMASSO WHO IS RUNNING THE GENTRY A CLOSE RACE IN THE POPULARITY STAKES

As pictured by Howard G. Freeman, Newark Evening News

EVENING HERALD SPORTS

WRITTEN

COAST BOYS IN THE BIG LEAGUES - - - By Christy Walsh

10 YEARS OF B.B. IN THE MAJORS IS 'NUF SAYS MR. D. IN 1920 HE PLANS TO RUN A TIRE EMPORIUM IN FRESNO
WHAT HAVE YOU IN TIRES TODAY
AIR! SAME AS YESTERDAY!
TO TRADE 89 x 8 1/2 TIRE FOR ONE WITH MORE
IF YOU HAVE WHEELS DO BUSINESS WITH US!
TIRES PRICED INFLATED WHILE YOU WAIT
HE WAS A CHEAP-YEOMAN ALL LAST SEASON!"
S.F.
LEWIS! I'M GOIN' TO LET YOU TAKE A SHOWER BATH FOR ONE OF THE REGULAR PLAYERS TODAY!
COACH
WHO DO I FOLLOW?
AT COLLEGE HE WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE VARSITY
IN 1916 — HIS LAST WORLD SERIES HE LED EVERY PLAYER ON BOTH CLUBS WITH THE MALLET!
DAPPER DUFFY OUTFIELDER AND CHESTERFIELDER OF THE HOGGINS CREW
EX-RED SOX
DUFFY LEWIS
WHO HAS HELPED KEEP THE NEW YORK "YANKEES" UP FRONT
CHRISTY WALSH NOV. 1919

ANGELS SECURE .305 AVERAGE FOR WEEK

"Red" Killefer's pets bit the ball for a .305 clip against the Oakland twirlers at Washington park last week. The Oaks gave the Angels a hard battle, but hit nearly 70 points lower than the home club.

The Tigers outhit the Seals only five points, but by hitting in the

McLoughlin, Bandy Play in Doubles Match at Boston

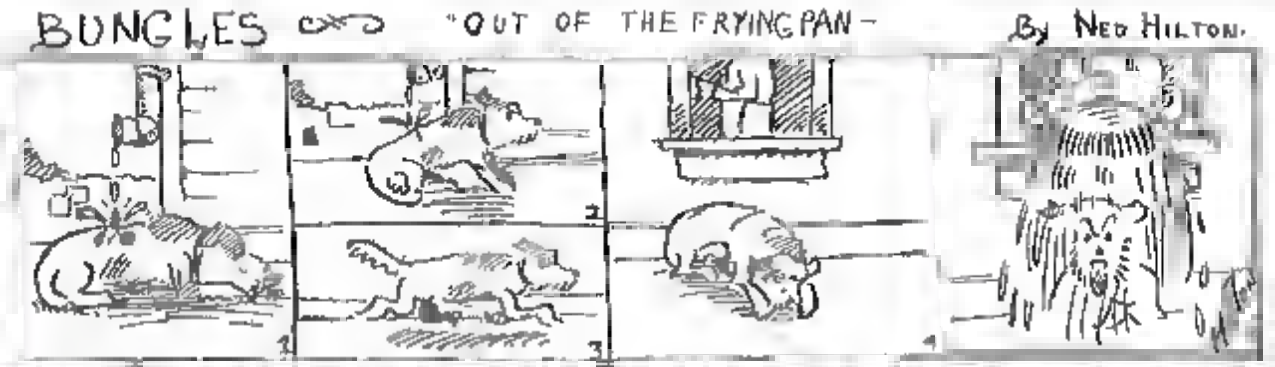
BOSTON, Aug. 12.—F. B. Alexander and S. H. Voshel, winners of the tri-state sectional title, were to play Randolph Lycette and R. V. Thomas of Australia, in the second round of the national doubles tournament at the Longwood Cricket club here this

I'LL SAY SO

BY REED HEUSTIS.

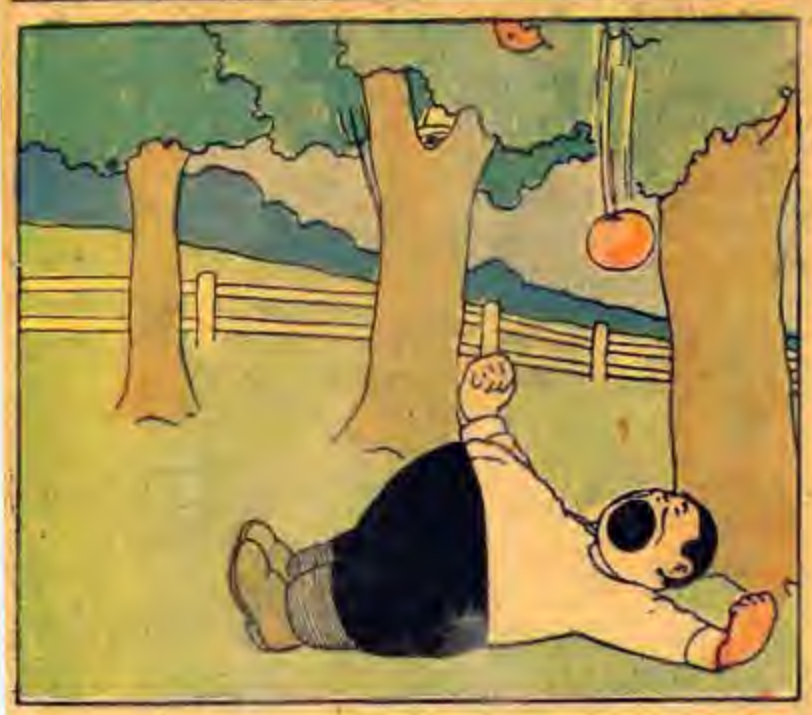
BUNGLES "OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—

By Ned Hilton.



COMIC SECTION
St. Louis Globe-Democrat
OCTOBER 5 1919

Pepless Pete



GOOD MORNING, SIR -ARE YOU THE BIRD THAT DREW THIS CARTOON OF JOHN T. McSWIPE IN THE "EVENING WHEEZE"?
EXPECTING A CIGAR OR SOMETHING NICE.
SURE!
WELL I'M JOHN T. McSWIPE AND YOU HURT MY FEELINGS DON'T DO IT AGAIN!!
SEND UP AN AMBULANCE RIGHT AWAY
HAL PROBASCO

Courier Weekly
Section of the Buffalo Sunday Courier, Sunday, December 14, 1919

My Secrets of Love

by

Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc.

No. 1—*How to Win a Man*

IF I were to tell all the truth about love people would fear me to pieces and say that I was a cynic and was upsetting all their ideas of romance. So I had better stick to the conventional conception of this agitating and tormenting passion and see what we can do with the thing, and whether indulging in a few speculations about it may not bring a better chance of happiness to that large number of modern young women whose likelihood of securing a mate seems to be growing more and more remote.

There are some very important things to remember, among them that man is a hunter and a polygamous animal. He was made so by the Creator to macro His scheme of things working against any odds; therefore there is no use in arguing about this.

I could give you every statistic upon the matter and prove to the most narrow-minded disbeliever that these two attributes of man are facts, but it would bore you to death to have to listen to all that, so just take it from me—I who have the studied the matter—that this is the case, and let us get on with the philosophy of love.

"Between two lovers there is always one who kisses and one who holds the cheek," and it is much more agreeable to be the latter than the former.

In the beginning, when the first spark of attraction is kindled both are in the position of hunters, and so for a while the emotion may be equal in intensity; but gradually, unless death or separation abruptly ends the affair, one or other is bound to feel the most. If it is the woman who has cooled off a little and "holds the cheek," it will certainly increase her happiness and may not diminish that of the man, whose hunting instinct will thus be kept alive.

But if, as is nearly always the case, it is the man who grows soonest indifferent, then sore suffering is ahead of the woman and probably discord for the man!

After the spark is lit, as long as the woman does not revolt the man's senses and remains still an uncertain quantity as to attainment, she can do almost as she pleases and he will grow more fond. But if once she disillusionizes his senses she can write "finis"—love has flown!

What causes attraction is so intangible it is hard to describe without going into the most profound analysis, but to get as near as one can to it in a few words it is as when the emanations from negative and positive magnetic poles approach each other. As soon as they get within radius an irresistible desire animates the negative to rush toward the positive and amalgamate with it. And attraction is some magnetic emanation which has the same intense drawing power.

In all my books I call this thing "it." A person has, or has not, "it!" And "it," alas! does not depend upon character or goodness or any of the higher virtues. I make one of my heroines, "Erminytrude," thus describe it, and I cannot do better than repeat her words:

"Unself-consciousness and self-consciousness and indifference as to whether you are pleasing or not, and something in you which gives the impression that you are not at all cold, but could be awfully loving if you wanted to, and would really enjoy dozens of kisses from the right person—that makes 'it.' It is magnetic and peculiar, and you know it directly you come into the room with a person who has it."

It conveys some message to the imagination which suggests joy. A woman or a man with "it" requires no advice *from me!* Nature has equipped them with all that is necessary to insure love's awakening, and it depends upon their own pleasure generally as to how long the passion lasts.

If there is no intellect behind "it," or a mean and vicious character, then these repellants may eventually swamp the magnetic attraction—but even they cannot always do so.

Now the thing is, how are ordinary men and women to attract the love of those they desire and who have given no sign that any spark has been lit in them?

Place aux dames!

There are dozens of nice girls who have quite as great a longing for love and happiness as those fortunate creatures who possess "it!" Nothing in their lives has tended to give them self-confidence, and they are well aware that they are part of a herd whose probable end will be to drift into gray old maidenhood, bolstered up into pretending they have interesting lives working for humanity or "art" or "literature" or what not—all make-shifts—because the supreme meaning of life and the only supreme happiness for a woman is to find a congenial mate.

Now, how to inspire a man with desire to make the move in Celia's direction?

(Celia is the girl I am going to talk to in this letter, she represents the typical girl and, indeed, young woman who wants some help.)

First, she has to ask herself, what does she really desire? She must not be vague.

She desires to attract Henry so much that he loves her and asks her to marry him.

Good! Well, then, she must not "sidetrack," as you Americans say, and allow irrelevant matters and lesser aims to get in the way—she must keep her mind and will fixed upon the main issue and use the same intelligence to

Continued in Section Five.

LITTLE TRAGEDIES OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

TIM EARLY SEEKS SCIENTIFICALLY